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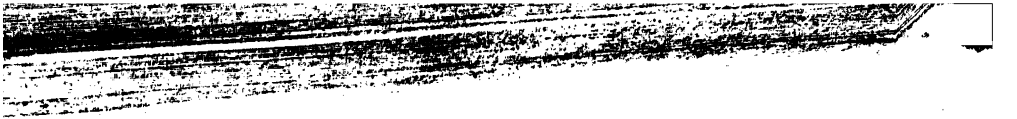

NCW
Scott

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Scott, Walter

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Ahora bien, dixo el Cura, traedme, senor huesped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondio el, y entrando, en su aposento, saco del una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriendola, hallo en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—DON QUIXOTE, Part I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host: and, going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—JARVIS'S *Translation.*

TO HIS

LOVING COUNTRYMEN,

WHETHER THEY ARE DENOMINATED

EN OF THE SOUTH, GENTLEMEN OF THE NORTH,
PEOPLE OF THE WEST, OR FOLK OF LIFE;

THESE TALES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

Ancient Scottish Manners,

AND OF THE

ADITIONS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE DISTRICTS,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FRIEND AND LIEGE FELLOW SUBJECT,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

I may, without vanity, presume that the
and official description prefixed to this
ı will secure it, from the sedate and reflecting
f mankind, to whom only I would be under-
o address myself, such attention as is due to
dulous instructer of youth, and the careful
mer of my Sabbath duties, I will forbear to
p a candle to the day-light, or to point out to
licious those recommendations of my labours
they must necessarily anticipate from the
l of the title-page. Nevertheless, I am not
re, that, as envy always dogs Merit at the
there may be those who will whisper, that
my learning and good principles cannot
d be the Heavens) be denied by any one,
at my situation at Gandercleugh hath been
avourable to my acquisitions in learning than
enlargement of my views of the ways and
of the present generation. To the which
ion, if, peradventure, any such shall be start-
y answer shall be three-fold:
t, Gandercleugh is, as it were, the central
-the navel (*si fas sit diceri*) of this our na-
alm of Scotland; so that men, from every
thereof, when travelling on their concern-
of business, either towards our metropolis of
r which I mean Edinburgh, or towards our

metropolis and mart of gain, whereby I insinuate Glasgow, are frequently led to make Gandercleugh their abiding state and place of rest for the night. And it must be acknowledged by the most sceptical, that I, who have sat in the leathern arm-chair, on the left-hand side of the fire, in the common room of the Wallace Inn, winter and summer, for every evening in my life, during forty years by-past, (the Christian Sabbaths only excepted) must have seen more of the manners and customs of various tribes and people than if I had sought them out by my own painful travel and bodily labour. Even so doth the tollman at the well-frequented turnpike on the Wellbraehead, sitting at his ease in his own dwelling, gather more receipt of custom than if, moving forth upon the road, he were to require a contribution from each person whom he chanced to meet in his journey, when, according to the vulgar adage, he might possibly be greeted with more kicks than halfpence.

But, secondly, supposing it again urged that Ithacus, the most wise of the Greeks, acquired his renown, as the Roman poet hath assured us, by visiting states and men, I reply to the Zoilus who shall adhere to this objection, that, *de facto*, I have seen states and men also; for I have visited the famous cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the former twice, and the latter three times, in the course of my earthly pilgrimage. And, moreover, I had the honour to sit in the General Assembly, (meaning, as an auditor in the galleries thereof) and have heard as much goodly speaking on the law of patronage, as, with the fructification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me be considered

an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my safe
d happy return to Gandercleugh.

Again—and, thirdly, if it be nevertheless pretend-
d that my information and knowledge of man-
nd, however extensive, and however painfully
cquired, by constant domestic inquiry, and by
foreign travel, is, natheless, incompetent to the
task of recording the pleasant narratives of my
Landlord, I will let these critics know, to their
own eternal shame and confusion, as well as to the
abashment and discomfiture of all who shall rashly
take up a song against me, that I am *not* the writer,
redacter, or compiler of the Tales of my Landlord;
nor am I, in one single iota, answerable for their
contents, more or less. And now, ye generation
of critics, who raise yourselves up as if it were
brazen serpents, to hiss with your tongues, and to
smite with your stings, bow yourselves down to
your native dust, and acknowledge that yours hav
been the thoughts of ignorance, and the words o
vain foolishness. Lo! ye are caught in your ow
snare, and your own pit hath yawned for yo
Turn, then, aside from the task that is too hea
for you; destroy not your teeth by gnawing a fi
waste not your strength by spurning against a cas
wall; nor spend your breath in contending in sw
ness with a fleet steed; and let those weigh
Tales of my Landlord who shall bring with t
the scales of candour cleansed from the ru
prejudice by the hands of intelligent mod
For these *alone they were* compiled, as will
from a brief narrative which my zeal fo
compelled me to make supplementary to
sent Proem.

It is well known that my Landlord was a ple
and a facetious man, acceptable unto all the
of Gandercleugh, excepting only the laird
exciseman, and those for whom he refus
draw liquor upon trust. Their causes of d
I will touch separately, adding my own refu
thereof.

His honour, the laird, accused our Lan
deceased, of having encouraged, in various
and places, the destruction of hares, rabbits,
black and grey partridges, moor-pouts, and
birds, and quadrupeds, in unlawful season
contrary to the laws of this realm, which
secured, in their wisdom, the slaughter of
animals for the great of the earth, whom I
remarked to take an uncommon (though, to n
unintelligible) pleasure therein. Now, in hu
deference to his honour, and in defence o
friend deceased, I reply to this charge, that,
soever the form of such animals might appe
be similar to those so protected by the law,
was a mere *deceptio visus*; for what resem
hares were, in fact, *hill-kids*, and those partaki
the appearance of moor-fowl, were truly
pigeons, and consumed and eaten *eo nomine*
not otherwise.

Again, the exciseman pretended, that my d
sed Landlord did encourage that species of n
facture called distillation, without having an es
permission from the great, technically cal
license, for doing so. Now I stand up to cor
this falsehood; and, in defiance of him, his ga
stick, and pen and inkhorn, I tell him, that I

: of my Landlord; nay, that on the contrary.
:eded not such devices in respect of a pleasing
omewhat seductive liquor, which was vended
onsumed at the Wallace Inn, under the name
ountain dew. If there is a penalty against
ıfacturing such a liquor, let him show me
tatute; and, when he does, I'll tell him if I
bey it or no.
ncerning those who came to my Landlord for
r, and went thirsty away, for lack of present
or future credit, I cannot but say it has griev-
y bowels as if the case had been mine own.
rtheless my Landlord considered the neces-
of a thirsty soul, and would permit them in
me need, and when their soul was impover-
for lack of moisture, to drink to the full va-
f their watches and wearing apparel, exclu-
of their inferior habiliments, which he was
rmly inexorable in obliging them to retain for
redit of the house. As to mine own part, I
well say, that he never refused me that modi-
of refreshment with which I am wont to re-
nature after the fatigues of my school. It is
I taught his five sons English and Latin, writ-
ook-keeping, with a tincture of mathematics,
ıat I instructed his daughter in psalmody.
lo I remember me of any fee or honorarium
ved from him on account of these my labours,
ıt the compotations aforesaid. Nevertheless,
ompensation suited my humour well, since
hard sentence to bid a dry throat wait till
-day.
ruly, were I to speak my simple conceit
f, I think my Landlord was chiefly moved

to waive in my behalf the usual requisition of a symbol, or reckoning, by the pleasure he was wont to take in my conversation, which, though solid and edifying on the main, was like a well-built palace, decorated with facetious narratives and devices, tending much to the enhancement and ornament thereof. And so pleased was my Landlord of the Wallace in his replies during such colloquies, that there was no district in Scotland, yea, and no peculiar, and, as it were, distinctive custom therein practised, but what was discussed betwixt us, insomuch, that those who stood by were wont to say, it was worth a bottle of ale to hear us communicate with each other. And not a few travellers, from distant parts, as well as from the remote districts of our kingdom, were wont to mingle in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or preserved from oblivion in this our own.

Now I chanced to have contracted for teaching the lower classes, with a young person called Peter, or Patrick, Pattieson, who had been educated in our Holy Kirk, yea, had, by the license of presbytery, his voice opened therein as a preacher, who delighted in the collection of olden tales and legends, and in garnishing them with the flowers of poesy, whereof he was a vain and frivolous professor. For he followed not the example of those strong poets whom I proposed to him as a pattern, but formed versification of a flimsy and modern texture, to the compounding whereof was necessary small pains and less thought. And hence I have bid him as being one of those who bring forward e fatal revolution prophesied by Mr. Rober

in his Vaticination on the Death of the
ıl Dr. John Donne:

ıw thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
ıo hard for libertines in poetry;
ll verse (by thee refined) in this last age
ırn ballad rhime.

lso disputations with him touching his in-
rather a flowing and redundant than a con-
d stately diction in his prose exercitations.
twithstanding these symptoms of inferior
ıd a humour of contradicting his betters up-
ages of dubious construction in Latin au-
did grievously lament when Peter Pattie-
ı removed from me by death, even as if he
en the offspring of my own loins. And in
his papers had been left in my care, (to an-
neral and death-bed expenses,) I conceived
entitled to dispose of one parcel thereof,
l, "Tales of my Landlord," to one cunning
trade (as it is called) of bookselling. He
mirthful man of small stature, cunning in
rfeiting of voices, and in making facetious
ıd responses, and whom I have to laud for
th of his dealings towards me.

', therefore, the world may see the injustice
ıarges me with incapacity to write these nar-
, seeing, that though I have proved that I
ıave written them if I would, yet, not having
ı, the censure will deservedly fall, if at all due,
he memory of Mr. Peter Pattieson; where-
ıst be *justly entitled* to the praise, when any
seeing that, as the dean of St. Patrick's wit-
logically expresseth it,

That without which a thing is not,
Is Causa sine qua non.

The work, therefore, is unto me as a child is to a parent; the which child, if it proveth worthy, the parent hath honour and praise; but, if otherwise, the disgrace will deservedly attach to itself alone.

I have only further to intimate, that Mr. Peter Pattieson, in arranging these tales for the press, hath more consulted his own fancy than the accuracy of the narrative; nay, that he hath sometimes blended two or three together for the mere grace of his plots. Of which infidelity, although I disapprove and enter my testimony against it, yet I have not taken it upon me to correct the same, in respect it was the will of the deceased, that his manuscript should be submitted to the press without dimunition or alteration. A fanciful nicety it was on the part of my deceased friend, who, if thinking wisely, ought rather to have conjured me, by all the tender ties of our friendship and common pursuits, to have carefully revised, altered, and augmented, at my judgment and discretion. But the will of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even when we weep over their pertinacity and self-delusion. So, gentle reader, I bid you farewell, recommending you to such fare as the mountains of your own country produce; and I will only farther premise, that each tale is preceded by a short introduction, mentioning the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

TALE I.

THE BLACK DWARF.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

IT was a fine April morning (excepting that it l snowed hard the night before, and the ground nained covered with a dazzling mantle of six hes in depth) when two horsemen rode up to the allace inn. The first was a strong, tall, power- man, in a gray riding-coat, having a hat cover- with wax-cloth, a huge silver-mounted horse- ip, boots, and dreadnought overalls. He was unted on a large strong brown mare, rough in coat, well in condition, with a saddle of the yeomanry , and a double-bitted military bridle, somewhat ted. The man who accompanied him was appa- ntly his servant; he rode a shaggy little gray poney, l a blue bonnet on his head, and a large check, kin folded about his neck, wore a pair of long e hose *instead of boots*, had his gloveless hands *h stained with tar, and* observed an air of defer- *and respect towards* his companion, but with *y of those indications* of precedence and pun

tilio which are preserved between the gentry and their domestics. On the contrary, the two travellers entered the court-yard abreast, and the concluding sentence of the conversation which had been carrying on betwixt them was a joint ejaculation, 'Lord guide us, an' this weather last, what will come o' the lambs!' The hint was sufficient to my landlord, who, advancing to take the horse of the principal person, and holding him by the reins as he dismounted, while his ostler rendered the same service to the attendant, welcomed the stranger to Gandercleugh, and, in the same breath, inquired, what news from the south hie-lands?—'News?' said the farmer, 'bad eneugh news, I think;—an' we can carry through the ewes it will be a' we can do; we maun e'en leave the lambs to the Black Dwarf's care.'

'Aye, aye,' subjoined the old shepherd, (for such he was) shaking his head, 'he'll be unco busy amang the morts this season.'

'The Black Dwarf?' said *my learned friend and patron*,*Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, 'and what sort of a personage may he be?'

'Hout awa, man, ye'll hae heard o' canny Elshie the black Dwarf, or I am muckle mista'en—A' the warld tells tales about him, but it's but daft nonsense after a'—I dinna believe a word o't frae beginning to end.'

'Your father believed it unco stievely, though,' said the old man, to whom the scepticism of his master gave obvious displeasure.

* We have in this, and other instances, printed in italics some few words *which the worthy* editor, Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, seems to have *interpolated upon the text of his* deceased friend, Mr. Pattieson. We must *observe, once for all, that such* liberties seem to have been taken by the *learned gentleman where his own* character and conduct are concerned; *and surely he must be the best* judge of the style in which his own charac*ter and conduct should be* treated of.

'Aye, very true, Bauldie, but that was in the time o' the blackfaces—they believed a hantle queer things in thae days, that naebody heeds since the lang sheep cam in.'

'The mair's the pity,' the mair's the pity,' said the old man. 'Your father, and sae I have aften tell'd you, maister, wad hae been sair vexed to hae seen the auld peel-house wa's pu'd down to make park dykes, and the bonny broomy knowe, where he liked sae weel to sit at e'en, wi' his plaid about him, and look at the kye as they came down the loaning,—ill wad he hae liked to hae seen that braw sunny knowe a' riven out wi' the pleugh in the fashion it is at this day.'

'Hout, Bauldie,' replied the principal, 'take ye that dram the landlord's offering ye, and never fash your head about the changes o' the warld, sae lang as ye're blythe and bien yoursel.'

'Wussing your health, sirs,' said the shepherd; and, having taken off his glass, and observed the whisky was the right thing, he continued, 'It's no for the like o' us to be judging, to be sure; but it was a bonny knowe that broomy knowe, and an unco braw shelter for the lambs in a severe morning like this.'

'Aye, but ye ken we maun hae turnips for the lang sheep, billie, and muckle hard work to get them, baith wi' the pleugh and the howe; and that wad sort ill wi' sitting on the broomy knowe and cracking about Black Dwarfs, and siccan clavers, as was the gate lang syne, when the short sheep were in the fashion.'

'Aweel, aweel, maister," said the attendant, 'short sheep had short rents, I am thinking.'

Here my *worthy and learned* patron again interposed, *and observed, 'that* he could never perceive *any material difference* in point of longitude betwee *one sheep and another.'*

This occasioned a loud hoarse laugh on the par *the farmer, and* an astonished stare on the part of

shepherd. 'It's the woo', man,—it's the woo', and no the beasts themsels, that makes them be ca'd lang or short. I believe, if ye were to measure their backs, the short sheep wad be rather the langer-bodied o' the twa; but it's the woo' that pays the rent in thir days, and it had muckle need.'

'Odd, Bauldie says very true,—short sheep did make short rents—my father paid for our steeding just threescore pounds, and it stands me in three hundred, plack and bawbee.—And that's very true—I hae nae time to be standing here clavering—Landlord, get us our breakfast, and see an' get the yauds fed—I am for down to Christy Wilson's, to see if him and me can gree about the luckpenny I am to gie him for his year-aulds. We had drank six mutchkins to the making the bargain at St. Boswell's fair, and some gate we canna gree upon the particulars preceesely, for as muckle time as we took about it—I doubt we draw to a plea.—But hear ye, neighbour,' addressing my *worthy and learned patron*, 'if ye want to hear ony thing about lang or short sheep, I will be back here to my kail against ane o'clock; or, if ye want ony auld-warld stories about the Black Dwarf, and sic like, if ye'll ware a half mutchkin upon Bauldie there he'll crack t'ye like a pen gun. And I'se gie a mutchkin mysel, man, if I can settle weel wi' Christy Wilson.'

The farmer returned at the hour appointed, and with him came Christy Wilson, their difference having been fortunately settled without an appeal to the gentlemen of the long robe. My *learned and worthy* patron failed not to attend, both on account of the refreshment promised to the mind and to the body, *although he is known to partake of the latter in a very moderate degree;* and the party with which my landlord was associated continued to sit till late in the evening, seasoning their liquor with many choice tales and songs.

The last incident which I recollect, was my *learned and worthy* patron falling from his chair, just as he concluded a long lecture upon temperance, by reciting, from the Gentle Shepherd, a couplet, which he *right happily* transferred from the vice of avarice to that of ebriety:—

> He that has just enough may soundly sleep,
> The overcome only fashes folk to keep.

In the course of the evening the Black Dwarf had not been forgotten, and the old shepherd, Bauldie, told so many stories of him, that they excited a good deal of interest. It also appeared, though not till the third punch-bowl was emptied, that much of the farmer's scepticism on the subject was affected, as evincing a liberality of thinking, and a freedom from ancient prejudices, becoming a man who paid three hundred pounds a-year of rent, while, in fact, he had a lurking belief in the traditions of his forefathers. After my usual manner, I made farther inquiries of other persons connected with the wild and pastoral district in which the scene of the following narrative is placed, and I was fortunate enough to recover many links of the story, not generally known, and which account, at least, in some degree, for the circumstances of exaggerated marvel with which superstition has attired it in the more vulgar traditions.

CHAPTER II.

> Will none Hearne the Hunter serve your turn?
> MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

In *one of the most* remote districts of the south *of Scotland, where an ideal* line, drawn along the tops

of lofty and bleak mountains, separates that land from her sister kingdom, a young man, called Halbert, or Hobbie Elliot, a substantial farmer, who boasted his descent from old Martin Elliot of the Preakin-tower, noted in border story and song, was on his return from deer-stalking. The deer, once so numerous among these solitary wastes, were now reduced to a very few herds, which, sheltering themselves in the most remote and inaccessible recesses, rendered the task of pursuing them equally toilsome and precarious. But, however, there were found many youth of the country ardently attached to this sport, with all its dangers and fatigues. The sword had been sheathed upon the borders for more than a hundred years, by the peaceful union of the crowns in the reign of James the first, of Great Britain. Still the country retained traces of what it had been in former days; the inhabitants, their more peaceful avocations having been repeatedly interrupted by the civil wars of the preceding century, were scarce yet broken in to the habits of regular industry; sheep-farming had not been introduced upon any considerable scale; and the feeding of black cattle was the chief purpose to which the hills and valleys were applied. Near to the farmer's house he usually contrived to raise such a crop of oats, or barley, as afforded meal for his family; and the whole of this slovenly and imperfect mode of cultivation left much time upon his own hands, and those of his domestics. This was usually employed by the young men in hunting and fishing; and the spirit of adventure, which formerly led to raids and forays in the same districts, was still to be discovered in the eagerness with which they pursued those rural sports.

The more high-spirited among the youth were, *about the time* that our narrative begins, exulting *rather with hope* than apprehension, an [illegible]

of emulating their fathers in their military achievements, the recital of which formed the chief part of their amusement within doors. The passing of the Scottish act of security had given the alarm to England, as it seemed to point at a separation, of the two British kingdoms, after the decease of queen Anne, the reigning monarch. Godolphin, then at the head of the English administration, foresaw that there was no other mode of avoiding the probable extremity of a civil war, but by carrying an incorporating union. How that treaty was managed, and how little it seemed for some time to promise the beneficial results which have since taken place to such extent, may be learned from the history of the period. It is enough for our purpose to say, that all Scotland was indignant at the terms on which their legislature had surrendered their national independence. The general resentment led to the strangest leagues and to the wildest plans. The Cameronians were about to take arms for the restoration of the house of Stuart, whom they regarded, with justice, as their oppressors; and the intrigues of the period presented the strange picture of papists, prelatists, and presbyterians, cabalting themselves against the English government out of a common feeling that their country had been treated with injustice. The fermentation was general; and, as the population of Scotland had been generally trained to arms, under the act of security, they were not indifferently prepared for war, and waited but the declaration of some of the nobility to break out into open hostility. It was at this period of public confusion that our story opens.

The cleugh, or wild ravine, into which Hobbie Elliot had followed the game, was already far behind him, and he was considerably advanced on his return homeward, when the night began to close upon him.

This would have been a circumstance of great indifference to the experienced sportsman, who could have walked blindfolded over every inch of his native heaths, had it not happened near a spot, which according to the traditions of the country, was in extremely bad fame as haunted by supernatural appearances. To tales of this kind Hobbie had, from his childhood, lent an attentive ear; and as no part of the country afforded such a variety of legends, so no man was more deeply read in their fearful lore than Hobbie of the Heugh-foot, for so our gallant was called, to distinguish him from a round dozen of Elliots who bore the same christian name. It cost him no efforts, therefore, to call to memory the terrific incidents connected with the extensive waste upon which he was now entering. In fact they presented themselves with a readiness which he felt to be somewhat dismaying.

This dreary common was called Meikle-stane-Moor, from a huge column of unhewn granite, which raised its massy head on a knoll near the centre of the heath, perhaps to tell of the mighty dead who slept beneath, or to preserve the memory of some bloody skirmish. The real cause of its existence had, however, passed away; and tradition, who is as frequently an inventor of fiction as a preserver of truth, had supplied its place with a supplementary legend of her own, which now came full upon Hobbie's memory. The ground about the pillar was strewed, or rather encumbered, with many large fragments of stone of the same consistence with the column, which, from their appearance as they lay scattered on the waste, were popularly called the Grey Geese of Meikle-stane-Moor. The legend accounted for this name and appearance by the catastrophe of a noted and most formidable *witch who frequented* these hills in former days, *causing the ewes to keb*, and the kine to cast their calves,

ıd performing all the feats of mischief ascribed
ese evil beings. On this moor she used to hold h
vels with her sister hags; and rings are still pointe
ıt on which no grass nor heath ever grew, the tu
ing, as it were, calcined by the scorching hoofs o
eir diabolical partners.

Once upon a time this old hag is said to have cross
l the moor, driving before her a flock of geese,
hich she proposed to sell to advantage at a neigh-
ouring fair;—for it is well known that the fiend, how-
ver liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief,
ngenerously leaves his allies under the necessity of
erforming the meanest rustic labours for subsistence.
'he day was far advanced, and her chance of obtain-
ıg a good price depended on her being first at the
ıarket. But the geese, which had hitherto preceded
er in a pretty orderly manner, when they came to
ıis wide common, interspersed with marshes and pools
f water, scattered in every direction, to plunge into
e element in which they delighted Incensed at the
stinacy with which they defied all her efforts to collect
m, and not remembering the terms of the contract
which the fiend was bound to obey her commands
certain space, the sorceress exclaimed, 'Deevil,
neither I nor they ever stir from this spot more!'
words were hardly uttered, when, by a metamor-
is as sudden as any in Ovid, the hag and her
ctory flock were converted into stone, the angel
she served grasping eagerly at an opportunity of
eting the ruin of her body and soul by a literal
nce to her orders. It is said, that when she per-
and felt the transformation which was about to
lace, she exclaimed to the treacherous fiend,
thou false thief, lang hast thou promised me a
own, and now I am getting ane that will last for
The dimensions of the pillar, and of the stones

were often appealed to, as a proof of the superior stature and size of old women and geese in the days of other years, by those praisers of the past who held the comfortable opinion of the gradual degeneracy of mankind.

All particulars of this legend Hobbie called to mind as he paced along the moor. He also remembered, that, since the catastrophe had taken place, the scene of it had been avoided, at least after night fall, by all human beings, as being the ordinary resort of kelpies, spunkies, and other demons, once the companions of the witches' diobolical revels, and now continuing to rendezvous upon the same spot, as if still in attendance on their transformed mistress. Hobbie's natural hardihood, however, manfully combatted with those intrusive sensations of awe. He summoned to his side the brace of large gray hounds, who were the companions of his sports, and who were wont, in his own phrase, to fear neither dog nor devil; he looked at the priming of his piece, and, like the clown in Hallowe'en, whistled up the warlike ditty of Jock of the Side, as a general causes his drums beat to inspirit the doubtful courage of his soldiers.

In this state of mind, he was very glad to hear a friendly voice shout in his rear, and propose to him a partner on the road. He slackened his pace, and was quickly joined by a youth well known to him, a gentleman of some fortune in that remote country, and who had been abroad upon the same errand with himself. Young Earnscliff, 'of that ilk,' had lately come of age, and succeeded to a moderate fortune, a good deal dilapidated, from the share his family had taken in the disturbances of the period. They were much and generally respected in the country, a reputation which this young gentleman seemed likely to sustain, as he was well educated, and of excellent dispositions.—'Now, Earnscliff,' exclaimed Hobbie, 'I am glad to

:et your honour ony gait, and company's blithe on a re moor like this—it's an unco bogilly bit—Where e ye been sporting?'

'Up the Carla Cleugh, Hobbie,' answered Earnscliff, urning his greeting. 'But will our dogs keep the ace, think you?'

'De'il a fear o' mine,' said Hobbie, 'they have ırce a leg to stand on. Odd! the deer's fled the ıntry, I think! I have been as far as Ingerfell-foot, d de'il a horn has Hobbie seen, excepting three red-ıd raes, that never let me within shot of them, though ;aed a mile round to get up the wind to them, an'a'. :'il o' me wad care mickle, only I wanted some ɔison to our auld gude-dame. The carline, she sits the neuk yonder, upbye, and cracks about the grand ɔoters and hunters lang syne. Odd, I think they e killed a' the deer in the country, for my part.'

'Well, Hobbie, I have shot a fat buck, and sent n to Earnscliff this morning—you shall have half of n for your grandmother.'

'Mony thanks to ye, Mr Patrick, ye're kend to a' : country for a kind heart. It will do the auld fe's heart gude—mair by token, when she kens it mes frae you: and maist of a', gin ye'll come up and te your share, for I reckon you are lonesome now in : auld tower, and a' your folk at that weary Edin-rgh. I wonder what they can find to do amang a ıeen ranks o' stane-houses, wi' slate on the tap o' :m, that might live on their ain bonny green hills.'

'My education and my sisters' has kept my mother ıch in Edinburgh for several years,' said Earnscliff, ut I promise you I propose to make up for lost ıe.'

'And ye'll rig out the auld tower a bit,' said Hob-:, 'and live *hearty and* neighbour-like wi' the auld *nily friends, as the laird* o' Earnscliff should? I can *ye, my mother,* my grandmother I mean: but.

since we lost our ain mother, we ca' her sometimes the tane, and sometimes the tother: but, ony gate, she thinks hersel no that distant connected wi' you.'

'Very true, Hobbie, and I will come to the Heughfoot to dinner to-morrow with all my heart.'

'Weel, that's kindly said! We are auld neighbours, an' we were na kin: and my gude dame's fain to see you: she clavers about your father that was killed lang syne.'

'Hush, hush, Hobbie, not a word about that: it's a story better forgotten.'

'I didna ken: if it had chanced amang our folk, we wad hae keepit it in mind mony a day till we got some mends for it: but ye ken your ain ways best, you lairds: I have heard say that Ellieslaw's friend stickit your sire after the laird himsel had mastered his sword.'

'Fie, fie, Hobbie; it was a foolish brawl, occasioned by wine and politics: many swords were drawn: it is impossible to say who struck the blow.'

'At ony rate, auld Ellieslaw was aiding and abetting, and I am sure if ye were sae disposed as to take amends on him, naebody could say it was wrang, for your father's blood is beneath his nails: and besides there's naebody else left that was concerned to take amends upon, and he's a prelatist and a jacobite into the bargain. I can tell ye the country folk looks for something atween ye.'

'O for shame, Hobbie! you that profess religion to stir your friend up to break the law, and take vengeance at his own hand, and in such a bogilly bit too, where we know not what beings may be listening to us!'

'Hush, hush!' said Hobbie, drawing nearer to his companion, 'I was nae thinking o' the like o' them: *But I can guess* a wee bit what keeps your hand up, *Mr. Patrick; we a' ken* it's no lack o' courage but the

twa gray een of a bonnie lass, miss Isbel Vere, that keeps you sae sober.'

'I assure you, Hobbie,' said his companion, rather angrily, 'I assure you you are mistaken; and it is extremely wrong in you, either to think of, or to utter, such an idea; I have no idea of permitting freedoms to be carried so far as to connect my name with that of any young lady.'

'Why, there now! there now!' retorted Elliot; 'did not I say it was nae want o' spunk that made ye sae mim? Weel, weel, I meant nae offence: but there's just ae thing ye may notice frae a friend. The auld laird of Ellieslaw has the auld riding blood far hetter at his heart than ye hae: troth, he kens naething about thae new-fangled notions o' peace and quietness; he's a' for the auld-world doings of lifting and laying on, and he has a wheen stout lads at his back too, and keeps them weel up in heart, and as fu' o' mischief as young colts. Where he gets the gear to do't nane can say: he lives high, and far abune his rents here; however, he pays his way. Sae, if there's ony outbreak in the country, he's likely to break out wi' the first; and weel does he mind the auld quarrels between ye. I'm surmizing he'll be for a touch at the auld tower at Earnscliff.'

'Well, Hobbie, if he should be so ill advised, I shall try to make the old tower good against him, as it has been made good by my betters against his betters many a day ago.'

'Very right! very right! that's speaking like a man now! and, if sae should be that this be sae, if ye'll just gar your servant jow out the great bell in the tower, there's me, and my twa brothers, and little Davie of the Stenhouse, will be wi' you, wi' a' the power we can *make, in the* snapping of a flint.'

'Many thanks, Hobbie; but I hope we shall have no war of so unnatural and unchristian a kind in our time.'

'Hout, sir, hout; it wad be but a wee bit neighbour war, and heaven and earth would make allowances for it in this uncultivated place: it's just the nature o' the folk and the land: we canna live quiet like Loudon folk: we hae na sae muckle to do.'

'Well, Hobbie, for one who believes so deeply as you do in supernatural appearances, I must own you take heaven in your own hand rather audaciously, considering where we are walking.'

'What needs I care for the Mickle-stane-Moor ony mair than ye do yoursel, Earnscliff? To be sure they say there's a sort o' worricows and lang-nebbed things about the land, but what need I care for them? I hae a good consience, unless it be about a rant amang the lasses, or a splore at a fair, and that's no muckle to speak of. Though I sae it mysel, I am as quiet a lad and as peaceable'——

'And Dick Turnbull's head that you broke, and Willie of Winton whom you shot at?'

'Hout, Earnscliff, ye keep a record of a' men's misdoings. Dick's head's healed again, and we're to fight out the quarrel at Jeddart, on the rood-day, so that's like a thing settled in a peaceable way; and then I am friends wi' Willie again, poor chield—it was but but twa or three hail-draps after a'.—I wad let ony body do the like o't to me for a pint o' brandy. But Willie's lowland bred, poor fallow, and soon frighted for himsel.—And, for the worricows, were we to meet ane on this very bit'——

'As is not unlikely,' said young Earnscliff, 'for there stands your old witch, Hobbie.'

'I say,' continued Elliot, as if indignant at this hint —'I say, if the auld carline hersel was to get up out of the grund just before us here, I would think nae mair—but, gude preserve us, Earnscliff, what can yon be!'

CHAPTER III.

Brown dwarf, that o'er the moorland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!
"The Brown Man of the Moor, that stays
Beneath the heather-bell."

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE object which alarmed the young farmer in the mildde of his valorous protestations, startled for a moment even his less-prejudiced companion. The moon, which had arisen during their conversation, was, in the phrase of that country, wading or struggling with clouds, and shed only a doubtful and occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed upon the great granite column, to which they now approached, they discovered a form, apparently human, but of a size much less than ordinary, which moved slowly among the large gray stones, not like a person intending to journey onward, but with the slow, irregular, flitting movement of a being who hovers around some spot of melancholy recollection, uttering also, from time to time, a sort of indistinct muttering sound. This so much resembled his idea of the motions of an apparition, that Hobbie Elliot, making a dead pause, while his hair erected itself upon his scalp, whispered to his companion—"It's auld Ailie, hersel! shall I gi'e her a shot, in the name of God?'

'For Heaven's sake, no,' said his companion, holding down the weapon which he was about to raise to the aim—'for heaven's sake, no; it's some poor distracted creature.'

'You're distracted yoursel, for thinking of going so near to her,' said Elliot, holding his companion, in his turn, as he prepared to advance. 'We'll aye hae time to pit ower a pit prayer (an' I could but mind

ane) afore she comes this length—God ! she's in nae hurry,' continued he, growing bolder from his companion's confidence, and the little notice the apparition seemed to take of them. 'She hirples like a hen on a het girdly—I redd ye Earnscliff,' (this he added in a gentle whisper,) 'let us take a cast about, as if to draw the wind on a buck—the bog is no abune knee deep, and better a saft road as bad company.'

Earnscliff, however, in spite of his companion's resistance and remonstrances, continued to advance on the path they had originally pursued, and soon confronted the object of their investigation.

The height of the object, which seemed even to decrease as they approached it, seemed to be under four feet, and its form, so far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exterior. To the third repeated demand of 'Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?'—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones made Elliot step two paces back, and startled even his companion, 'Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask nought at you.'

'What do you do here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home, ('God forbid,' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, involuntarily) and I will give you a lodging.'

'I would sooner lodge by mysel in the deepest of the *Tarras-flow*,' again whispered Hobbie.

'*Pass on your way*,' rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. '

want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, an' I trust it was for the last time.'

'He is mad,' said Earnscliff—'He has a look of auld Humphrey Ettercap, the tinkler, that perished in this very moss about five years syne,' answered his superstitious companion; 'but Humphrey was na that awfu' big in the bouk.'

'Pass on your way,' reiterated the object of their curiosity, 'the breath of your human bodies, poisons the air around me—the sound of your human voices goes through my ears like sharp bodkins.'

'Lord save us!' said Hobbie, 'that the dead should bear sic fearfu' ill-will to the living!—his saul maun be in a puir way, I'm jealous.'

'Come, my friend,' said Earnscliff, 'you seem to suffer under some strong affliction: common humanity will not allow us to leave you here.'

'Common humanity!' exclaimed the being, with a scornful laugh that sounded like a shriek, 'where got ye that catchword—that noose for woodcoks—that common disguise for man-traps—that bait which the wretched idiot who swallows, will soon find covers a hook with barbs ten times sharper than those you lay for the animals which you murder for your luxury!'

'I tell you my friend,' again replied Earnscliff, 'you are incapable to judge of your own situation—you will perish in this wilderness, and we must in compassion, force you along with us.'

'I'll hae neither had nor foot in't,' said Hobbie; 'let the ghaist take his ain way, for God's sake.'

'My blood be on my own head, if I perish here,' said the figure; and, observing Earnscliff meditating to lay hold on him, he added, 'and your blood be upon yours, *if you touch but* the skirt of my garments to infect me with the taint of mortality!'

The moon shone more brightly as he spoke thus, and Earnscliff observed that he held out his right hand armed with some weapon of offence, which glittered in the cold ray like the blade of a long knife, or the barrel of a pistol. It would have been madness to persevere in his attempt upon a being thus armed, and holding such desperate language, especially as it was plain he would have but little aid from his companion, who had fairly left him to settle matters with the apparition as he could, and had proceeded a few paces on his way homeward. Earnscliff, therefore, turned and followed Hobbie, after looking back towards the supposed maniac, who, as if raised to frensy by the interview, roamed wildly around the great stone, exhausting his voice in shrieks and imprecations that thrilled wildly along the waste heath.

The two sportsmen moved on some time in silence, until they were out of hearing of these uncouth sounds, which was not ere they had gained a considerable distance from the pillar which gave name to the moor. Each made his private comments on the scene they had witnessed, until Hobbie Elliot suddenly exclaimed, 'Weel, I'll uphaud that yon ghaist, if it be a ghaist, has baith done and suffered muckle evil in the flesh, that gars him rampauge in that way after he is dead and gane.'

'It seems to me the very madness of misanthropy, said Earnscliff, following his own current of thought.

'And ye didna think it was a spiritual creature then?' asked Hobbie at his companion.

'Who, I?—No, surely.'

'Weel, I am partly of the mind mysel that it may be a live thing—and yet I didna ken, I wadna wish to see ony thing look liker a bogle.'

'At any rate,' said Earnscliff, 'I will ride over tomorrow, and see what has become of that unhappy *being.*'

'*In fair daylight?*' queried the yeoman, 'then, grace o' *God, I'se be wi'* ye. But here we are nearer to

gh-foot than to your house by twa miles,—hadna
etter e'en gae hame wi' me, and we'll send the cal-
on the poney to tell them that you are wi' us,
gh I believe there's nae-body at hame to wait for
but the servants and the cat.'
And as I would not willingly have either the ser-
s be anxious, or puss forfeit her supper, in my ab-
e, I'll be obliged to you to send the boy as you
ose.'
A weel, that *is* kind, I must say. And you'll gae
e to Heugh-foot? They'll be right blithe to see
that will they.'
his affair settled, they walked briskly on a little
er, when coming to the ridge of a pretty steep hill,
bie Elliot exclaimed, 'Now, Earnscliff, I am aye
when I come to this very bit: Ye see the light
w, that's in the ha' window, where grannie, the
auld carline, is sitting birling at her wheel—and
e yon other light that's gaun whidding back and
ard through among the window's? that's my
in, Grace Armstrong—she's twice as clever about
ouse as my sisters, and sae they say themsels, for
're good-natured lasses as ever trod on heather;
they confess themsels, and sae does grannie, that
as far maist action, and is the best goer about the
, now that grannie is off the foot hersel—My bro-
, ane o' them's awa to wait upon the chamberlain,
ane's at Mossphadraig, that's our led farm—he can
after the stock as weel as I can do.'
You are lucky, my good friend, in having so many
able relations.'
Troth am I: grace make me thankful, I'se never
it.—But will ye tell me now, Earnscliff, you that
been at college, and the high school of Edinburgh,
got a' sort o' lair where it was to be best gotten,
you tell me, no that *it's* ony concern of mine in

particular, but I heard the priest of St. John's and our minister, bargaining about it at the Winter fair, and troth they baith spak very weel—Now, the priest says it's unlawful to marry ane's cousin; but I canna say I thought he brought out the gospel authorities half sae weel as our minister—our minister is thought the best divine and the best preacher atween this and Edinburgh—Didna ye think he was likely to be right?'

'Certainly marriage, by all protestant Christians, is held to be as free as God made it by the Levitical law; so, Hobbie, there can be no bar, legal or religious, betwixt you and miss Armstrong.'

'Hout, awa wi' your joking, Earnscliff—ye are sae angry yoursel if ane touches you a bit, man, on the sooth side of the jest—No that I was asking the question about Grace, for ye maun ken she's no my cousin-germain out and out, but the daughter of my uncle's wife by her first marriage, so she's nae kith nor kin to me—only a connection like.—But now we're at the Sheeling-hill—I'll fire off my gun, to let them ken I'm coming, that's aye my way; and if I hae a deer I gie them twa shots, ane for the deer and ane for mysel.'

He fired off his peacè accordingly, and the number of lights were seen to traverse the house, and even to gleam before it. Hobbie Elliot pointed out one of these to Earnscliff, which seemed to glide from the house towards some of the out-houses. 'That's Grace, hersel,' said Hobbie. 'She'll no meet me at the door, I'se warrant her—but she'll be awa', for a' that, to see if my hounds' supper be ready, poor beasts.'

'Love me, love my dog,' answered Earnscliff. 'Ah, Hobbie, you are a lucky young fellow.'

This observation was uttered with something like a *sigh, which* apparently did not escape the ear of his *companion.*

'*Hout, other folk* may be as lucky as I am—O how *I have seen miss Isbel* Vere's head turn after somebo-

en they passed ane another at the Carlisle races!
.ens how things may come round in this world!"
ascliff muttered something like an answer; but
er in assent of the proposition, or rebuking the
ation of it, could not easily be discovered; and
as probable that the speaker himself was willing
aning should be in doubt and obscurity. They
ow descended the broad steep loaning, which,
ig round the foot of the steep bank, or heugh,
it them in front of the thatched, but comforta-
rm-house, which was the dwelling of Hobbie El-
d his family.

door-way was thronged with joyful faces; but
pearance of a stranger blunted many a jibe which
een prepared on Hobbie's lack of success in the
talking. There was a little bustle among three
ome young women, each endeavouring to de-
upon another the task of ushering the stranger in-
apartment, while probably all were anxious to
to make some little personal arrangements be-
resenting themselves to a young gentleman in a
ille only intended for their brother. Hobbie, in
eanwhile, bestowing some hearty and general
upon them all, (for Grace was not of the party,)
ed the candle from the hand of one of the rustic
ttes, as she stood playing pretty with it in her
and ushered his guest into the family parlour, or
hall; for the place having been a house of de-
in former times, the sitting apartment was a
d and paved room, damp and dismal enough
ared with the lodgings of the yeomanry of our
but which, when well lighted up with a large
ing fire of turf and bog-wood, seemed to Earns-
most comfortable exchange for the darkness and
blast of the hill. Kindly and repeatedly was he
med by the venerable old dame, the mistress of

the family, who, dressed in her coif and pinners, her close and decent gown of home-spun wool, but with a large gold necklace and ear-rings, looked, what she really was, the lady as well as the farmer's-wife, while, seated in her chair of wicker, by the corner of the great chimney, she directed the evening occupations of the young women, and of two or three stout serving wenches, who sate plying their distaffs behind the backs of their young mistresses.

As soon as Earnscliff had been duly welcomed, and hasty orders issued for some addition to the evening meal, his grand-dame and sisters opened their battery upon Hobbie Elliot for his lack of success against the deer.

'Jenny needna have kept up her kitchen fire for a' that Hobbie has brought hame,' said one sister.

'Troth no, lass,' said another; 'the gathering peat, if it was weel blawn, wad dress a' our Hobbie's venison.'

'Aye, or the low of the candle if the wind wad let it bide steady,' said a third; 'if I were him I would bring hame a black craw, rather than come back three times without a buck's horn to blaw on.'

Hobbie turned from the one to the other, regarding them alternately with a frown on his brow, the augury of which was confuted by the good-humoured laugh on the lower part of his countenance. He then strove to propitiate them, by mentioning the intended present of his companion.

'In my young days,' said the old lady, 'a man wad hae been ashamed to come back frae the hill without a buck banging on each side o' his horse, like a cadger carrying calves.'

'I wish they had left some for us then, grannie,' retorted Hobbie; 'they've cleared the country o' them, *thae auld friends* o' yours, I'm thinking.'

'Ye see other folk can find game, though you cannot, Hobbie,' said the eldest sister, glancing a look at young Earnscliff.

'Weel, weel, woman, hasna every dog his day, begging Earnscliff's pardon for the auld saying—Mayna I hae his luck, and he mine, another time?—It's a braw thing for a man to be out a' day, and frightened—na, I winna say that neither—but mistrysted wi' bogles in the hame coming, and then to hae to flyte wi' a wheen women that hae been doing naething a' the live-lang day but whirling a bit stick, wi' a thread trailing at it, or boring at a clout.'

'Frightened wi' bogles!' exclaimed the females, one and all, for great was the regard then paid, and perhaps still paid, in these glens to all such fantasies.

'I did not say frightened, now—I only said mis-set wi' the thing—And there was but ae bogle, neither—Earnscliff, you saw it as weel as I did?'

And he proceeded, without very much exaggeration, to detail, in his own way, the meeting they had with the mysterious being at Micklestane-Moor, concluding, he could not conjecture what on earth it could be, unless it was either the Enemy himsel, or some of the auld Peghts that held the country lang syne.

'Auld Peght!' exclaimed the grandame; 'na, na—bless thee frae scathe, my bairn, it's been nae Peght that—it's been the Brown Man o' the Moors! O weary fa' thae evil days!—what can evil beings be coming for to distract a poor country, now it's peacefully settled, and living in love and law?—O weary on him! he ne'er brought gude to these lands or the indwellers. My father aften tauld me he was seen in the year o' the bloody fight at Marston-moor, and then again in Montrose's troubles, and again before the rout o' Dunbar, and, in my ain time, he was seen about the time o' Bothwell-*brigg, and they said* the second-sighted laird o'

Benar-buck had a communing wi' him some time afore Argyle's landing, but that I canna speak to sae preceesely—it was far i' the west.—O, bairns, he's never permitted but in an ill time, sae mind ilka ane o' ye to draw to Him that can help in the day o' trouble.'

Earnscliff now interposed, and expressed his firm conviction that the person they had seen was some poor maniac, and had no commission from the invisible world to announce either war or evil. But his opinion found a very cold audience, and all joined to deprecate his purpose of returning to the spot the next day.

'O, my bonnie bairn,' said the old dame, (for, in the kindness of her heart, she extended her parental style to all in whom she was interested)—'You should beware mair than other folk—there's been a heavy breach made in your house wi' your father's bloodshed, and wi' law pleas, and losses sinsyne;—and you are the flower of the flock, and the lad that will build up the auld bigging again (if it be His will) to be an honour to the country, and a safeguard to those that dwell in it—you, before others, are called upon to put yoursel in no rash adventures—for your's was aye ower venturesome a race, and muckle harm they got by it.'

'But I am sure, my good friend, you would not have me be afraid of going to an open moor in broad daylight.

'I dinna ken—I wad never bid son or friend o' mine haud their hand back in a good cause, whether it were a friend's or their ain—that should be by nae bidding o' mine, or o' ony body that's come o' gentle kindred. —But it winna gang out o' a gray head like mine, that 'o gang to seek for evil that's no fashing wi' you, is against law and scripture.'

rnscliff resigned an argument which he saw no *pect of maintaining* with good effect, and the en-

trance of supper broke off the conversation. Miss Grace had by this time made her appearance, and Hobbie, not without a conscious glance at Earnscliff, placed himself by her side. Mirth and lively conversation, in which the old lady at the house took the good humoured share which so well becomes old age, restored to the cheeks of the damsels the roses which their brother's tale of the apparition had chased away, and they danced and sung for an hour after supper, as if there were no such things as goblins in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

> I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind;
> For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
> That I might love thee something.
>
> TIMON OF ATHENS.

On the morning, after breakfast, Earnscliff took leave of his hospitable friends, promising to return in time to partake of the venison, which had arrived from his house. Hobbie, who apparently took leave of him at the door of his habitation, slunk out, however, and joined him at the top of the hill.

'Ye'll be gaun yonder, Mr. Patrick; feind o' me will mistryst you for a' my mother says. I thought it best to slip out quietly though, in case she should mislippen something of what we're gaun to do—we manna vex her at nae rate—it was amaist the last word my father said to me on his death-bed.'

'By no means, Hobbie,' said Earnscliff; 'she well merits all your attention.'

'Troth, for that matter, she would be as sair vexed amaist for you as for me—but d'ye really think there's nae presumption in venturing back yonder?—We hae nae special commission, ye ken.'

'If I thought as you do, Hobbie, I would not perhaps inquire farther into this business; but as I am of opinion that preternatural visitations are either ceased altogether, or become very rare in our days, I am unwilling to leave a matter uninvestigated which may concern the life of a poor distracted being.'

'Aweel, aweel, if ye really think that,' answered Hobbie doubtfully—'And its's for certain the very fairies—I mean the very good neighbours themsels (for they say folk suldna ca' them fairies) that used to be seen on every green knowe at e'en, are no half sae often visible in our days. I canna depone to having ever seen ane mysel, but I ance heard ane whistle ahint me in the moss, as like a whaup as ae thing could be like anither. And mony ane my father saw when he used to come hame frae the fairs at e'en, wi' a drap drink in his head, honest man.'

Earnscliff was somewhat entertained with the gradual declension of superstition from one generation to another, which was inferred in this last observation; and they continued to reason on such subjects, until they came in sight of the upright stone which gave name to the moor.

'As I shall answer,' says Hobbie, 'yonder's the creature creeping about yet!—But it's daylight, and you have your gun, and I brought out my bit whinger—I think we may venture upon him.'

'By all manner of means,' said Earnscliff; 'but, in the name of wonder, what can he be doing there?'

'Biggin a dry-stane dyke, I think, wi' the gray geese, as they ca' the great loose stanes—Odd, that passes a' thing I e'er heard tell of.'

As they approached nearer, Earnscliff could not help agreeing with his companion. The figure they had seen the night before semed slowly and toilsomely labouring to pile the large stones one upon

nother, as if to form a small inclosure. Materials ly around him in great plenty, but the labour of carrying on the work was immense, from the size of most of the stones; and it seemed astonishing that he should have succeeded in moving several which he had already arranged for the foundation of his edifice. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size, when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive them till they were close upon him. In straining and heaving at the stone, in order to place it according to his wish, he displaced a degree of strength which seemed utterly inconsistent with his size and apparent deformity. Indeed, to judge from the difficulties he had already surmounted, he must have been of herculean powers; for some of the stones he had succeeded in raising must apparently have required two men's strength to move them. Hobbie's suspicions began to revive, on seeing the preternatural strength he exerted.

'I am amaist persuaded it's the ghaist of a stanemason—see siccan band-stanes as he's laid—An' it be a man, after a', I wonder what he wad take by the rood to build a march-dyke. There's ane sair wanted between Cringlehope and the Shaws—Honest man, (raising his voice,) ye make good firm wark there.'

The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native deformity. His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age; his eye brows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets, that rolled with a portentious wildness, indicative of partial insanity. The rest of his features

were of the coarse, rough-hewn stamp with which a painter would equip a giant in a romance, to which was added, the wild, irregular, and puculiar expression so often seen in the countenances of those whose persons are deformed. His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and were uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature. His clothing was a sort of coarse brown tunic, like a monk's frock girt round him with a belt of seal-skin. On his head he had a cap made of badger's skin, or some other rough fur, which added considerably to the grotesque effect of his whole appearance, and overshadowed features whose habitual expression seemed that of sullen malignant misanthropy. This remarkable dwarf gazed on the two youths in silence, with a dogged and irritated look, until Earnscliff, willing to sooth him into better temper, observed—'You are hard tasked, my friend; allow us to assist you.'

Elliot and he accordingly placed the stone, by their joint efforts, upon the rising wall. The Dwarf watched them with the eye of a task master, and testified by peevish gestures, his impatience at the time which they took in adjusting the stone. He pointed to another—they raised it also—to a third, to a fourth—they continued to humour him, though with som

trouble, for he assigned them, as if intentionally, the heaviest fragments which lay near. 'And now, friend,' said Elliot, as the unreasonable Dwarf indicated another stone larger than any they had moved, 'Earnscliff may do as he likes; but be ye man, or be ye waur, de'il be in my fingers if I break my back wi' heaving these stanes ony langer like a barrow-man, without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains.'

'Thanks!' exclaimed the Dwarf, with a motion expressive of the utmost contempt—'There—take them, and fatten upon them! Take them, and may they thrive with you as they have done with me, as they have done with every mortal worm that ever heard the word spoken by his fellow reptile! Hence, either labour or begone.'

'This is a fine reward we have, Earnscliff, for building a tabernacle for the devil, and prejudicing our ain souls into the bargain, for what we ken.'

'Our presence,' answered Earnscliff 'seems only to irritate his frenzy; we had better leave him, and send some one to provide him with food and necessaries.'

They did so. The servant despatched for this purpose found the Dwarf still labourng at his wall, but could not extract a word from him. The lad, infected with the superstitions of the country, did not long persist in an attempt to intrude questions or advice on so singular a figure, but having placed the articles which he had brought for his use on a stone at some distance, he left them at the misanthrope's disposal.

The Dwarf proceeded in his labours, day after day, with an assiduity so incredible as to appear almost supernatural. In one day he often seemed to have done the work of two men, and his building soon assumed the appearance of the walls of a hut, which, though very small, and constructed only of stones and turf, *without any mortar*, assumed, from the unusual size

of the stones employed, an appearance of solidity very uncommon for a cottage of such narrow dimensions and rude construction. Earnscliff, attentive to his motions, no sooner perceived to what they tended, than he sent down a number of spars of wood, suitable for forming the roof, which he caused to be left in the neighbourhood of the spot, resolving next day to send workmen to put them up. But his purpose was anticipated, for in the evening, during the night, and early in the morning, the Dwarf had laboured so hard, and with such ingenuity, that he had nearly completed the adjustment of the rafters. His next labour was to cut rushes and thatch his dwelling, a task which he performed with singular dexterity.

As he seemed averse to receive any aid beyond the occasional assistance of a passenger, materials suitable to his purpose, and tools, were supplied to him, in the use of which he proved to be skilful. He constructed the door and window of his cot, he adjusted a rude beadstead, and a few shelves, and appeared to become somewhat soothed in his temper as his accommodations increased.

His next task was to form a strong inclosure, and to labour the land within it to the best of his power, until, by transporting mould and working up what was upon the spot, he formed a patch of garden-ground. It must be naturally supposed, that, as above hinted, this solitary being received assistance occasionally from such travellers as crossed the moor by chance, as well as from several who went from curiosity to visit his works. It was, indeed, impossible to see a human being, so unfitted, at first sight, for hard labour, toiling with such unremitting assiduity, without stopping a few minutes to aid him in his task; and, as no one of his occasional assistants was acquainted with the degree of help which the Dwarf had received from

others, the celerity of his progress lost none of its marvels in their eyes. The strong and compact appearance of the cottage, formed in so very short a space, and by such a being, and the superior skill which he displayed in mechanics, and in other arts, gave suspicion to the surrounding neighbours. They insisted, that, if he was not a phantom,—an opinion which was now abandoned, since he had plainly appeared a being of blood and bone with themselves,—yet he must be in close league with the invisible world, and have chosen that sequestered spot to carry on his communication with them undisturbed. They insisted, though in a different sense from the philosopher's application of the phrase, that he was never less alone than when alone; and that from the heights which commanded the moor at a distance, passengers often discovered a person at work along with this dweller of the desert, who regularly disappeared as soon as they approached closer to the cottage. Such a figure was also occasionally seen sitting beside him at the door, walking with him in the moor, or assisting him in fetching water from his fountain. Earnscliff explained this phænomenon by supposing it to be the Dwarf's shadow.—'De'il a shadow has he,' replied Hobbie Elliot, who was a strenuous defender of the general opinion; 'he's ower far in wi' the auld Ane to have a shadow. Besides,' he argued more logically, 'whaever heard of a shadow that cam between a body and the sun? and this thing, be it what it will, is bigger and taller than the body himsel, and has been seen to come between him and the sun mair than anes or twice either.'

These suspicions, which, in any other part of the country, might have been attended with investigations a little inconvenient to the supposed wizard, were here only productive of respect and awe. The recluse be-

ing seemed somewhat gratified by the marks of timid veneration with which an occasional passenger approached his dwelling, the look of startled surprise with which he surveyed his person and his premises, and the hurried step with which he pressed his retreat as he passed the awful spot. The boldest only stopped to gratify their curiosity by a hasty glance at the walls of his cottage and garden, and to apologise for it by a courteous salutation, which the inmate sometimes deigned to return by a word or a nod. Earnscliff often passed that way, and seldom without inquiring after the solitary inmate, who seemed now to have arranged his establishment for life.

It was impossible to engage him in any conversation on his own personal affairs; nor was he communicative or accessible in talking on any other subject whatever, although he seemed to have considerably relented in the extreme ferocity of his misanthropy, or rather to be less frequently visited with the fits of derangement of which this was a symptom: No argument could prevail upon him to accept any thing beyond the simplest necessaries, although much more was offered, by Earnscliff out of charity, and by his more superstitious neighbours, from other motives. The benefits of these last he repaid by advice, when consulted (as at length he slowly was) on their diseases, or those of their cattle. He often furnished them with medicines also, and seemed possessed, not only of such as were the produce of the country, but of foreign drugs. He gave these persons to understand that his name was Elshender the Recluse; but his popular epithet soon came to be Canny Elshie, or the Wise Wight of Muckle-stane-Moor. Some extended their queries beyond their bodily complaints, and requested advice upon other matters, which he delivered with an oracular shrewdness that greatly confirmed the opinion of

his possessing preternatural skill. The querists usually left some offering upon a stone, at a distance from his dwelling; if it was money, or any article which did not suit him to accept, he either threw it away, or suffered it to remain where it was left without making use of it. On all these occasions his manners were rude and unsocial; and his words, in number, just sufficient to express his meaning as briefly as possible, and he shunned all communication that went a word beyond the matter in hand. When winter had passed away, and his garden began to afford him herbs and vegetables, he confined himself almost entirely to those articles of food. He accepted, notwithstanding, a pair of she goats from Earnscliff, which fed on the moor, and supplied him with milk.

When Earnscliff found his gift had been received, he soon afterwards paid the hermit a visit. The old man was seated on a broad flat stone near his garden door, which was the seat of science he usually occupied when disposed to receive his patients or clients. The inside of his hut, and that of his garden, he kept as sacred from human intrusion as the natives of Otaheite do their Morai;—apparently he would have deemed it polluted by the step of any human being. When he shut himself up in his habitation, no entreaty could prevail upon him to make himself visible, or to give audience to any one whomsoever.

Earnscliff had been fishing in a small river at some distance. He had his rod in his hand, and his basket, with his trouts, at his shoulder. He sate down upon a stone nearly opposite to the Dwarf, who, familiarized with his presence, took no farther notice of him than by elevating his huge mis-shapen head for the purpose of staring at him, and then again sinking it upon his bosom, as *if in profound* meditation. Earnscliff looked around him, and observed that the hermit had increas-

ed his accommodations by the construction of a shed for the reception of his goats.

'You labour hard, Elshie,' said he, willing to lead this singular being into conversation.

'Labour,' re-echoed the Dwarf, 'is the mildest evil of a lot so miserable as that of mankind; better to labour like me, than sport like you.'

'I cannot defend the humanity of our ordinary rural sports, Elshie, and yet'——

'And yet,' interrupted the Dwarf, 'they are better than your ordinary business; better to exercise idle and wanton cruelty on mute fishes than on your fellow-creatures. Yet why should I say so? Why should not the whole human herd butt, gore, and gorge upon each other, till all are extirpated but one huge and overfed Behemoth, and he, when he had throttled and gnawed the bones of all his fellows; he, when his prey failed him, to be roaring whole days for lack of food, and, finally, to die inch by inch of famine: it were a consummation worthy of the race!'

'Your deeds are better, Elshie, than your words,' answered Earnscliff, 'you labour to preserve the race whom your misanthropy slanders.'

'I do; but why?—Hearken You are one on whom I look with the least loathing, and I care not, if, contrary to my wont, I waste a few words in compassion to your infatuated blindness. If I cannot send disease into families, and murrain among the herds, can I attain the same end so well as by prolonging the lives of those who can serve the purpose of destruction as effectually?—If Alice of Bower had died in winter, would young Ruthwin have been slain for her love the last spring?—Who thought of penning their castle beneath the tower when the Red Riever of Westburnflat was deemed to be on his death-bed?—My draughts, my skill recovered him. And, now, who dare leave

his herd upon the lea without a watch, or go to bed without unchaining the sleuth-hound?'

'I own,' answered Earnscliff, 'you did little good to society by the last of these cures. But, to balance the evil, there is my friend Hobbie, honest Hobbie of the Heughfoot, your skill relieved him last winter in a fever that might have cost him his life.'

'Thus think the children of clay in their ignorance,' said the Dwarf smiling maliciously, 'and thus they speak in their folly. Have you marked the young cub of a wild-cat that has been domesticated, how sportive, how gamesome, how gentle,—but trust him with your game, your lambs, your poultry, his inbred ferocity breaks forth; he gripes, tears, ravages, and devours.'

'Such is the animal's instinct,' answered Earnscliff; 'but what has that to do with Hobbie?'

'It is his emblem, it is his picture,' rejoined the Recluse. 'He is at present tame, quiet, and domesticated, for lack of opportunity to exercise his inborn propensities; but let the trumpet of war sound, let the young blood-hound snuff blood, he will be as ferocious as the wildest of his border ancestors that ever fired a helpless peasant's abode. Can you deny, that even at present he often urges you to take bloody revenge for an injury received when you were a boy?'—Earnscliff started; the Recluse appeared not to observe his surprise, and proceeded,—'The trumpet *will* blow, the young blood-hound *will* lap blood, and I will laugh and say, For this I have preserved thee!' He paused, and continued,—'Such are my cures;—their object, their purpose, perpetuating the mass of misery, and playing even in this desert my part in the general tragedy. Were *you* on your sick-bed, I might, in compassion, send you a cup of poison.'

'*I am much obliged to* you, Elshie, and certainly

shall not fail to consult you with so comfortable a hope from your assistance.'

'Do not flatter yourself too far,' replied the Hermit, 'with the hope that I will positively yield to the frailty of pity. Why should I snatch a dupe, so well fitted to endure the miseries of life as you are, from the wretchedness which his own visions, and the villany of the world, are preparing for him? Why should I play the compassionate Indian, and, knocking out the brains of the captive with my tomahawk, at once spoil the three days' amusement of my kindred tribe, at the very moment when the brands were lighted, the pincers heated, the caldrons boiling, the knives sharpened, to tear, scorch, seethe, and scarify the intended victim?'

'A dreadful picture you present me of life, Elshie, but I am not daunted by it,' returned Earnscliff. 'We are sent here in one sense to bear and to suffer, but in another to do and to enjoy The active day has its evening of repose; even patient sufferance has its alleviations where there is a consolatory sense of duty discharged.'

'I spurn at the slavish and bestial doctrine,' said the Dwarf, his eyes kindling with insane fury, 'I spurn at it as worthy only of the beasts that perish; but I will waste no more words with you.'

He rose hastily; but, ere he withdrew into the hut, he added, with great vehemence, 'Yet, lest you still think my apparent benefits to mankind flow from the stupid and servile source, called love of our fellow-creatures, know, that, were there a man who had annihilated my soul's dearest hope—who had torn my heart to mammocks, and seared my brain till it glowed like a volcano, and were that man's fortune and life in my power as completely as this frail pot-sherd,' (he snatched up an earthen cup which stood beside him,) 'I would not dash him into atoms thus—' (he flung the vessel

with fury against the wall.) 'No!' (he spoke more composed, but with the utmost bitterness,) 'I would pamper him with wealth and power to influence his evil passions, and to fulfil his evil designs; he should lack no means of vice and villany; he should be the centre of a whirlpool that itself should know neither rest nor peace, but boil with unceasing fury, while it wrecked every goodly ship that approached its limits! he should be an earthquake capable of shaking the very land in which he dwelt, and rendering all its inhabitants friendless, outcast, and miserable, as I am!'

The wretched being rushed into his hut as he uttered these last words, shutting the door with furious violence, and rapidly drawing two bolts, one after another, as if to exclude the intrusion of any one of that hated race, who had thus lashed his soul to frenzy. Earnscliff left the moor with a mingling sensation of pity and horror, pondering what strange and melancholy cause could have reduced to so miserable a state of mind, a man whose language argued him to be of rank and education much superior to the vulgar. He was also surprised to see how much particular information a person who had lived in that country so short a time, and in so recluse a manner, had been able to collect respecting the dispositions and private affairs of the inhabitants.

'It is no wonder,' he said to himself, 'that with such extent of information, such a mode of life, so uncouth a figure, and sentiments so virulently misanthropic, this unfortunate should be regarded by the vulgar as in league with the enemy of mankind.'

CHAPTER V.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart, most seared to human pleasure,
Melt at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

BEAUMONT.

As the season advanced, the weather became more genial, and the Recluse was more frequently found occupying the broad flat stone in the front of his mansion. As he sate there one day, about the hour of noon, a party of gentlemen and ladies, well mounted, and numerously attended, swept across the heath at some distance from his dwelling. Dogs, hawks, and led-horses, swelled the retinue, and the air resounded at intervals with the cheer of the hunters, and the sound of horns blown by the attendants. The Recluse was about to retire into his mansion at the sight of a train so joyous, when three young ladies, with their attendants, who had made a circuit, and detached themselves from their party, in order to gratify their curiosity by a sight of the Wise Wight of Mucklestane Moor, came suddenly up ere he could effect his purpose. The first shrieked, and put her hands before her eyes, at sight of an object so unusually deformed. The second, with a hysterical giggle, which she intended should disguise her terrors, asked the Recluse, whether he could tell their fortune. The third, who was best mounted, best dressed, and incomparably the best-looking of the three, advanced, as if to cover the incivility of her companions.

'We have lost the right path that leads through these morasses, and our party have gone forward without us,' said the young lady. 'Seeing you, father, *at the door of* your house, we have turned this way to'——

'Hush!' interrrupted the Dwarf: 'so young and already so artful? You came—you know you came, to exult in the consciousness of your own youth, wealth, and beauty, by contrasting them with age, poverty, and deformity. It is a fit employment for the daughter of your father, but O how unlike the child of your mother!'

'Did you, then, know my parents, and do you know me?'

'Yes; this is the first time you have crossed my waking eyes, but I have seen you in my dreams.'

'Your dreams?'

'Aye, Isabel Vere. What hast thou, or thine, to do with my waking thoughts?'

'Your waking thoughts, sir,' said the second of miss Vere's companions, with a sort of mock gravity, 'are fixed, doubtless, upon wisdom; folly can only intrude on your sleeping moments.'

'Over thine,' retorted the Dwarf, more splenetically than became a philosopher, or hermit, 'folly exercises an unlimited empire, asleep or awake.'

'Lord bless us!' said the lady, 'he's a prophet, sure enough.'

'As surely,' continued the Recluse, 'as thou art a woman—a woman! I should have said a lady; a fine lady. You asked me to tell your fortune, it is a simple one; an endless chase through life after follies not worth catching, and, when caught, successively thrown away; a chase, pursued from the days of tottering infancy to those of old age upon his crutches. Toys and merry-makings in childhood, love and its absurdities in youth, spadille and basto in age, shall succeed each other as objects of pursuit, flowers and butterflies in spring, butterflies and thistledown in summer, withered leaves in autumn *and winter*, all pursued, all caught, all flung *aside. Stand apart;* your fortune is said.'

'All *caught*, however,' retorted the laughing fair one, who was a cousin of miss Vere's: 'that's something, Nanny,' she continued, turning to the timid damsel who had first approached the Dwarf; 'will you ask your fortune?'

'Not for worlds,' said she, drawing back, 'I have heard enough of yours.'

'Well, then,' said Miss Ilderton, offering money to the Dwarf, 'I'll pay for mine, as if it were spoken by an oracle to a princess.'

'Truth,' said the Soothsayer, 'can neither be bought nor sold,' and he pushed back her proffered offering with morose disdain.

'Well, then,' said the lady, 'I'll keep my money, Mr. Elshender, to assist me in the chase I am to pursue'

'You will need it,' replied the cynic; 'without it, few pursue successfully, and fewer are themselves pursued. Stop!' he said to Miss Vere, as her companions moved off, 'with you I have more to say. You have what your companions would wish to have, or to be thought to have, beauty, wealth, station, accomplishments.'

'Forgive my following my companions, father: I am proof both to flattery and fortune-telling.'

'Stay,' continued the Dwarf, with his hand on her horse's rein, 'I am no common soothsayer, and I am no flatterer. All the advantages I have detailed, all and each of them have their corresponding evils; unsuccessful love, crossed affections, the gloom of a convent, or an odious alliance. I, who wish ill to all mankind, cannot wish more evil to you, so much is your course of life already crossed by it.'

'And if it be, father, let me enjoy the readiest solace of adversity while prosperity is in my power. You are old; you are poor; your habitation is far

from human aid, were you ill or in want; your situation, in many respects, exposes you to the suspicions of the vulgar, which are too apt to break out into actions of brutality. Let me think I have mended the lot of one human being; accept of such assistance as I have power to offer; do this for my sake, if not for your own, that, when these evils arise, which you prohesy perhaps too truly, I may not have to reflect, that the hours of my happier time have been passed altogether in vain.'

The old man answered with a broken voice, and almost without addressing himself to the young lady.

'Yes, 'tis thus thou should'st think, 'tis thus thou should'st spe k, if ever human speech and thought kept touch with each other! They do not, they cannot. And yet, wai here an instant, stir not till my return.' He went to his little garden, and returned with a half-blown rose. 'Thou hast made me shed a tear, the first which has wet my eye-lids for many a year; for that good deed receive this token of gratitude. It is but a common rose; preserve it, however, and do not part with it. Come to me in your hour of adversity. Show me that rose, or but one leaf of it, were it withered as my heart is, if it should be in my fiercest and wildest movements of rage against a hateful world, still it will recal gentler thoughts to my bosom, and perhaps afford happier prospects to thine. But no message,' he exclaimed, rising into his usual mood of misanthropy, 'no message, no go-between! Come thyself; and the heart and the doors that are shut against every other earthly being, shall open to thee and to thy sorrows. And now pass on.'

He let go the bridle-rein, and the young lady rode on, after expressing her thanks to this singular being, as well as her *surprise* at the extraordinary nature of *his address would permit*, often turning back to look

at the Dwarf, who still remained at the door of his habitation, and watched her progress over the moor towards her father's castle of Ellieslaw, until the brow of the hill hid them from his sight.

The ladies, mean time, jested with miss Vere on the strange interview they had just had with the far-famed Wizard of the Moor. 'Isabella has all the luck at home and abroad; her hawk strikes down the black-cock; her eyes wound the gallant; no chance for her poor companions and kinswomen: even the conjurer cannot escape the force of her charms. You should, in compassion, cease to be such an engrosser, my dear Isabel, or at least set up shop and sell off all the goods you do not mean to keep for your own use.'

'You shall have them all,' replied miss Vere, 'and the conjurer to boot, at a very easy rate.'

'No! Nancy shall have the conjurer,' said miss Ilderton, 'to supply deficiencies: she's not quite a witch herself, you know.'

'Lord, sister,' answered the younger miss Ilderton, 'what could I do with so frightful a monster? I kept my eyes shut after once glancing at him; and, I protest, I thought I saw him still though I winked as close as ever I could.'

'That's a pity,' said his sister; 'ever while you live, Nanny, choose an admirer whose faults can be hid by winking at them.—Well, then, I must take him myself, I suppose, and put him into mamma's Japan cabinet, in order to show that Scotland can produce a specimen of mortal clay, moulded into a form ten thousand times uglier than the imaginations of Canton and Pekin, fertile as they are in monsters, have immortalized in porcelain.'

'There is something,' said miss Vere, 'so melancholy in the situation of this poor man, that I cannot enter into your mirth, Lucy, so readily as usual. I

he has no resources, how is he to exist in this waste country, living, as he does, at such a distance from mankind ? and, if he has the means of securing occasional assistance, will not the very suspicion that he possessed them, expose him to plunder and assassination by some of our unsettled neighbours ?'

'But you forget that they say he is a warlock,' said Nancy Ilderton.

'And, if his magic diabolical should fail him,' rejoined his sister, 'I would have him trust to his magic natural, and thrust his enormous head, and most preternatural visage, out at his door or window, full in view of the assailants. The boldest robber that ever rode would hardly bide a second glance of him. Well, I wish I had the use of that Gorgon head of his only one half hour.'

'For what purpose, Lucy?' said miss Vere.

'O ! I would frighten out of the castle that dark, stiff, and stately sir Frederick Langley, that is so great a favourite with your father, and so little a favourite of yours. I protest I shall be obliged to the Wizard as long as I live, if it were only for the half hour's relief from that man's company which we have gained by deviating from the party to visit Elshie.'

'What would you say, then,' said miss Vere, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the younger sister, who rode before them, the narrow path not admitting of their moving all three abreast; 'what would you say, my dearest Lucy, if it were proposed to you to endure his company for life.'

'Say ? I would say *No, no, no*, three times, each louder than another, till they should hear me at Carlisle.'

'And Sir Frederick would say then, nineteen nay-says are half a *grant*.'

'*That*,' *replied* miss Lucy, 'depends entirely on

the manner in which the nay-says are said. Mine should have no one grain of concession in them, I promise you.'

'But if your father,' said Miss Vere, 'were to say, —Thus do, *or*'——

'I would stand to the consequences of his *or*, were he the most cruel father that ever was recorded in romance, to fill up the alternative.'

'And what if he threatened you with a catholic aunt, an abbess, and a cloister?

'Then,' said miss Ilderton, 'I would threaten him with a protestant son-in-law, and be glad of an opportunity to disobey him for conscience sake. And now that Nanny is out of hearing, let me really say, I think you would be excusable before God and man for resisting this preposterous match by every means in your power. A proud, dark, ambitious man; a caballer against the state; infamous for his avarice and severity; a bad son, a bad brother, unkind and ungenerous to all his relatives,—Isabel, I would die rather than have him.'

'Don't let my father hear you give me such advice,' said miss Vere, 'or adieu to Ellieslaw castle.

'And adieu to Ellieslaw-castle, with all my heart,' said Lucy, 'if I once saw you fairly out of it, and settled under some kinder protector than he whom nature has given you. O, if my poor father had been in his former health, how gladly would he have received and sheltered you; till this ridiculous and cruel persecution were blown over!'

'Would to God it had been so, my dear Lucy,' answered her friend; 'but I fear, that, in your father's weak state of health, he would be altogether unable to protect me against the means which would be immediately used for reclaiming the poor fugitive.'

'I fear so indeed,' replied miss Ilderton, 'but we will consider and devise something. Now that you

father and his guest seem so deeply engaged in some mysterious plot, to judge from the passing and returning of messages, from the strange faces which appear and disappear without being announced by their names, from the collecting and cleaning of arms, and the anxious gloom and bustle which seem to agitate every male in the castle, it may not be impossible for us (always in case matters be driven to extremity) to shape out some little supplemental conspiracy of our own. I hope the gentlemen have not kept all the policy to themselves; and there is one associate that I would gladly admit to our counsel.'

'Not Nanny?'

'O, no!' said miss Ilderton; 'Nancy, though an excellent good girl, and fondly attached to you, would make a dull conspirator—as dull as Renault and all the other subordinate plotters in Venice Preserved No; this is a Jaffier, or Pierre, if you like the character better; and yet though I know I shall please you, I am afraid to mention his name to you lest I vex you at the same time. Can you not guess? Something about an eagle and a rock, it does not begin with eagle in English, but something very like it in Scotch.'

'You cannot mean young Earnscliff, Lucy?' said miss Vere, blushing deeply.

'And whom else should I mean?' said Lucy. 'Jaffiers and Pierres are very scarce in this country, I take it, though one could find Renaults and Bedamars enow.'

'How can you talk so wildly, Lucy? Your plays and romances have positively turned your brain. You know, that, independent of my father's consent, without which I never will marry any one, and which, in the case you point at, would never be granted; independent, too, of our knowing nothing of young Earnscliff's inclinations, but by your own wild conjectures and fancies: besides all this, there is the fatal brawl'

'When his father was killed?' said Lucy. 'But that was very long ago; and I hope we have outlived the time of bloody feud, when a quarrel was carried down between two families from father to son, like a Spanish game at chess, and a murder or two committed in every generation just to keep the matter from going to sleep We do with our quarrels now-a-days as with our clothes; cut them out for ourselves, and wear them out in our own day, and should no more think of resenting our fathers' feuds than of wearing their slashed doublets and trunk-hose.'

'You treat this far too lightly, Lucy,' answered miss Vere.

'Not a bit, my dear Isabella,' said Lucy. 'Consider, your father, though present in the unhappy affray, is never supposed to have struck the fatal blow; besides, in former times, in case of mutual slaughter between clans, subsequent alliances were so far from being excluded, that the hand of a daughter, or a sister, was the most frequent gage of reconciliation. You laugh at my skill in romance; but, I assure you, should your history be written, like that of many a less distressed and less deserving heroine, the well judging reader would set you down for the lady and the love of Earnscliff, from the very obstacle which you suppose so insurmountable.'

'But these are not the days of romance, but of sad reality, for there stands the castle of Ellieslaw.'

'And there stands sir Frederick Langley at the gate, waiting to assist the ladies from their palfreys. I would as lief touch a toad; I will disappoint him, and take old Horsington the groom for my master of the horse.'

'So saying, the lively young lady switched her palfrey forward, and, passing sir Frederick with a familiar nod as he stood ready to take her horse's rein, she can-

tered forward, and jumped into the arms of the old groom. Fain would Isabella have done the same had she dared; but her father stood near, displeasure already darkening on a countenance peculiarly qualified to express the harsher passions, and she was compelled to receive the unwelcome assiduities of her detested suitor.

CHAPTER VI.

Let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I.

THE Solitary had consumed the remainder of that day in which he had the interview with the young ladies, within the precincts of his garden. Evening again found him seated on his favourite stone. The sun setting red, and among seas of rolling clouds, threw a gloomy lustre over the moor, and gave a deeper purple to the broad outline of heathy mountains which surrounded this desolate spot. The Dwarf sate watching the clouds as they lowered above each other in masses of conglomerated vapours, and, as a strong lurid beam of the sinking luminary darted full on his solitary and uncouth figure, he might well have seemed the demon of the storm which was gathering, or some gnome summoned forth from the recesses of the earth by the subterranean signals of its approach. As he sate thus, with his dark eye turned towards the scowling and blackening heaven, a horseman rode rapidly towards him, and stopping, as if to let his horse breathe for an instant, made a sort of obeisance to the anchoret, with an air betwixt effrontery and embarrassment.

The figure of the rider was thin, tall, and slender, but remarkably athletic, bony, and sinewy; like one

who had all his life followed those violent exercises which prevent the human form from increasing in bulk, while they harden and confirm by habit its muscular powers. His face, thin, sun-burnt, and freckled, had a sinister expression of violence, impudence, and cunning, each of which seemed alternately to predominate over the others. Sandy-coloured hair, and reddish eyebrows, from under which looked forth his sharp gray eyes, completed the inauspicious outline of the horseman's physiognomy. He had pistols in his holsters, and another pair peeped from his belt, though he had taken some pains to conceal them by buttoning his doublet. He wore a rusted steel head piece, a buff jacket of rather an antique cast, gloves, of which that for the right hand was covered with small scales of iron, like an ancient gauntlet; and a long broad-sword completed his equipage.

'So,' said the Dwarf, 'rapine and murder once more on horseback.'

'On horseback?' said the bandit; 'aye, aye, Elshie, your leech-craft has set me on the bonny bay again.'

'And all those promises of amendment which you made during your illness, forgotten?' continued Elsheender.

'All clear away with the water-saps and panada,' returned the unabashed convalescent. 'Ye ken, Elshie, for they say ye are weel acquent with the gentleman,

> 'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.''

'Thou say'st true,' said the solitary; 'as well divide a wolf from his appetite for carnage, or a raven from her scent of slaughter, as thee from thy accursed propensities.'

'Why, what would you have me do? It's born with me; lies in my very blude and bane. Why, man, th

lads of Westburnflat, for ten lang descents, have been reivers and lifters. They have all drunk hard, lived high, taken deep revenge for light offence, and never wanted gear for the winning.'

'Right; and thou art as thorough bred a wolf,' said the Dwarf, 'as ever leaped a lamb fold at night. On what hell's errand art thou bound now?'

'Can your skill not guess?'

'Thus far I know,' said the Dwarf, 'that thy purpose is bad, thy deed will be worse, and the issue worst of all.'

'And you like me the better for it, eh?' said Westburnflat; 'you always said you did.'

'I have cause to like all,' said the solitary, 'that are scourges to their fellow creatures, and thou art a bloody one.'

'No, I say not guilty to that; never bluidy unless there's resistance, and that sets a man's bluid up, ye ken. And this is nae great matter, after a'; just to cut the comb of a young cock that has been crawing a little ower crousely.'

'Not young Earnscliff?' said the solitary, with some emotion.

'No: not young Earnscliff; not young Earnscliff *yet;* but his time may come, if he will not take warning, and get him back to the burrow town that he's fit for, and no keep skelping about here, destroying the few deer that are left in the country, and pretending to act as a magistrate, and writing letters to the great folks at auld Reekie about the disturbed state of the land. Let him take care o' himsel!'

'Then it must be Hobbie of the Heugh-foot. What harm has the lad done you?'

'Harm! nae great harm; but I hear he says I staid away from *the Ba'-spiel* on Fastern's E'en, for fear of *him; and it was only* for fear of the country keeper, for

there was a warrant against me. I'll stand Hobbie's feud, and a' his clan's. But it's no so much for that, as to gi'e him a lesson no to let his tongue gallop ower freely about his betters. I trow he will hae lost the best pen-feather o' his wing before to morrow morning. Farewell, Elshie; there's some canny boys waiting for me down amang the shaws, owerbye; I will see you as I come back, and bring ye a blythe tale in return for your leech-craft.'

Ere the Dwarf could collect himself to reply, the Reiver of Westburnflat set spurs to his horse. The animal, starting at one of the stones which lay scattered about, flew from the path. The rider exercised his spurs without moderation or mercy. The horse became furious, reared, kicked, plunged and bolted like a deer, with all his four feet off the ground at once. It was in vain; the unrelenting rider sate as if he had been a part of the horse which he bestrode; and, after a short but furious contest, compelled the subdued animal to proceed upon the path at a rate which soon carried him out of sight of the solitary.

'That villain,' exclamed the Dwarf, 'that cool-blooded, hardened, unrelenting ruffian; that wretch, whose every thought is infected with crimes; has thewes and sinews, limbs, strength, and activity enough to compel a nobler animal than himself to carry him to the place where he is to perpetrate his wickedness; while I, had I the weakness to wish to put his wretched victim on his guard, and to save the helpless family, would see my good intentions frustrated by the decrepitude which chains me to the spot. Why should I wish it were otherwise? What has my screech-owl voice, my hideous form, and my mis-shapen features, to do with the fairer workmanship of nature? Do not men receive even my benefits with shrinking horror and ill-suppressed disgust? And why should I interest my-

self in a race which account me a prodigy and an outcast, and who have treated me as such? No; by all the ingratitude which I have repaid, by all the wrongs which I have sustained, by my imprisonment, my stripes, my chains, I will wrestle down my feelings of rebellious humanity, I will not be the fool I have been, to swerve from my principles whenever there was an appeal, forsooth, to my feelings, as if I, towards whom none show sympathy, ought to have sympathy with any one. Let Destiny drive forth her scythed car through the overwhelmed and trembling mass of humanity! Shall I be the idiot to throw this decrepid form, this mis-shapen lump of mortality, under her wheels, that the Dwarf, the Wizard, the Hunch back, may save from destruction some fair form or some active frame, and all the world clap their hands at the exchange? No, never! And yet this Elliot, this Hobbie, so young and gallant, so frank, so, I will think of it no longer. I cannot aid him if I would, and I am resolved, firmly resolved, that I would not aid him, if a wish were the pledge of his safety!

Having thus ended his soliloquy, he retreated into his hut for shelter from the storm which was fast approaching, and now began to burst in large and heavy drops of rain. The last rays of the sun now disappeared entirely, and two or three claps of distant thunder followed each other at brief intervals, echoing and re-echoing among the range of heathy fells like the sound of a distant engagement.

CHAPTER VII.

Proud bird of the mountain, thy bloom shall be torn!—
* * * * * * * * * *
Return to thy dwelling; all lonely, return;
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

CAMPBELL.

THE night continued to be sullen and stormy, but morning rose as if refreshed by the rains. Even Mucklestane-Moor, with its broad bleak swells of barren grounds, interspersed with marshy pools of water, seemed to smile under the serene influence of the sky, just as good-humour can spread a certain inexpressible charm over the plainest human countenance. The heath was in its thickest and deepest bloom. The bees, which the Solitary had added to his rural establishment, were abroad and on the wing, and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry. As the old man crept out of his little hut, his two she goats came to meet him, and licked his hands in gratitude for the vegetables with which he supplied them from his garden. 'You, at least,' he said: 'you, at least, see no differences in form which can alter your feelings to a benefactor: to you, the finest shape that ever statuary moulded would be an object of indifference or of alarm, should it present itself instead of the mutilated trunk to whose services you are accustomed. While I was in the world, did I ever meet with such a return of gratitude:—No—the domestic whom I had bred from infancy made mouths at me as he stood behind my chair; the friend whom I had supported with my fortune, and for whose sake I had even stained——he stopped with a strong convulsive shudder——even he thought me more fit for the society of lunatics—for their disgraceful restraint—for their cruel privations, than for co

munication with the rest of humanity.—Hubert alone —and Hubert too will one day abandon me: all are of a piece, one mass of wickedness, selfishness, and ingratitude: wretches, who sin even in their devotions; and of such hardness of heart, that they do not, without hypocrisy, even thank the Deity himself for his warm sun and pure air.'

As he was plunged in these gloomy soliloquies, he heard the tramp of a horse on the other side of his inclosure, and a strong clear bass voice singing with the liveliness inspired by a light heart,

Canny Hobbie Elliot, Canny Hobbie now,
Canny Hobbie Elliot, I'se gang along wi' you.

At the same moment, a large deer greyhound sprung over the hermit's fence. It is well known to the sportsmen in these wilds, that the appearance and scent of the goat so much resembles that of their usual objects of chase, that the best broke greyhounds will sometimes fly upon them. The dog in question instantly pulled down and throttled one of the hermit's she goats, while Hobbie Elliot, who came up and jumped from his horse for the purpose, was unable to extricate the harmless animal from the fangs of his attendant until it was expiring. The Dwarf eyed, for a few moments, the convulsive starts of his dying favourite, until the poor goat stretched out her limbs with the twitches and shivering fit of the last agony. He then started into an excess of frenzy, and, unsheathing a long sharp knife, or dagger, which he wore under his coat, he was about to lanch it at the dog, when Hobbie, perceiving his purpose, interposed, and caught hold of his hand, exclaiming, 'Let a be the hound, man: let a be the hound: na, na, Killbuck manna be guided that gate, neither.'

The Dwarf turned his rage on the young farmer; and, by a sudden effort, far more powerful than Hob-

bie expected from such a person, freed his wrist from his grasp, and offered the dagger at his heart. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the incensed Recluse might have completed his vengeance by plunging the weapon in Elliot's bosom, had he not been checked, by an internal impulse which made him hurl the knife to a distance.

'No,' he exclaimed, as he thus voluntarily deprived himself of the means of gratifying his rage; 'not again: not again!'

Hobbie retreated a step or two in great surprise, discomposure and disdain, at having been placed in such danger by an object apparently so contemptible.

'The de'il's in the body for strength and bitterness!' were the first words that escaped him, which he followed up with an apology for the accident that had given rise to their disagreement 'I am no justifying Killbuck a'thegether neither, and I am sure it is as vexing to me as to you, Elshie, that the mischance should hae happened: but I'll send you twa goats and twa fat gimmers, man, to make a' straight again. A wise man like you shouldna bear malice against a poor dumb thing; ye see that a goat's like first cousin to a deer, sae he acted but according to his nature after a'. Had it been a pet-lamb, there wad hae been mair to be said. Ye suld keep sheep, Elshie, and no goats, where there's sae mony deer-hounds about; but I'll send ye baith.'

'Wretch! said the Hermit,' 'your cruelty has destroyed one of the only creatures in existence that would look on me with kindness.'

'Dear, Elshie, I'm wae you suld hae cause to say sae; I'am sure it was nae wi' my will. And yet, it's true, I should hae minded your goats, and coupled up the dogs. I'm sure I would rather they had worried the primest wether in my faulds.—Come, man, forget and forgi'e. I'm e'en as vexed as ye can be: But I am

a bridegroom, ye see, and that puts a' things out o' my head I think. There's the marriage dinner, or gude part o't, that my twa brithers are bringing on a sled round by the Riders' Slack, three goodly bucks as ever ran on Dallom-lea, as the sang says; they couldna come the straight road for the saft grund. I wad send ye a bit venison, but ye wadna take it weel maybe, for Killbuck catched it.'

During this long speech, in which the good-natured Borderer endeavoured to propitiate the offended Dwarf by every argument he could think of, he heard him with his eyes bent on the ground, as if in the deepest meditation, and at length broke forth—'Nature?—yes! it is indeed in the usual beaten path of Nature. The strong gripe and throttle the weak; the rich depress and despoil the needy; the happy (those who are idiots enough to think themselves happy) insult the misery and diminish the consolation of the wretched. Go hence, thou who hast contrived to give an additional pang to the most miserable of human beings—thou who hast deprived me of what I half considered as a source of comfort. Go hence, and enjoy the happiness prepared for thee at home!'

'Never stir,' said Hobbie, 'if I wadna take you wi' me, man, if ye wad but say it wad divert ye to be at the bridal on Monday. There will be a hundred strapping Elliots to ride the brouze—the like's no been seen sin the days of auld Martin of the Preakin-tower—I wad send the sled for ye wi' a canny powny.'

'Is it to me you propose once more to mix in the society of the common herd?'

'Commons!' retorted Hobbie, 'nae siccan commons neither; the Elliots hae been lang kenn'd a gentle race.'

'*Hence! begone!*' reiterated the Dwarf; 'may the *same evil luck attend* thee that thou hast left behind

with me! If I go not with you myself, see if you can escape what my attendants, Wrath and Misery, have brought to thy threshold before thee.'

'I wish ye wadna speak that gate,' said Hobbie. 'Ye ken yoursel Elshie, naebody judges you to be ower canny; now I'll tell ye just ae word for a'—ye hae spoken as muckle as wussing ill to me and mine; now if ony mischance happen to Grace, which God forbid, or to mysel, or to the poor dumb tyke; or if I be skaithed and injured in body, gudes, or gear, Ill no forget wha it is that it's owing to.'

'Out, hind!' exclaimed the Dwarf; 'home! home to your dwelling, and think on me when you find what has befallen there.'

'Aweel, aweel,' said Hobbie, mounting his horse, 'it serves naething to strive wi' cripples, they are aye cankered; but I'll just tell ye ae thing, neighbour, that, if things be otherwise than weel wi' Grace Armstrong, Is'e gi'e you a scouther if there be a tar-barrel in the five parishes.'

So saying, he rode off, and Elshie, after looking at him with a scornful and indignant laugh, took spade and mattock, and occupied himself in digging a grave for his deceased favourite.

A low whistle, and the words, 'Hist, Elshie, hist!' disturbed him in this melancholy occupation. He looked up, and the Red Reiver of Westburnflat was before him. Like Banquo's murderer, there was blood on his face, as well as upon the rowels of his spurs and the sides of his over-ridden horse.

'How now, ruffian?' demanded the Dwarf, 'is thy job chared?'

'Aye, aye, doubt not that, Elshie,' answered the freebooter; 'when I ride, my foes may moan. They have had mair light than comfort at the Heugh-foo this morning; there's a toom byre and a wide, and wail and a cry for the bonny bride.'

'The bride?'

'Aye; Charlie Cheat-the-Woodie, as we ca' him, that's Charlie Foster of Tinning Beck, has promised to keep her in Cumberland till the blast blaw bye. She saw me, and kenn'd me in the splore, for the mask fell frae my face for a blink. I am thinking it wad concern my safety if she were to come back here, for there's mony o' the Elliots, and they band weel thegither for right or wrang. Now, what I chiefly come to ask your rede in, is, how to make her sure?'

'Would'st thou murder her, then?'

'Umph! no, no; that I would not do, if I could help it. But they say they can whiles get folk cannily away to the plantations from some of the out ports, and something to boot for them that brings a bonny wench. They're wanted beyond seas thae female cattle, and they're no that scarce here. But I think o' doing better for this lassie. There's a lady, that, unless she be a' the better bairn, is to be sent to foreign parts whether she will or no; now, I think of sending Grace to wait on her—she's a bonny lassie. Hobbie will hae a merry morning when he comes hame, and misses baith bride and gear.'

'Aye; and do you not pity him?'

'Wad he pity me were I gaeing up the Castle-hill at Jeddart?* And yet I rue something for the bit lassie; but he'll get anither, and little skaith dune—ane is as gude as anither. And now, you that like to hear o' splores, heard ye ever o' a better ane than I hae had this morning?'

'Air, ocean, and fire,' said the Dwarf, speaking to himself, 'the earthquake, the tempest, the volcano, are all mild and moderate, compared to the wrath of man. And what is this fellow, but one more skilled

* *The place of execution* at that ancient burgh, where many of Westburnflat's *profession* have made their final exit.

than others in executing the end of his existence?—Hear me, felon, go again where I before sent thee.'

'To the steward?'

'Aye; and tell him, Elshender the Recluse commands him to give thee gold. But, hear me, let the maiden be discharged free and uninjured; return her to her friends, and let her swear not to discover thy villany.'

'Swear?' said Westburnflat, 'but what if she break her aith? Women are not famous for keeping their plight. A wise man like you should ken that.—And uninjured—wha kens what may happen were she to be left lang at Tinning-Beck? Charlie Cheat-the Woodie is a rough customer. But if the gold could be made up to twenty pieces, I think I could insure her being wi' her friends within the twenty-four hours.

The Dwarf took his tablets from his pocket, marked a line in them, and tore out the leaf. 'There,' he said, giving the robber the leaf—'But, mark me thou knowest I am not to be fooled by thy treachery if thou darest disobey my directions, thy wretched life, be sure, shall answer it.'

'I know,' said the fellow, looking down, 'that you have power on earth, however you came by it; you can do what nae other man can do, baith by physic and foresight; and the gold is shelled down when you command, as fast as I have seen the ash-keys fall in a frosty morning in October. I will not disobey you.'

'Begone, then, and relieve me of thy hateful presence.'

The robber set spurs to his horse, and rode off without reply.

Hobbie Elliot had, in the meanwhile, pursued his journey rapidly, harassed by those oppressive and indistinct fears that all was not right, which men usually term a presentiment of misfortune. Ere he reached

the top of the bank from which he could look down on his own habitation, he was met by his nurse, a person, then, of great consequence in all families in Scotland, whether of the higher or middling classes. The connexion between them and their foster-children was considered a tie far too dearly intimate to be broken; and it usually happened, in the course of years, that the nurse became a resident in the family of her foster son, assisting in the domestic duties, and receiving all marks of attention and regard from the heads of the family. So soon as Hobbie recognised the figure of Annaple, in her red cloak and black hood, he could not help exclaiming to himself, 'What ill luck can hae brought the auld nurse sae far frae hame, her that never stirs a gun-shot frae the door-stane for ordinar? Hout, it will just be to get craneberries, or whortleberries, or some such stuff, out of the moss, to make the pyes and tarts for the feast on Monday. I cannot get the words of that cankered, auld, cripple de'il's buckie out o' my head, the least thing makes me dread some ill news. O' Killbuck, man! were there nae deer and goats in the country besides, but ye behoved to gang and worry his creature, bye a' other folks?

By this time Annaple, with a brow like a tragic volume, had hobbled towards him, and caught his horse by the bridle. The despair in her look was so evident as to deprive him even of the power of asking the cause. 'O my bairn!' she cried, 'gang na forward, gang na forward, it's a sight to kill ony body, let alane thee.'

'In God's name, what's the matter?' said the astonished horseman, endeavouring to extricate his bridle from the grasp of the old woman; 'for Heaven's sake, let me go and see what's the matter.'

'Ohon! that I should have lived to see the day! The steading's a' in a low, and the bonny stack-yard lying in *the red ashes*, and the gear a' driven away.

But gang na forward; it wad break yóur young l
hinny, to see what my auld e'en has seen this mor

'And who has dared to do this? let go my b
Annaple: where is my grandmother, my sis
Where is Grace Armstrong? God! the words o
warlock are knelling in my ears!'

He sprung from his horse to rid himself of
ple's interruption, and, ascending the hill with
speed, soon came in view of the spectacle with
she had threatened him. It was indeed a heart b
ing sight. The habitation which he had left in i
clusion, beside the mountain stream, surrounded
every evidence of rustic plenty, was now a waste
blackened ruin. From among the shattered
sable walls the smoke continued to rise. The
stack, the barn-yard, the offices, stocked with
all the wealth of an upland cultivator of the peri
which poor Elliot possessed no common share,
been laid waste or carried off in a single night.
stood a moment motionless, and then exclaime
am ruined, ruined to the ground! But curse o
warld's gear—Had it not been the week befor
bridal—But I am nae babe, to sit down and
about it. If I can but find Grace, and my gran
ther, and my sisters weel, I can go to the w
Flanders, as my gude-sire did wi' auld Buccl
At ony rate, I will keep up a heart, or they wil
their's a' thegether.'

Manfully strode Hobbie down the hill, resolv
suppress his own despair, and administer conso
which he did not feel. The neighbouring inhab
of the dell, particularly those of his own name, h
ready assembled. The younger part were in arm
clamorous for revenge, although they knew not
whom: the elder were taking measures for the
of the distressed family. Annaple's cottage,

was situated down the brook, at some distance from the scene of mischief, had been hastily adapted for the temporary accommodation of the old lady and her daughters, with such articles as had been contributed by the neighbours, for very little was saved from the wreck.

'Are we to stand here a' day, sirs,' exclaimed one tall young man, 'and look at the burnt wa's of our kinsman's house? Every wreath of the reck is a blast of shame upon us! Let us to horse, and take the chase. Wha has the nearest blood hound?'

'It's young Earnscliff,' answered another; 'and he's been on and away wi' six horse lang syne, to see if he can track them.'

'Let us follow him then, and raise the country, and make mair help as we ride, and then have at the Cumberland reivers. Take, burn, and slay; they that lay nearest us shall smart first.'

'Whisht! haud your tongues, daft callants,' said an old man, 'ye dinna ken what ye speak about. What! wad ye raise war atween twa pacificated countries?'

'And what signifies deaving us wi' tales about our fathers,' retorted the young man, 'if we're to sit and see our friends' houses burned ower their heads, and no put out a hand to revenge them? Our fathers didna do that, I trow.'

'I am no saying ony thing against revenging Hobbie's wrang, puir chield; but we maun take the law wi' us in thae days, Simon,' answered the more prudent elder.

'And, besides, said another old man, 'I dinna believe there's ane now living that kens the lawful mode of following a fray across the Border. Tam o' Whittram kenn'd a' about it, but he died in the hard winter.'

'Ay,' said a third, 'he was at the great gathering

when they chased as far as Twirlwall: it was the
after the fight at Philiphaugh.'

'Hout!' exclaimed another of these disco
counsellors, 'there's nae great skill needed; jus
a lighted peat on the end of a spear, or hay-for
something, and blaw a horn, and cry the gath
word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into Eng
and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gea
some other Englishman, providing ye lift nae
than's been lifted frae you,—that's the auld B
law, made at Drundennan, in the days of the l
Douglas. De'il ane need doubt it.'

'Come away, then, lads,' cried Simon, 'get to
geldings, and we'll take auld Cuddy the muckle t
wi' us; he kens the value o' the stock and pleni
that's been lost. Hobbie's stalls and stakes sha
fou again or night; and if we canna big up the
house sae soon, we'se lay an English ane as lo
Heughfoot is: and that's fair play a' the warld o

This animating proposal was received with grea
plause by the younger part of the assemblage, wl
whisper ran among them, 'There's Hobbie hi
puir fallow; we'll be guided by him.'

The principal sufferer, having now reached the
tom of the hill, pushed on through the crowd, un
from the tumultuous state of his feelings, to do
than receive and return the grasps of the friendly h
by which his neighbours and kinsmen mutely expre
their sympathy in his misfortune. While he presse
mon of Hackburn's hand, his anxiety at length f
words. 'Thank ye, Simon: thank ye, neighbours:
what ye wad a' say: But where are they?—W
are'——He stopped as if afraid even to name th
jects of his inquiry: and, with a similar feeling, his
men, without reply, pointed to the hut, into which
bie precipitated himself with the desperate air of

who is resolved to know the worst at once. A general expression of sympathy accompanied him.—'Ah, puir fallow: puir Hobbie!'

'He'll learn the warst o't, now!'

'But I trust Earnscliff will get some speerings of the puir lassie.'

Such were the exclamations of the group, which, having no acknowledged leader to direct their motions, passively awaited the return of the sufferer, and determined to be guided by his directions.

The meeting between Hobbie and his family was in the highest degree affecting. His sisters threw themselves upon him, and almost stifled him with their caresses, as if to prevent his looking round to distinguish the absence of one yet more beloved.

'God help thee, my son! He can help, when worldly trust is a broken reed.'—Such was the welcome of the matron to her unfortunate grandson. He looked eagerly round, holding two of his sisters by the hand, while the third hung about his neck.—'I see you: I count you: my grandmother, Lillias, Jean, and Annot; but where is——' he hesitated, and then continued, as with an effort,—'Where is Grace? Surely this is not a time to hide herself frae me: there's nae time for daffing now.'

'O brother!' and 'Our poor Grace!' was the only answer his questions could procure, till his grandmother rose up, and gently disengaging him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and, with the affecting serenity which sincere pity, like oil sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said, 'My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the wars, and left me with six orphans around me with scarce bread to eat, or a roof to cover us, I had strength,—not of mine own: but I had strength given me to say, *the Lord's will be done!* My son, our peaceful house

was last night broken into by moss-troopers, armed
masked; they have taken and destroyed all, and
ried off our dear Grace;—pray for strength to say,
will be done.'

'Mother! mother! urge me not: I cannot: not n
I am a sinful man, and of a hardened race.—Mask
armed! Grace carried off! Gi'e me my sword, and
father's knapsack: I will have vengeance, if I sho
go to the pit of darkness to seek it!'

'O my bairn! my bairn! be patient under the
Who knows when he may lift his hand off from
Young Earnscliff, Heaven bless him, has ta'en
chase, with Davie of Stenhouse, and the first com
I cried to let house and plenishing burn, and follow
reivers tó recover Grace, and Earnscliff and his
were ower the Fell within three hour after the de
God bless him; he's a real Earnscliff: he's his fath
true son: a leal friend.'

'A true friend, indeed; God bless him!' exclai
Hobbie; 'let's on and away, and take the chase a
him.'

'O, my child, before you run on danger, let
hear you but say, His will be done!'

'Urge me not, mother, not now.' He was r
ing out, when, looking back, he observed his gra
mother make a mute attitude of affliction. He
turned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and s
'Yes, mother, I *can* say, His will be done, sinc
will comfort you.'

'May He go forth: may He go forth with you,
dear bairn; and O, may He give you cause to say
your return, His name be praised!'

'Farewell, mother! farewell, my dear sisters!'
claimed Elliot, and rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now horse and hattock, cried the Laird,—
Now horse and hattock, speedilie;
They that winna ride for Tellfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me.

BORDER BALLAD.

'HORSE! horse! and spear!' exclaimed Hobbie to his kinsmen. Many a ready foot was in the stirrup; and, while Elliot hastily collected arms and accoutrements, no easy matter in such a confusion, the glen resounded with the approbation of his younger friends.

'Ay, ay! exclaimed Simon of Hackburn, 'that's the gate to take it, Hobbie. Let women sit and greet at hame, men must do as they have been done by; it's the Scripture says't.'

'Haud your tongue, sir,' said one of the seniors, sternly; 'dinna abuse the Word that gate, ye dinna ken what ye speak about.'

'Hae ye ony tidings? Hae ye ony speerings, Hobbie? O, callants, dinna be ower hasty,' said old Dick of the Dingle.'

'What signifies preaching to us e'enow,' said Simon; 'if ye canna make help yoursel, dinna keep them back that can.'

'Whisht, sir; wad ye take vengeance or ye ken wha has wrang'd ye?'

'D'ye think we dinna ken the road to England as weel as our fathers before us? All evil comes out o' thereaway, it's an auld saying and a true: and we'll e'en away there, as if the devil was blawing us south.'

'We'll follow the track o' Earnscliff's horses ower the waste,' cried one Elliot.

I'll prick them out through the blindest moor in the Border, an' there had been a fair held there the day *before,' said Hugh,* the blacksmith of Ringleburn, 'for *I aye shoe his horse* wi' my ain hand.'

'Lay on the deer-hounds,' cried another; 'wh are they?'

'Hout, man, the sun's been lang up, and the de aff the grund, the scent will never lie.'

Hobbie instantly whistled on his hounds, wh were roving about the ruins of their old habitation, filling the air with their doleful howls.

'Now, Kilbuck,' said Hobbie, 'try thy skill day,' and then, as if a light had suddenly broke him, 'that ill fa'ard goblin spak something o' He may ken mair o't, either by villains on earth devils below. I'll hae it frae him, if I should c out o' his mis-shapen bouk wi' my whin He then hastily gave directions to his comra 'Four o' ye, wi' Simon, haud right forward Græmes'-gap. If they're English, they'll be for b back that way. The rest disperse by twasome threesome through the waste, and meet me at Trysting-pool. Tell my brothers, when they c up, to follow and meet us there. Poor lads, they hae hearts weel nigh as sair as mine, little think what a sorrowful house they are bringing their ven to: I'll ride ower Mucklestane-Moor mysel!'

'And if I were you,' said Dick of the Dingle would speak to canny Elshie. He can tell ye w ever betides in this land, if he's sae minded.'

'He *shall* tell me,' said Hobbie, who was putting his arms in order, 'what he kens o' this ni job, or I shall right weel ken wherefore he does

'Ay, but speak him fair, my honny man, s him fair, Hobbie; the like o' him will no bear th ing. They converse sae muckle wi' thae frac ghaists and evil spirits, that it clean spoils their per.'

'*Let me* alane to guide him,' answered Hob '*there's that in my* breast this day, that would

maister a' the warlocks on earth, and a' the devils in hell.'

And being now fully equipped, he threw himself on his horse, and spurred him at a rapid trot against the steep ascent.

Elliot speedily surmounted the hill, rode down the other side at the same rate, crossed a wood, and traversed a long glen, ere he at length regained Mucklestane-Moor. As he was obliged, in the course of his journey, to relax his speed in consideration of the labour which his horse might still have to undergo, he had time to consider maturely in what manner he should address the Dwarf, in order to extract from him the knowledge, which he supposed him to be in possession of concerning the authors of his misfortunes. Hobbie, though blunt, plain of speech, and hot of disposition, like most of his countrymen, was by no means deficient in the shrewdness which is also their characteristic. He reflected, that from what he had observed on the memorable night when the Dwarf was first seen, and from the conduct of that mysterious being ever since, he was likely to be rendered even more obstinate in his sullenness by threats and violence.

'I'll speak him fair,' he said, 'as auld Dickon advised me. Though folk say he has a league wi' Satan, he canna be sic an incarnate devil as no to take some pity in a case like mine; and folk threep he'll whiles do good, charitable sort o' things. I'll keep my heart down as weel as I can, and stroke him wi' the hair; and if the warst come to the warst, it's but wringing the head o' him abcot at last.'

In this disposition of accommodation he approached the hut of the Solitary.

The old man was not upon his seat of audience, nor could Hobby perceive him in his garden, or enclosures.

'He's gotten into his very Keep,' said Hobbie, 'maybe to be out o' the gate, but I'se pu' it down about his lugs, if I canna win at him otherwise.'

Having thus communed with himself, he raised his voice, and invoked Elshie in a tone as supplicating as his conflicting feelings would permit. 'Elshie, my gude friend.' No reply. 'Elshie, canny father Elshie.' The Dwarf remained mute, 'Sorrow be in the crooked cascase of thee,' said the Borderer between his teeth, and then attempting a soothing tone; 'good father Elshie, a most miserable creature desires some counsel of your wisdom.'

'The better!' answered the shrill and discordant voice of the Dwarf through a very small window, resembling an arrow slit, which he had constructed near the door of his dwelling, and through which he could see any one who approached it, without the possibility of their looking in upon him.

'The better!' said Hobby impatiently; 'what is the better, Elshie? Do you not hear me tell you I am the most miserable wretch living?'

'And do you not hear me tell you it is so much the better? and did I not tell you this morning, when you thought yourself so happy, what an evening was coming upon you.'

'That ye did e'en,' replied Hobby, 'and that gars me come to you for advice now; they that foresaw the trouble maun ken the cure.'

'I know no cure for earthly trouble,' returned the Dwarf; 'or, if I did, why should I help others, when none hath aided me? Have I not lost wealth, that would have bought all thy barren hills a hundred times over? rank, to which thine is as that of a peasant? society, where there was an interchange of all that was amiable—of all that was intellectual? Have I not lost all this? Am I not residing here, the veriest

on the face of Nature, in the most hideous and
olitary of her retreats, myself more hideous
l that is around me? And why should other
complain to me when they are trodden on,
am myself lying crushed and writhing under
riot-wheel?'
may have lost all this,' answered Hobbie, in
erness of emotion; 'land and friends, goods
ar: ye may hae lost them a', but ye ne'er
sae sair a heart as mine, for ye ne'er lost nae
Armstrong. And now my last hopes are gane,
shall ne'er see her mair.'
he said in the tone of deepest emotion, and
ollowed a deep pause, for the mention of his
name had overcome the more angry and irri-
elings of poor Hobbie. Ere he had again ad-
the Solitary, the bony hand and long fin-
the latter, holding a large leathern bag was
forth at a small window, and as it unclutched
rden, and let it drop with a clang upon the
, his harsh voice again addressed Elliot.
ere! there lies a salve for every human ill; so
, each human wretch readily thinks. Begone,
twice as wealthy as thou wert before yesterday,
ment me no more with questions, complaints,
ks; they are alike odious to me.'
is a' gowd, by Heavens!' said Elliot, having
l at the contents; and then again addressing
mit, 'Muckle obliged for your good-will; and
blythely gi'e you a bond for some o' the siller,
ıdset ower the lands o' Widopen. But I dinna
lshie; to be free wi' you, I dinna like to use
nless I *kenn'd it* was decently come by; and
it might turn into sclatestanes, and cheat some
a.'
ınt idiot!' retorted the Dwarf, 'the trash is

as genuine poison as ever was dug out of the bowels of the earth. Take it, use it, and may it thrive with you as it hath done with me!'

'But I tell you,' said Elliot, 'it was na about the gear that I was consulting you: it was a braw barn-yard, doubtless, and thirty head of finer cattle there were na on this side of the Cat-rail; but let the gear gang; if ye could but gi'e me speerings o' puir Grace, I would be content to be your slave for life, in ony thing that dinna touch my salvation. O Elshie, speak, man, speak!'

'Well, then,' answered the Dwarf, as if worn out by his importunity 'since thou hast not enough of woes of thine own, but must needs seek to burden thyself with those of a partner, seek her whom thou hast lost in the *West*.'

'In the *West?* That's a wide word.'

'It is the last?' said the Dwarf, 'which I design to utter;' and he drew the shutters of his window, leaving Hobbie to make the most of the hint he had given.

The west! the west! thought Elliot; the country is pretty quiet down that way, unless it were Jock o' the Todholes; and he's ower auld now for the like o' thae Jobs West! By my life, it must be Westburnflat. 'Elshie, just tell me one word. Am I right? Is it Westburnflat? If I am wrang, say nae. I wadna like to wyte an innocent neighbour wi' violence. No answer? It must be the Red Reiver: I didna think he wad hae ventured on me, neither, and sae mony kin as there's of us; I am thinking he'll hae some better backing than his Cumberland friends. Fareweel to you, Elshie, and mony thanks. I dounna be fashed wi' siller e'en now, for I maun awa' to *meet my* friends at the Trysting-Place. Sae, if ye *carena to open the* window, ye can fetch it in after I *am awa'*.'

Still there was no reply.

'He's deaf, or he's daft, or he's baith; but I hae nae time to stay to claver wi' him.'

And off rode Hobbie Elliot towards the place of rendezvous which he had named to his friends.

Four or five riders were already gathered at the Trysting-pool. They stood in close consultation together while their horses were permitted to graze among the poplars which overhung the broad still pool. A more numerous party were seen coming from the southward. It proved to be Earnscliff and his party, who had followed the track of the cattle as far as the English border, but had halted on the information that a considerable force was drawn together under some of the jacobite gentlemen in that district, and there were tidings of insurrection in different parts of Scotland. This took away from the act which had been perpetrated, the appearance of private animosity, or love of plunder; and Earnscliff was now disposed to regard it as a symptom of civil war. The young gentlemen greeted Hobbie with the most sincere sympathy, and informed him of the news he had received. 'Then, may I never stir frae the bit,' said Elliot, 'if auld Ellieslaw is not at the bottom o' the hale villany! Ye see he's leagued wi' the Cumberland Catholics; and that agrees weel wi' what Elshie hinted about Westburnflat, for Ellieslaw aye protected him, and he will want to harry and disarm the country about his ain hand before he breaks out.'

Some now remembered that the party of ruffians had been heard to say they were acting for James VIII., and were charged to disarm all rebels. Others had heard Westburnflat boast that Ellieslaw would soon be in arms for the jacobite cause, and that he himself was to hold a command under him, and that they would be bad *neighbours* for young Earnscliff, and all that *stood out for the* established government. The result

was a strong belief that Westburnflat had headed the party under Ellieslaw's orders, and they resolved to proceed instantly to the house of the former, and, if possible, to secure his person. They were by this time joined by so many of their dispersed friends, that their number amounted to upwards of twenty horsemen, well mounted, and tolerably, though variously armed.

A brook which issued from a narrow glen among the hills, entered, at Westburnflat, upon the open marshy level, which, expanded about half a mile in every direction, gives name to the spot. In this place the character of the stream becomes changed, and, from being a lively brisk-running mountain torrent, it stagnates, like a blue swollen snake, in dull deep windings through the swampy level. On the side of the stream, and nearly about the centre of the plain, arose the Tower of Westburnflat, one of the few remaining strong-holds formerly so numerous upon the Borders. The ground upon which it stood was gently elevated above the marsh for the space of about a hundred yards, affording an esplanade of dry turf, which extented itself in the immediate neighbourhood of the tower; but, beyond which the surface presented to strangers was that of an impassable and dangerous bog. The owner of the tower and his inmates alone knew the winding and intricate paths; which, leading over ground which was comparatively sound, admitted visitors to his residence. But among the party which were assembled under Earnscliff's directions, there was more than one person qualified to act as a guide. For although the owner's character and habits of life were generally known, yet the laxity of feeling with respect to property, prevented his being looked on with the abhorrence with which he must have been regarded in a more civilised country. He was considered, among his more peaceable neighbours, pretty much as

mbler, cockfighter, or horse-jockey, would be re-
ed at the present day; a person, of course, whose
ts were to be condemned, and his society, in gene-
avoided, yet who could not be considered as mark-
rith the indelible infamy attached to his profession,
re laws have been habitually observed. And their
gnation was awakened against him upon this occa-
, not so much on account of the general nature
he transaction which was just such as was to be ex-
ed from this marauder, as that the violence had
a perpetrated upon a neighbour against whom he
no cause of quarrel, against a friend of their own;
ve all, against one of the name of Elliot, to which
most of them belonged. It was not therefore,
derful that there should be several in the band
ty well acquainted with the locality of his habita-
, and capable of giving such directions and guidance
oon placed the whole party on the open space of
ground in front of the Tower of Westburnflat.

CHAPTER IX.

So spak the knicht; the geaunt sed,
Lead forth with the, the sely maid,
And mak me quite of the and sche;
For glaunsing ee, or brow so breat,
Or cheek with rose and lilye blent,
Me lists not ficht with the.

ROMAUNCE OF THE FALCON.

THE tower, before which the party now stood, was
mall square building, of the most gloomy aspect.
walls were of great thickness, and the windows or
which served the purpose of windows, seemed
r calculated to afford the defenders the means c
ying missile weapons, than for admitting air

light to the apartments within. A small battlement projected over the walls on every side, and afforded farther advantage of defence by its niched parapet, within which arose a stee proof, flagged with gray stones. A single turrent at one angle, defended by a door studded with huge iron nails, rose above the battlement, and gave access to the roof from within, by the spiral staircase which it enclosed. It seemed to the party that their motions were watched by some one concealed within this turret; and they were confirmed in their belief, when, through a narrow loop-hole, a female hand was seen to wave a handkerchief, as if by way of signal to them. Hobbie was almost out of his senses with joy and eagerness. 'It was Grace's hand and arm,' he said: 'I can swear to it amang a thousand. There is not the like of it on this side of the Lowdens. We'll have her out, lads, if we should carry off the tower of Westburntflat stane by stane.'

Earnscliff, though he doubted the possibility of recognizing a fair maiden's hand at such a distance from the eye of the lover, would say nothing to damp his friend's animated hopes, and it was resolved to summon the garrison.

The shouts of the party, and the winding of one or two horns, at length brought to a loop hole, which flanked the entrance, the haggard face of an old woman. 'That's the Reiver's mother,' said one of the Elliots; 'she's ten times waur than himsel, and is wyted for muckle of the ill he does about the country.'

'Wha are ye? What d'ye want here?' were the queries of the respectable progenitor.

'We are seeking William Graeme of Westburnflat,' said Earnscliff.

'He is no at hame,' returned the old dame.

'*When did he* leave home?' pursued Earnscliff.

'*I canna tell,*' said the portress.

'When will he return?' said Hobbie Elliot.

'I dinna ken naething about it,' replied the inexorable guardian of the Keep.

'Is there any body within the tower with you?' again demanded Earnscliff.

'Naebody but mysel and baudrons,' said the old woman.

'Then open the gate and admit us,' said Earnscliff; 'I am a justice of peace, and in search of the evidence of a felony.'

'De'il be in their fingers that draws a bolt for ye,' retorted the portress; 'for mine shall never do it. Think na ye shame o' yoursels, to come here siccan a band o' ye, wi' your swords and spears, and steel-caps, to frighten a lone widow woman?'

'Our information,' said Earnscliff, 'is positive; we are seeking goods which have been forcibly carried off, to a great amount.'

'And a young woman, that's been cruelly made prisoner, that's worth mair than a' the gear, twice told,' said Hobbie.

'And I warn you,' continued Earnscliff, that 'your only way to prove your son's innocence is to give us quiet admittance to search the house.'

'And what will ye do, if I carena to thraw the keys, or draw the bolts, or open the grate to sic a clanjamfrie?' said the old dame, scoffingly..

'Force our way wi' the king's keys, and break the neck of every living soul we find in the house, if ye dinna give it ower forthwith!' menaced Hobbie.

'Threatened folks live lang,' said the hag, in the same tone of irony; 'there's the iron grate,—try your skill on't, lads—it has kept out as gude men as you or now.'

So saying, she laughed, and withdrew from the aperture through which she had held the parley.

The besiegers now held a serious consultation. The immense thickness of the walls, and the small size of the windows, might, for a time, have even resisted cannon-shot. The entrance was secured, first, by a strong grated door, composed entirely of hammered iron, of such ponderous strength as seemed calculated to resist any force that could be brought against it. 'Pinches or forehammers will never pick upon't,' said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringleburn; 'ye might as weel batter at it wi' pipestapples.'

Within the door-way, and at the distance of nine feet which was the solid thickness of the wall, there was a second door of oak, crossed, both breadth and length-ways, with clenched bars of iron, and studded full of broad-headed nails. Besides all these defences, they were by no means confident in the truth of the old dame's assertion, that she alone composed the garrison. The more knowing of the party had observed hoof-marks in the track by which they approached the tower, which seemed to indicate that several persons had very lately passed in that direction.

To all these difficulties were added their want of means for attacking the place. There was no hope of procuring ladders long enough to reach the battlements, and the windows, besides being very narrow, were secured with iron bars. Scaling was therefore out of the question; mining was still more so, for want of tools and of gunpowder; neither were the besiegers provided with food, means of shelter, or other conveniences, which might have enabled them to convert the siege into a blockade; and there would, at any rate, have been a risk of relief from some of the marauder's comrades. Hobbie grinded and gnashed his teeth, as, walking round the fastness, he could devise no means of making a forcible entry. At length he suddenly exclaimed, 'And what for no do as our fathers did lang syne?—Put hand to the wark, lads.

Let us cut up bushes and briers, pile them before the door and set fire to them, and smoke that auld devil's dam as if she were to be reested for bacon.'

All immediately closed with this proposal, and some went to work with swords and knives to cut down the alder and hawthorn bushes which grew down by the side of the sluggish stream, many of which were sufficiently decayed and dried for their purpose, while others began to collect them in a large stack properly disposed for burning as close to the iron grate as they could be piled. Fire was speedily obtained from one of their guns, and Hobbie was already advancing to the pile with a kindled brand, when the surly face of the robber, and the muzzle of a musquetoon, were partially shown at a shot hole which flanked the entrance. 'Mony thanks to ye,' he said scoffingly, 'for collecting sae muckle winter eilding for us; but if ye step a foot nearer it wi' that lunt, it's be the dearest step ye ever made in your days.'

'We'll sune see that,' said Hobbie, advancing fearlessly with the torch.

The marauder snapped his piece at him, which fortunately for our honest friend, did not go off; while Earnscliff, firing at the same moment at the narrow aperture and slight mark afforded by the robber's face grazed the side of his head with a bullet. He had apparently calculated upon his post affording him more security, for he no sooner felt the wound, though a very slight one, than he requested a parley, and demanded to know what they meant by attacking in this fashion a peaceable and honest man, and shedding his blood in that lawless manner?

'We want your prisoner,' said Earnscliff, 'to be delivered up to us in safety.'

'*And what concern* have you with her?' replied *the marauder.*

'That,' retorted Earnscliff, 'you, who are detaining her by her force, have no right to inquire.'

'Aweel, I think I can gi'e a guess,' said the robber. 'Weel, sirs, I am laith to enter into deadly fued with you by spilling ony of your bluid, though Earnscliff has na stopped to shed mine, and ye can hit a mark to a groat's breadth, so, to prevent mair skaith, I am willing to deliver up the prisoner, since nae less will please you.'

'And Hobbie's gear?' cried Simon of Hackburn. 'D'ye think you're to be free to plunder our faulds and byres, as if it were an auld wife's hen-cavey?'

'As I live by bread,' replied Willie of Westburnflat, 'as I live by bread,' I have not a single cloot of them; they're a' ower the march lang syne; there's no a horn o' them about the tower. But I'll see what o' them can be gotten back, and I'll take this day twa days to meet Hobbie at the Castleton wi' twa friends on ilka side, and see to make an agreement about a' the wrang he can wyte me wi.'

'Ay, ay,' said Elliot, 'that will do weel aneugh.' And then aside to his kinsman, 'Murrain on the gear! Lord's sake, man! say naught about them. Let us but get poor Grace out o' that auld Hellicat's clutches.'

'Will ye gie me your word, Earnscliff,' said the marauder, who still lingered at the shot hole, 'your faith and troth, with hand and glove, that I am free to come and free to gae, with five minutes to open the grate, and five minutes to steek it and to draw the bolts? less winna do, for they want creishing sairly. Will ye do this?'

'You shall have full time,' said Earnscliff, 'I plight my faith and troth, my hand and my glove.'

'Wait there a moment, then,' said Westburnflat; '*or, hear ye, I wad* rather ye wad fa' back a pistol-shot *from the door. It's* no that I mistrust your word, *Earnscliff, but it's* best to be sure.'

'O, friend,' thought Hobbie to himself, as he drew back, 'an' I had you but on Turner's-holm, and naebody bye but twa honest lads to see fair play, I wad make ye wish ye had broken your leg ere ye had touched beast or body that belanged to me.'

'He has a white feather in his wing this same Westburnflat after a',' said Simon of Hackburn, somewhat scandalized by his ready surrender. He'll ne'er fill his father's boots.'

In the meanwhile, the inner door of the tower was opened, and the mother of the freebooter appeared in the space betwixt that and the outer grate. Willie himself was next seen leading forth a female, and the old woman, carefully bolting the grate behind them, remained on the spot as a sort of centinel.

'Ony ane or twa o' ye come forward,' said the outlaw, 'and take her frae my hand hale and sound.'

Hobbie advanced eagerly to meet his betrothed bride. Earnscliff followed more slowly to guard against treachery. Suddenly Hobbie slackened his pace in the deepest mortification, while that of Earnscliff was hastened by impatient surprise. It was not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Isabella Vere, whose liberation had been effected by their appearance before the tower.

'Where is Grace? Where is Grace Armstrong?' exclaimed Hobbie, in the extremity of wrath and indignation.

'Not in my hands,' answered Westburnflat; 'ye may search the tower, if ye misdoubt me.'

'You fause villain, you shall account for her, or die on the spot,' said Elliot, presenting his gun.

But his companions, who now came up, instantly disarmed him of his weapon, exclaiming, all at once, 'Hand *and glove! faith* and troth! Haud a' care, Hob*bie, we maun keep our* faith with Westburnflat, were *he the greatest rogue* ever rode.'

Thus protected, the outlaw recovered his audacity, which had been somewhat daunted by the menacing gesture of Elliot.

'I have kept my word, sirs!' he said, 'and I look to have nae wrang amang ye. If this is no the prisoner ye sought,' he said, addressing Earnscliff, 'ye'll render her back to me again. I am answerable for her to those that aught her.'

'For God's sake, Mr. Earnscliff, protect me!' said miss Vere, clinging to her deliverer; 'do not you abandon one whom the whole world seems to have abandoned.'

'Fear nothing,' whispered Earnscliff, 'I will protect you with my life.' Then turning to Westburnflat, 'Villain!' he said, 'how dared you to insult this lady?'

'For that matter, Earnscliff,' answered the freebooter, 'I can answer to them that has better right to ask me than you have; but if you come with an armed force, and take her away from them that her friends lodged her wi', how will you answer that? But it's your ain affair. Nae single man can keep a tower against twenty. A' the men o' the Mearns downa do mair than they dow.'

'He lies most falsely,' whispered Isabella; 'he carried me off by violence from my father.'

'May be he only wanted you to think sae, hinny; but it's nae business o' mine, let it be as it may. So ye winna resign her back to me?'

'Back to you, fellow? Surely no,' answered Earnscliff; 'I will protect miss Vere, and escort her safely wherever she is pleased to be conveyed.'

'Ay, ay, maybe you and her hae settled that already.'

'*And Grace?*' interrupted Hobbie, shaking himself loose from the friends who had been preaching to him the sanctity of the safe conduct, upon the faith of

which the freebooter had ventured from his tower. 'Where's Grace?' and he rushed on the marauder, sword in hand. Westburnflat thus pressed, after calling out, 'God's sake, Hobbie, hear me a gliff!' fairly turned his back and fled. His mother stood ready to open and shut the grate; but Hobbie struck at the freebooter as he entered with so much force, that the sword made a considerable cleft in the lintel of the vaulted door, which is still shown as a memorial of the superior strength of those who lived in the days of yore. Ere Hobbie could repeat the blow, the door was shut and secured, and he was compelled to retreat to his companions, who were now preparing to break up the siege of Westburnflat. They insisted upon his accompanying them in their return.

'Ye hae broken truce already, said Old Dick of the Dingle; 'an' we take na the better care, ye'll play mair gowk's tricks, and make yoursel the laughing stock o' the hale country, besides having your friends charged with slaughter under trust. Bide till the meeting at Castleton, as ye hae greed; and if he doesna make ye amends, then we'll hae it out o' his heart's blood. But let us gang reasonable to wark and keep our tryst, and I'se warrant we get back Grace, and the kye an' a'.'

This cold-blooded reasoning went ill down with the unfortunate lover; but, as he could only obtain the assistance of his neighbours and kinsmen on their own terms, he was compelled to acquiesce in their notions of good faith and regular procedure.

Earnscliff now requested the assistance of a few of the party to convey miss Vere to her father's castle of Ellieslaw, to which she was peremptory in desiring to be conveyed. This was readily granted; and five or six young men agreed to attend him as an escort. *Hobbie was not of the number.* Almost heart-broken

by the events of the day, and his final disappointment, he returned moodily home to take such measures as he could for the sustenance and protection of his family, and to arrange with his neighbours the farther steps which should be taken for the recovery of Grace Armstrong. The rest of the party dispersed in different directions, as soon as they had crossed the morass. The outlaw and his mother watched them from the tower until they entirely disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

I left my ladye's bower last night—
It was clad in wreaths of snaw,—
I sought it when the sun was bright,
And sweet the roses blaw.

OLD PLAY.

INCENSED at what he deemed the coldness of his friends, in a cause which interested him so nearly, Hobbie had shaken himself free of their company, and was now upon his solitary road homeward. 'The fiend founder thee!' he said, as he spurred impatiently his over-fatigued and stumbling horse; 'thou art like a' the rest of them Hae I not fed thee, and bred thee, and dressed thee wi' mine own hand, and wouldst thou snapper now and break my neck at my utmost need? But thou'rt e'en like the laive: the farthest off o' them a' is my cousin ten times removed: and day or night I wad hae served them wi' my best blood; and now, I think they show mair regard to the common thief of Westburnflat than to their own kinsman. But I should see the lights now in Heughfoot: Waes me!' he continued, recollecting himself, 'there will *neither coal nor* candle-light shine in the Heughfoot *ony mair! An'* it were na for my mother and sisters,

and poor Grace, I could find in my heart to put spurs to the beast, and loup ower the scaur into the water to make an end o't a'.'—In this disconsolate mood, he turned his horse's bridle toward the cottage in which his family had found refuge.

As he approached the door, he heard whispering and tittering amongst his sisters. 'The devil's in the women,' said poor Hobbie; 'they would nicker, and laugh, and giggle, if their best friend was lying a corp: and yet I am glad they can keep up their hearts sae weel, poor silly things; but the dirdum fa's on me, to be sure, and no on them.'

While he thus meditated, he was engaged in fastening up his horse in a shed. 'Thou maun do without horse-sheet and surcingle now, lad,' he said, addressing the animal; 'you and me hae had a downcome alike; we had better hae fa'en in the deepest pool o' Tarras.'

He was interrupted by the youngest of his sisters, who came running out, and speaking in a constrained voice, as if to stifle some emotion, called out to him, 'What are ye doing there, Hobbie, fiddling about the naig, and there's ane frae Cumberland been waiting here for ye this hour and mair? Haste ye in, man; I'll take off the saddle.'

'Ane frae Cumberland!' exclaimed Elliot; and putting the bridle of his horse into the hand of his sister, he rushed into the cottage, 'Where is he? where is he?' he exclaimed, glancing eagerly round, and seeing only females; 'Did he bring news of Grace?'

'He dought na bide an instant langer,' said the elder sister, still with a suppressed laugh.

'Hout fie, bairns! said the old lady, with something of a good humoured reproof, 'ye should na vex your billy Hobbie *that way*. Look round, my bairn, and

see if there is na ane here mair than you left this morning.'

Hobbie looked eagerly round. 'There's you and the three titties.'

'There's four of us now, Hobbie, lad,' said the youngest, who at this moment entered.

In an instant Hobbie had in his arms Grace Armstrong, who, with one of his sister's plaids around her, had passed unnoticed at his first entrance, 'How dared you do this?' said Hobbie.

'It wasna my fault,' said Grace, endeavouring to cover her face with her hands, to hide at once her blushes and escape the storm of hearty kisses with which her bridegroom punished her simple stratagem, 'It wasna my fault, Hobbie; ye should kiss Jeanie and the rest o' them, for they hae the wyte o't.'

'And so I will,' said Hobbie, and embraced and kissed his sisters and grandmother a hundred times, while the whole party half laughed, half cried, in the extremity of their joy. 'I am the happiest man,' said Hobbie, throwing himself down on a seat, almost exhausted, 'I am the happiest man in the world.

'Then, O my dear bairn,' said the good old dame, who lost no opportunity of teaching her lessons of religion at those moments when the heart was best opened to receive it,—'Then, O my son, give praise to Him that brings smiles out o' tears and joy out o' grief, as he brought light out o' darkness and the world out o' naething. Was it not my word, that, if ye could say his will be done, ye might hae cause to say his name be praised?'

'It was, it was your word, grannie; and I do praise him for his mercy, and for leaving me a good parent when my ain were gane,' said honest Hobbie, taking her hand, 'that puts me in mind to think of Him, both in happiness and distress.'

There was a solemn pause of one or two minutes, employed in the exercise of mental devotion, which expressed, in purity and sincerity, the gratitude of the affectionate family to that Providence who had unexpectedly restored to their embraces the friend whom they had lost.

Hobbie's first inquiries were concerning the adventures which Grace had undergone. They were told at length, but amounted in substance to this:—That she was awaked by the noise which the ruffians made in breaking into the house, and by the resistance made by one or two of the servants, which was soon overpowered; that, dressing herself hastily, she ran down stairs, and having seen, in the scuffle, Westburnflat's vizard drop off, imprudently named him by his name, and besought him for mercy; that the ruffian instantly stopped her mouth, dragged her from the house, and placed her on horseback, behind one of his associates.

'I'll break the accursed neck of him,' said Hobbie, 'if there were na another Græme in the land but himsel!'

She proceeded to say, that she was carried southward along with the party, and the spoil which they drove before them, until they had crossed the Border. Suddenly a person, known to her as a kinsman of Westburnflat, came riding very fast after the marauders, and told their leader, that his cousin had learnt from a sure hand that no luck would come of it, unless the lass was restored to her friends. After some discussion, the chief of the party seemed to acquiesce. Grace was placed behind her new guardian, who pursued in silence, and with great speed, the least frequented path to the Heughfoot, and ere evening closed set down the fatigued and terrified damsel within a quarter of a mile of the dwelling of her friends. Many and sincere were the congratulations which passed on all sides.

As these emotions subsided, less pleasing considerations began to intrude themselves.

'This is a miserable place for ye a', said Hobbie, looking around him; 'I can sleep weel aneugh mysel out-bye beside the naig, as I hae done mony a lang night on the hills, but how ye are to put yoursels up, I canna see! And, what's waur, I canna mend it; and, what's waur than a', the morrow may come, and the day after that, without your being a bit better off.'

'It was a cowardly, cruel thing,' said one of the sisters, looking round, 'to harry a poor family to the bare wa's this gate.'

'And leave us neither stirk nor stot,' said the youngest brother, who now entered, 'nor sheep nor lamb, nor aught that eats grass and corn.'

'If they had ony quarrel wi' us,' said Harry, the second brother, 'were we na ready to have fought it out? And that we should have been a' frae hame, too,—ane and a' upon the hill—Odd, an' we had been at hame, Will Græme's stomach shouldna hae wanted it's morning; but it's biding him, is it na, Hobbie?'

'Our neighbours hae ta'en a day at the Castleton to gree wi' him at the sight o' men,' said Hobbie mournfully; 'they behoved to have it a' their ain gate, or there was no help to be got at their hand.'

'To gree wi' him!' exclaimed both his brothers at once, 'after siccan an act of stouthrife as hasna been heard o' in the country since the auld riding days!'

'Very true, billies, and my blood was e'en boiling at it; but——the sight o' Grace Armstrong has settled it brawly.'

'But the stocking, Hobbie?' said John Elliot; 'we're utterly ruined. Harry and I hae been to gather what was on the out bye land, and there's scarce a cloot left. I kenna how we're to carry on. We maun a' gang to the wars, I think. Westburnflat has-

na the means, e'en if he had the will, to make up our loss; there's nae mends to be got out o' him, but what ye take out o' his banes. He hasna a four-footed creature but the vicious blood thing he rides on, and that's sair trash'd wi' his night-wark. We are ruined stoop and roop.'

Hobbie cast a mournful glance on Grace Armstrong, who returned it with a downcast look and a gentle sigh.

'Dinna be cast down, bairns,' said the grandmother, 'we hae gude friends that winna forsake us in adversity. There's sir Thomas Kittleloof is my third cousin by the mother's side, and he has come by a hantle siller, and been made a knight baronet in the bargain, for being ane o' the commissioners at the Union.'

'He wadna gi'e a boddle to save us frae famishing,' said Hobbie; 'and, if he did, the bread that I bought wi't would stick in my throat when I thought it was part of the price of puir auld Scotland's crown and independence.'

'There's the laird of Dunder, ane of the auldest families in Tiviotdale.'

'He's in the tolbooth, mother, he's in the heart of Mid-Lowden for a thousand merk he borrowed from Saunders Wyliecoat the writer.'

'Poor man!' exclaimed Mrs. Elliot, 'can we no send him something, Hobbie?'

'Ye forget, grannie, ye forget we want help oursels,' said Hobbie, somewhat peevishly.

'Troth did I, hinny,' replied the good-natured lady, 'just at the instant; it's sae natural to think o' ane's blude relations before themsels. But there's young Earnscliff.'

'He has ower little o' his ain; and siccan a name to keep up, it wad be a shame,' said Hobbie, 'to bur-

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den him wi' our distress. And I'll tell ye, grannie, it's needless to sit rhiming ower the stile of a' your kith, kin, and allies, as if there was a charm in their braw names to do us good; the grandees hae forgotten us, and those of our ain degree hae just little aneugh to gang on wi' themsels; ne'er a friend hae we that can, or will, help us to stock the farm again.'

'Then, Hobbie, we maun trust in Him that can raise up friends and fortune out o' the bare moor, as they say.'

Hobbie sprung upon his feet. 'Ye are right, grannie!' he exclaimed; ye are right. I do ken a friend on the bare moor, that baith can and will help us. The turns o' this day hae dung my head clean hirdie girdie. I left as much gowd lying on Mucklestane-Moor this morning as would plenish the house and stock the Heughfoot twice ower, and I am sure Elshie wadna grudge us the use of it.'

'Elshie!' said his grandmother in astonishment; 'what Elshie do you mean?'

'What Elshie should I mean, but cannie Elshie, the wise wight o' Mucklestane,' replied Hobbie.

'God forefend, my bairn, you should gang to fetch water out o' broken cisterns, or seek for relief frae them that deal wi' the Evil One! There was never luck in their gifts, nor grace in their paths. And the hale country kens that body Elshie's an unco man. O, if there was the law, and the douce quiet administration of justice, that makes a kingdom flourish in righteousness, the like o' them suldna be suffered to live! The wizard and the witch are the abomination and the evil thing in the land.'

'Troth, mother,' answered Hobbie, 'ye may say what ye like, but I am in the mind that witches and warlocks havena half the power they had lang syne; at least, sure am I, that ae ill-deviser, like auld Ellies-

law, or ae ill-doer, like that d—d villain, Westburnflat, is a greater plague and abomination in a country-side than a hale curnie o' the warst witches that ever capered on a broomstick, or played cantrips on Fastren's E'en. It wad hae been lang or Elshie had burnt down my house and barns, and I am determined to try if he will do aught to build them up again. He's weel kenn'd a skilfu' man ower a' the country, as far as Brough under Stanmore.'

'Bide a wee, my bairn; mind his benefits havena thriven wi' a' body. Jock Howden died of the very same disorder Elshie pretended to cure him of, about the fa' o' the leaf; and though he helped Lambside's cow weel out of the moor-ill, yet the louping-ill's ben sairer amang his sheep than ony season before. And then I have heard he uses sic words abusing human nature, that's like a flying in the face of Providence; and ye mind ye said yoursel, the first time ye ever saw him, that he was mair like a bogle than a living thing.'

'Hout, mother,' said Hobbie, 'Elshie's no that bad a chield; he's a grewsome spectacle for a crooked disciple, to be sure, and a rough talker, but his bark is waur than his bite; sae, if I had anes something to eat, for I havena had a morsel down my throat this day, I wad streek mysel down for twa three hours aside the beast, and be on and awa' to Mucklestane wi' the first skreigh o' morning.'

'And what for no the night, Hobbie?' said Harry, 'and I'll ride wi' ye.'

'My nag is tired,' said Hobbie.

'Ye may take mine, then,' said John.

'*But I am a wee thing* wearied mysel.'

'*You wearied?*' said Harry, 'Shame on you! I *have kenn'd ye* keep the saddle four-and-twenty hou *thegither, and* ne'er sic a word as weariness in your war

'The night's very dark,' said Hobbie, rising and looking through the casement of the cottage; 'and, to speak truth, and shame the de'il, though Elshie's a real honest fallow, yet somegate I would rather take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him.'

This frank avowal put a stop to farther argument; and Hobbie, having thus compromised matters between the rashness of his brother's counsel, and the timid cautions which he received from his grandmother, refreshed himself with such food as the cottage afforded; and, after a cordial salutation all round, retired to the shed, and stretched himself beside his trusty palfrey. His brothers shared between them some trusses of clean straw, disposed in the stall usually occupied by old Annaple's cow; and the females arranged themselves for repose as well as the accommodations of the cottage would permit.

With the first dawn of morning, Hobbie arose; and, having rubbed down and saddled his horse, he set forth to Mucklestane-Moor. He avoided the company of either of his brothers, from an idea, that the Dwarf was most propitious to those who visited him alone.

'The creature,' said he to himself, as he went along, 'is no neighbourly; ae body at a time is fully mair than he weel can abide. I wonder if he's looked out o' the crib o' him to gather up the bag o' siller. If he hasna done that, it will hae been a braw windfa' for somebody, and I'll be finely flung. Come, Tarras,' said he to his horse, striking him at the same time with the spur, 'make mair fit, man; we maun be first on the field if we can.'

He was now on the heath, which began to be illuminated by the beams of the rising sun; the gentle declivity which he was descending presented him a distinct, though distant, view of the Dwarf's dwelling. The

door opened, and Hobbie witnessed with his own eyes that phenomenon which he had frequently heard mentioned. Two human figures (if that of the Dwarf could be termed such) issued from the solitary abode of the Recluse, and stood as if in converse together in the open air. The taller form then stooped, as if taking something up which lay beside the door of the hut, then both moved forward a little way, and again halted, as in deep conference. All Hobbie's superstitious terrors revived on witnessing this spectacle. That the Dwarf would open his dwelling to a mortal guest, was as improbable as that any one would choose voluntarily to be his nocturnal visitor; and, under full conviction that he beheld a wizard holding intercourse with his familiar spirit, Hobbie pulled in at once his breath and his bridle, resolved not to incur the indignation of either by a hasty intrusion on their conference. They were probably aware of his approach, for he had not halted for a moment before the Dwarf returned to his cottage; and the taller figure who had accompanied him, glided round the inclosure of the garden, and seemed to disappear from the eyes of the admiring Hobbie.

'Saw ever mortal the like o' that!' said Elliot; 'but my case is desperate; sae, if he were Belzebub himself, I'se venture down the brae on him.'

Yet notwithstanding his assumed courage, he slackened his pace when, nearly upon the very spot where he had last seen the tall figure, he discerned, as if lurking among the long heather, a small black rough-looking object, like a terrier dog. 'He has nae dog that ever I heard of,' said Hobbie, 'but mony a de'il about his hand. Lord forgi'e me for saying sic a word! —It keeps its grund, be what it like. I'm judging it's a badger; but whae kens what shapes thae bogles wi' take to fright a body: it will maybe start up like a li

or a crocodile when I come nearer. I'se e'en drive a stane at it, for if it change it's shape when I'm ower near, Tarras will never stand it, and it will be ower muckle to hae him and the de'il to fight wi' baith at ance.

He therefore cautiously threw a stone at the object, which continued motionless. 'I'ts nae living, after a',' said Hobbie, 'but the very bag o' siller he flung out o' the window yesterday! and that other queer lang creature has just brought it sae muckle farther on the way to me.' He then advanced and lifted the heavy fur pouch, which was quite full of gold. 'Mercy on us!' said Hobbie, whose heart fluttered between glee at the revival of his hopes and prospects in life, and suspicion of the purpose for which this assistance was afforded him. 'Mercy on us! it's an awfu' thing to touch what has been sae lately in the claws of something no canny. I canna shake mysel loose o' the belief that there has been some jookery-paukery of Satan's in a' this; but I am determined to conduct mysel like an honest man and a good christian, come o't what will.'

He advanced accordingly to the cottage door, and having knocked repeatedly without receiving any answer, he at length elevated his voice and addressed the inmate of the hut. 'Elshie! Father Elshie! I ken ye're within doors, and wauking, for I saw ye at the door-cheek, as I cam o'er the bent; will ye come out and speak just a gliff to ane that has mony thanks to gi'e ye? It was a' true ye tell'd me about Westburnflat; but he's sent back Grace safe and skaithless, sae there's nae ill happened yet but what may be suffered or sustained. Wad ye but come out a gliff, man, or but say ye're listening? Aweel, since ye winna answer, I'se e'en proceed wi' my tale. Ye see I hae been thinking it wad be a sair thing on twa young folk, lik

Grace and me, to put aff our marriage for mony years till I was abroad and came back again wi' some gear; and they say folk manna take booty in the wars as they did lang syne, and the pay's a sma' matter; there's nae gathering gear on that: and then my gudedame's auld: and my sisters wad sit pinging at the ingle-side for want o' me toeding them about; and Earnscliff, or the neighbourhood, or maybe your ain sell, Elshie, might want some good turn that Hob Elliot could do ye; and it's a pity that the auld house o' the Heughfoot should be wrecked a' thegither; Sae I was thinking—But de'il hae me, that I should say sae,' continued he, checking himself, 'if I can bring myself to ask a favour of ane that winna sae muckle as ware a word on me, to tell me if he hears me speaking till him.'

'Say what thou wilt: do what thou wilt,' answered the Dwarf from his cabin, 'but begone, and leave me at peace.'

'Weel, weel,' replied Elliot, 'since ye are content to hear me, I'se make my tale short. Since ye are sae kind as to say ye are content to lend me as muckle siller as will stock and plenish the Heughfoot, I am content, on my part, to accept the courtesy wi' mony kind thanks; and troth, I think it will be as safe in my hands as yours, if ye leave it flung about in that gate for the first loon body to lift, forbye the risk o' bad neighbours that can win through steekit doors and lock-fast places, as I can tell to my cost. I say, since ye hae sae muckle consideration for me, I'se be blythe to accept your kindness; and my mother and me (she's a life-renter, and I am fiar o' the lands of Wideopen) would grant you a wadset, or an heritable bond, for the siller, and to pay the annual rent half yearly; and Saunders Wylliecoat to draw the bond and you to be at nae charge wi' the writings.

'Cut short thy jargon,' said the Dwarf; 'thy l
quacious bullheaded honesty makes thee a more int

rable plague than the light-fingered courtier who would take a man's all without troubling him with either thanks, explanation, or apology. Hence, I say! thou art one of those tame slaves whose word is as good as their bond. Keep the money, principal and interest, until I demand it of thee.'

'But,' continued the pertinacious Borderer, 'we are a' life-like and death-like, Elshie; and there really should be some black and white on this transaction. Sae just make me a minute, or missive, in ony form ye like, and I'se write it fair ower, and subscribe it before famous witnesses. Only, Elshie, I wad wuss ye to put naething in't that may be prejudicial to my salvation; for I'll hae the minister to read it ower, and it wad only be exposing yourse! to nae purpose. And now I'm ganging awa', for ye'll be wearied o' my cracks, and I am wearied wi' cracking without an answer: and I'se bring you a bit o' bride's-cake ane o' thae days, and maybe bring Grace to see you. Ye wad like to see Grace, man, for as dour as ye are. Eh, Lord! I wish he may be well, that was a sair grane! or, maybe, he thought I was speaking of heavenly grace, and no of Grace Armstrong. Poor man, I am very doubtfu' o' his condition; but I am sure he is as kind to me as if I were his son, and a queer-looking father I wad hae had, if that had been e'en sae.'

Hobbie now relieved his benefactor of his presence, and rode blythely home to display his treasure, and consult upon the means of repairing the damage which his fortune had sustained through the aggression of the Red Reiver of Westburnflat.

CHAPTER X.

Three ruffians seized me yester morn,
Alas! a maiden most forlorn;
They choaked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white;
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,
I cannot tell what men they be

CHRISTABELLE.

THE course of our story must here revert a little, to detail the circumstances which had placed miss Vere in the unpleasant situation from which she was unexpectedly, and indeed unintentionally, liberated, by the appearance of Earnscliff and Elliot, with their friends and followers, before the tower of Westburnflat.

On the morning preceding the night in which Hobbie's house was plundered and burnt, miss Vere was requested by her father to accompany him in a walk through a distant part of the romantic grounds, which lay around his castle of Ellieslaw. 'To hear was to obey,' in the true style of oriental despotism; but Isabella trembled in silence while she followed her father through rough paths, now winding by the side of river, now ascending the cliffs which serve for its banks. A single servant, selected perhaps for his stupidity, was the only person who attended them. From her father's silence, Isabella little doubted that he had chosen this distant and sequestered scene to resume the argument which they had so frequently maintained upon the subject of sir Frederick's addresses, and that he was meditating in what manner he should most effectually impress upon her the necessity of receiving him as her suitor. But her fears seemed for some time to be unfounded. The only sentences which her father from time to time addressed to her, respected the beau-

ties of the romantic landscape through whic
strolled, and which varied its features at ever
To these observations, although they seemed t
from a heart occupied by more gloomy as well a
important cares, Isabella endeavoured to answ
manner as free and unconstrained as it was p
for her to assume, amid the involuntary appreh
which crowded upon her imagination.

Sustaining, with mutual difficulty, a desultc
versation, they at length gained the centre of
wood, composed of large old oaks, intermingl
birches, mountain-ashes, hazel, holly, and a va
underwood. The boughs of the tall trees me
ly above, and the underwood filled up each inte
tween their trunks below. The spot on whi
stood was rather more open; still, however, embe
under the natural arcade of tall trees, and de
on the sides for a space around by a great an
growth of copse-wood and bushes.

'And here, Isabella,' said Mr. Vere, as he
the conversation, so often resumed, so often d
'here I would erect an altar to Friendship.'

'To Friendship, sir!' said miss Vere, 'and
this gloomy and sequestered spot, rather th
where?'

'O, the propriety of the *locale* is easily vin
replied her father with a sneer. 'You know, mi
(for you, I am well aware, are a learned youn
you know that the Romans were not satisfied v
bodying, for the purpose of worship, each usef
ty and moral view to which they could give
but they, moreover, worshipped the same un
variety of titles and attributes which could gi
tinct shade, or individual character, to the
question. Now, for example, the Friendship
a temple should be here dedicated, is not

Friendship, which abhors and despises duplicity, art, and disguise; but Female Friendship, which consists in little else than a mutual disposition on the part of the friends, as they call themselves, to abet each other in obscure fraud and petty intrigue.'

'You are severe, sir,' said miss Vere.

'Only just,' said her father; 'an humble copier I am from nature, with the advantage of contemplation two such excellent studies as Lucy Ilderton and yourself.'

'If I have been unfortunate enough to offend, sir, I can conscientiously excuse miss Ilderton from being either my counsellor or confidante.'

'Indeed! how came you, then,' said Mr. Vere, 'by the flippancy of speech, and pertness of argument, by which you have disgusted sir Frederick, and given me of late such deep offence?'

'If my manner has been so unfortunate as to displease you, sir, it is impossible for me to apologise too deeply, or too sincerely; but I cannot confess the same contrition for having answered sir Frederick flippantly when he pressed me rudely. Since he forgot I was a lady, it was time to show him that I am at least a woman.'

'Reserve then your pertness for those who press you on the topic, Isabella,' said her father coldly; 'for my part, I am weary of the subject, and will never speak upon it again.'

'God bless you, my dear father,' said Isabella, seizing his reluctant hand; 'there is nothing you can impose on me, save the task of listening to this man's persecution, that I will call, or think, a hardship.'

'You are very obliging, miss Vere, when it happens to suit you to be dutiful,' said her unrelenting father, *forcing himself at the same time from the affectionate grasp of her hand*; 'but hence forward, child, I shall

save myself the trouble of offering you unpleasant advice on any topic. You must look to yourself.'

At this moment four ruffians rushed upon them. Mr. Vere and his servant drew their hangers, which it was the fashion of the time to wear, and attempted to defend themselves and protect Isabella. But while each of them was engaged by an antagonist, she was forced into the thicket by the two remaining villains, who placed her and themselves on horses, which stood ready behind the copse-wood. They mounted at the same time, and placing her between them, set off at a round gallop, holding the reins of her horse on each side. By many an obscure and winding path, over dale and down, through moss and moor, she was conveyed to the tower of Westburnflat, where she remained strictly watched, but not otherwise ill treated, under the guardianship of the old woman, to whose son that retreat belonged. No entreaties could prevail upon the hag to give miss Vere any information on the object of her being carried forcibly off and confined in this secluded place. The arrival of Earnscliff, with a strong party of horsemen before the tower, alarmed the robber. As he had already directed Grace Armstrong to be restored to her friends, it did not occur to him that this unwelcome visit was on her account; and seeing at the head of the party, Earnscliff, whose attachment to miss Vere was whispered in the country, he doubted not that her liberation was the sole object of the attack upon his fastness. The dread of personal consequences compelled him to deliver up his prisoner in the manner we have already narrated.

At the moment the tramp of the horses was heard which carried off the daughter of Ellieslaw, her father fell to the ground, and his servant, a stout young fellow, who was gaining ground on the ruffian with whom he had been engaged, left the combat to come to his mas-

ter's assistance, little doubting that he had received a mortal wound. Both the villains immediately desisted from farther combat, and retreating into the thicket, mounted their horses, and went off at full speed after their companions. Mean time, Dixon had the satisfaction to find Mr. Vere, not only alive but unwounded. He had over-reached himself, and stumbled, it seemed, over the root of a tree in making too eager a blow at his antagonist. The despair he felt at his daughter's disappearance, was, in Dixon's phrase, such as would have melted the heart of a whinstane, and he was so much exhausted by his feelings, and the vain researches which he made to discover the track of the ravishers, that a considerable time elapsed ere he reached home, and communicated the alarm to his domestics.

All his conduct and gestures were those of a desperate man.

'Speak not to me, sir Frederick,' he said impatiently; 'you are no father; she was my child, an ungrateful one, I fear, but still my child, my only child. Where is miss Ilderton? she must know something of this. It corresponds with what I was informed of her schemes. Go, Dixon, call Ratcliffe here. Let him come without a minute's delay.

The person he had named at this moment entered the room.

'I say, Dixon,' continued Mr. Vere in an altered tone, 'let Mr. Ratcliffe know, I beg the favour of his company on particular business. Ah! my dear sir,' he continued, as if noticing him for the first time, 'you are the very man whose advice can be of the utmost service in this cruel extremity.'

'What has happened, Mr. Vere, to discompose you?' said Mr. Ratcliffe gravely; and while the laird of Elliesław details to him, with the most animated gestures of grief and indignation, the singular adventure of

morning, we will take the opportunity to inform our readers of the relative circumstances in which these gentlemen stood to each other.

In early youth Mr. Vere of Ellieslaw had been remarkable for a career of dissipation, which, in advanced life, he had exchanged for the no less destructive career of dark and turbulent ambition. In both cases, he had gratified the predominant passion without respect to the diminution of his private fortune, although, where such inducements were wanting, he was deemed close, avaricious, and grasping His affairs being much embarrassed by his earlier extravagance, he went to England, where he was understood to have formed a very advantageous matrimonial connexion. He was many years absent from his family estate. Suddenly and unexpectedly he returned a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of about ten years old. From this moment his expense seemed unbounded in the eyes of the simple inhabitants of his native mountains. It was supposed he must necessarily have plunged himself deeply in debt. Yet he continued to live in the same lavish expense, until some months before the commencement of our narrative, when the public opinion of his embarrassed circumstances was confirmed, by the residence of Mr. Ratcliffe at Ellieslaw castle, who, by the tacit consent, though obviously to the great displeasure, of the lord of the mansion, seemed from the moment of his arrival, to assume and exercise a predominant and unaccountable influence in the management of his private affairs.

Mr. Ratcliffe was a grave, steady, reserved man, in an advanced period of life. To those with whom he had occasion to speak upon business, he appeared uncommonly well versed in all its forms. With others he held little communication; but in any casual intercourse, or conversation, displayed the powers of an active and well informed mind. For sometime before taking up

his final residence at the castle, he had been an occasional visitor there, and was at such times treated by Mr. Vere (contrary to his general practice towards those who were inferior to him in rank) with marked attention, and even deference. Yet his arrival always appeared to be an embarrassment to his host, and his departure a relief, so that, when he became a constant inmate of the family, it was impossible not to observe indications of the displeasure with which Mr Vere regarded his presence. Indeed, their intercourse formed a singular mixture of confidence and constraint. Mr. Vere's most important affairs were regulated by Mr. Ratcliffe; and although he was none of those indulgent men of fortune, who, too indolent to manage their own business, are glad to devolve it upon another, yet, in many instances, he was observed to give up his own opinion, and submit to the contradictions which Mr. Ratcliffe did not hesitate distinctly to express.

Nothing seemed to vex Mr. Vere more than when strangers indicated any observations of the state of tutelage under which he appeared to labour. When it was noticed by sir Frederick, or any of his intimates, he sometimes repelled their remarks haughtily and indignantly, and sometimes endeavoured to evade them, by saying, with a forced laugh, 'That Ratcliffe knew his own importance, but that he was the most honest and skilful fellow in the world; and that it would be impossible for him to manage his English affairs without his advice and assistance.' Such was the person who entered the room at the moment Mr. Vere was summoning him to his presence, and who now heard with surprise, mingled with obvious incredulity, the hasty narrative of what had befallen miss Vere.

Her father concluded, addressing sir Frederick, and *the other gentlemen*, who stood around in astonishment, '*And now*, my friends, you see the most unha-

py father in Scotland. Lend me your assistance, gentlemen—give me your advice, Mr. Ratcliffe. I am incapable of acting, or thinking, under the unexpected violence of such a blow.'

'Let us take our horses, call our attendants, and scour the country in pursuit of the villains,' said sir Frederick.

'Is there no one whom you can suspect,' said Ratcliffe, gravely, 'of having some motive for this strange crime? These are not the days of romance, when ladies are carried off merely for their beauty.'

'I fear,' said Mr Vere, 'I can too well account for this strange incident. Read this letter, which miss Lucy Ilderton thought fit to address from my house of Ellieslaw to young Mr. Earnscliff, whom, of all men, I have a hereditary right to call my enemy. You see she writes to him as the confidant of a passion which he has the assurance to entertain for my daughter; tells him she serves his cause with her friend very ardently, but that he has a friend in the garrison who serves him yet more effectually. Look particularly at the penciled passages, Mr. Ratcliffe, where this meddling girl recommends bold measures, with an assurance that his suit would be successful any where beyond the bounds of the barony of Ellieslaw.'

'And you argue, from this romantic letter of a very romantic young lady, Mr. Vere,' said Ratcliffe, 'that young Earnscliff has carried off your daughter, and committed a very great and criminal act of violence, on no better advice and assurance than that of miss Lucy Ilderton.'

'What else can I think?' said Ellieslaw.

'*What else can you think?*' said sir Frederick; '*or who else could have any motive for committing such a crime?*'

'*Were that the best mode of fixing the guilt,*' s

Mr. Ratcliffe, calmly, 'there might easily be pointed out persons to whom such actions are more congenial, and who have also sufficient motives of instigation. Supposing it were judged advisable to remove miss Vere to some place in which constraint might be exercised upon her inclinations to a degree which cannot at present be attempted under the roof of Ellieslaw-Castle: What says sir Frederick Langley to that supposition?'

'I say,' returned Sir Frederick, 'that although Mr. Vere may choose to endure in Mr. Ratcliffe freedoms totally inconsistent with his situation in life, I will not permit such license of inuendo, by word or look, to be extended to me, with impunity.'

'And I say,' said young Mareschal of Mareschal-Wells, who was also a guest at the castle, that you are all stark-mad to be standing wrangling here, instead of going in pursuit of the ruffians.'

'I have ordered off the domestics already in the track most likely to overtake them,' said Mr. Vere; 'if you will favour me with your company, we will follow them and assist their search.'

The efforts of the party were totally unsuccessful, probably because Ellieslaw directed the pursuit to proceed in the direction of Earnscliff Tower, under the supposition that the owner would prove to be the author of the violence, so that they followed a direction diametrically opposite to that in which the ruffians had actually proceeded. In the evening they returned, harassed and out of spirits. But other guests had, in the meanwhile, arrived at the castle; and, after the recent loss sustained by the owner had been narrated, wondered at, and lamented, the recollection of it was, for the present, drowned in the discussion of deep political intrigues, of which the crisis and explosion were momentarily expected.

Several of the gentlemen who took part in this divan were catholics, and all of them stanch jacobites, whose hopes were at present at the highest pitch, as an invasion, in favour of the Pretender, was daily expected from France, which Scotland, between the defenceless state of its garrisons and fortified places, and the general disaffection of the inhabitants, was rather prepared to welcome than to resist. Ratcliffe, who neither sought to assist at their consultations on this subject, nor was invited to do so, had, in the meanwhile, retired to his own apartment. Miss Ilderton was sequestered from society in a sort of honourable confinement, 'until,' said Mr. Vere, 'she should be safely conveyed home to her father's house,' an opportunity for which occurred on the following day.

The domestics could not help thinking it remarkable how soon the loss of miss Vere, and the strange manner in which it had happened, seemed to be forgotten by the other guests at the castle. They knew not, that those the most interested in her fate were well acquainted with the cause of her being carried off, and the place of her retreat; and that the others, in the anxious and doubtful moments which preceded the breaking forth of a conspiracy, were little accessible to any feelings but what arose immediately out of their own machinations.

CHAPTER XII.

Some one way, some another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her?

The researches after miss Vere were (for the sake of appearances, perhaps) resumed in the succeeding day, with similar bad success, and the party were returning towards Ellieslaw in the evening.

'It is singular,' said Mareschal to Ratcliffe, 'that four horsemen and a female prisoner should have passed through the country, without leaving the slightest trace of their passage. One would think they had traversed the air, or sunk through the ground.'

'Men may often,' answered Ratcliffe, 'arrive at a knowledge of that which *is*, from discovering that which is *not*. We have now scoured every road, path, and track, leading from the castle, in all the various points of the compass, saving only that intricate and difficult pass which leads southward down the Westburn, and through the morasses.'

'And why have we not examined that?' said Mareschal.

'O, Mr. Vere can best answer that question,' replied his companion, drily.

'Then I will ask it instantly,' said Mareschal; and, addressing Mr. Vere, 'I am informed, sir, there is a path we have not examined, leading by Westburnflat.'

'O,' said sir Frederick, laughing, 'we know the owner of Westburnflat well—a wild lad, that knows little difference between his neighbour's goods and his own; but, withal, very honest to his principles. He would disturb nothing belonging to Elliesław.'

'Besides,' said Mr. Vere, smiling mysteriously, 'he had other tow on his distaff last night. Have you not heard young Elliot of the Heughfoot has had his house burnt, and his cattle driven away, because he refused to give up his arms to some honest men that think of starting for the king?'

The company smiled upon each other, as at hearing of an exploit which favoured their own views.

'Yet, *nevertheless*,' resumed Mareschal, 'I think we ought to ride on this direction also, otherwise we shall certainly be blamed for our negligence.'

No reasonable objection could be offered to this p

posal, and the party turned their horses' heads towards Westburnflat.

They had not proceeded very far in that direction when the trampling of horses was heard, and a small body of riders were perceived advancing to meet them.

'There comes Earnscliff,' said Mareschal. 'I know his bright bay with the star in his front.'

'And there is my daughter along with him,' exclaimed Vere, furiously. 'Who shall call my suspicions false or injurious now? Gentlemen—friends, lend me the assistance of your swords for the recovery of my child.'

He unsheathed his weapon, and was imitated by sir Frederick and several of the party, who prepared to charge those that were advancing towards them. But the greater part hesitated.

'They come to us in all peace and security,' said Mareschal-Wells; 'let us first hear what account they give us of this mysterious affair. If miss Vere has sustained the slightest insult or injury from Earnscliff, I will be the first to revenge her! but let us hear what they say.'

'You do me wrong by your suspicions, Mareschal,' continued Vere; 'you are the last I would have expected to hear express them.'

'You injure yourself, Ellieslaw, by your violence, though the cause may excuse it.'

He then advanced a little before the rest, and called out, with a loud voice,—'Stand, Mr. Earnscliff, or do you and miss Vere advance alone to meet us. You are charged with having carried that lady off from her father's house, and we are here in arms to shed our best blood for her recovery, and for bringing to justice those who have injured her.'

'And who would do that more willingly than I, Mr. Mareschal?' said Earnscliff, haughtily,—'than I, who

had the satisfaction this morning to liberate her from the dungeon in which I found her confined, and who am now escorting her back to the castle of Ellieslaw?'

'Is this so, miss Vere?' said Mareschal.

'It is,' answered Isabella, eagerly,—'it is so; for Heaven's sake, sheathe your swords. I will swear by all that is sacred, that I was carried off by ruffians, whose persons and object were alike unknown to me, and am now restored to freedom by means of this gentleman's gallant interference.'

'By whom, and wherefore, could this have been done?' pursued Mareschal—'Had you no knowledge of the place to which you were conveyed?—Earnscliff, where did you find this lady?'

But ere either question could be answered, Ellieslaw advanced, and, returning his sword to the scabbard, cut short the conference.

'When I know,' he said, 'exactly how much I owe to Mr. Earnscliff he may rely on suitable acknowledgments; mean time,' taking the bridle of miss Vere's horse, 'thus far I thank him for replacing my daughter in the power of her natural guardian.'

A sullen bend of the head was returned by Earnscliff with equal haughtiness; and Ellieslaw, turning back with his daughter upon the road to his own house, appeared engaged with her in a conference so earnest, that the rest of the company judged it improper to intrude by approaching them too nearly. In the mean time, Earnscliff, as he took leave of the other gentlemen belonging to Ellieslaw's party, said aloud, 'Although I am unconscious of any circumstance in my conduct that can authorize such a suspicion, I cannot but observe, that Mr. Vere seems to believe that I have had some hand in the atrocious violence which has been offered to his daughter. I request you, gentlemen, to take notice of my explicit denial of a charg

dishonourable; and that, although I can pardon e bewildering feelings of a father in such a moment, et, if any other gentleman,' (he looked hard at sir rederick Langley,) 'thinks my word and that of miss ere, with the evidence of my friends who accompany me, too slight for my exculpation, I will be happy—most happy—to repel the charge as becomes a man who counts his honour dearer than his life.'

'And I'll be his second,' said Simon of Hackburn, 'and take up ony twa o' ye, gentle or semple, laird or loon, it's a' ane to Simon.'

'Who is that rough looking fellow?' said sir Frederick Langley, 'and what has he to do with the quarrels of gentlemen?'

'I'se be a lad frae the Hie Te'iot,' said Simon, 'and I'se quarrel wi' ony body I like, except the king, or the laird I live under.'

'Come,' said Mareschal, 'let us have no brawls. Mr. Earnscliff, although we do not think alike in some things, I trust we may be opponents, even enemies, if fortune will have it so, without losing our respect for birth, fair play, and each other I believe you as innocent of this matter as I am myself; and I will pledge myself that my cousin, Ellieslaw, so soon as the perplexity attending these sudden events has left his judgment to its free exercise, shall handsomely acknowledge the very important service you have this day rendered him.'

'To have served your cousin is a sufficient reward in itself—Good evening, gentlemen,' continued Earnscliff, 'I see most of your party are already on the way to Ellieslaw.'

Then saluting Mareschal with courtesy, and the *rest of the party with* indifference, Earnscliff turned *his horse and rode* towards the Heughfoot, to concert *measures with* Hobbie Elliot for farther research

after his bride, of whose restoration to her friends he was still ignorant.

'There he goes,' said Mareschal, 'he is a fine, gallant young fellow, upon my soul, and yet I should like well to have a thrust with him on the green turf. I was reckoned at college nearly his equal with the foils, and I should like to try him at sharps.'

'In my opinion,' answered Sir Frederick Langley, 'we have done very ill in suffering him, and those men who are with him, to go off without taking away their arms; for the whigs are very likely to draw to a head under such a young fellow as that.'

'For shame, Sir Frederick,' exclaimed Mareschal; 'do you think that Ellieslaw could, in honour, consent to any violence being offered to Earnscliff, when he entered his bounds only to bring back his daughter? or, if he were to be of your opinion, do you think that I, and the rest of these gentlemen, would disgrace ourselves by assisting in such a transaction? No, no, fair play and auld Scotland for ever. When the sword is drawn, I will be as ready to use it as any man; but while it is in the sheath, let us behave like gentlemen and neighbours.'

Soon after this colloquy they reached the castle, when Ellieslaw, who had been arrived a few minutes before, met them in the court-yard.

'How is miss Vere? and have you learned the cause of her being carried off?' asked Mareschal hastily.

'She is retired to her apartment greatly fatigued, and I cannot expect much light upon her adventure till her spirits are somewhat recruited,' replied her father. 'She and I were not the less obliged to you, Mareschal, and to my other friends, for their kind inquiries. But I must suppress the father's feelings for a while to give myself up to those of the patriot. Ye

know this is the day fixed for our final decision: time passes: our friends are arriving, and I have opened house, not only for the gentry, but for the under-spur-leathers whom we must necessarily employ. We have, therefore, little time to prepare to meet them: look over these lists, Marchie, (an abbreviation by which Mareschal-Wells was known among his friends.) Do you, sir Frederick, read these lines from Lothian and the west: all is ripe for the sickle, and we have but to summon out the reapers.'

'With all my heart,' said Mareschal; 'the more mischief the better sport.'

Sir Frederick looked grave and disconcerted.

'Walk aside with me, my good friend,' said Elliislaw to the sombre baronet, 'I have something for your private ear with which I know you will be gratified.'

They walked into the house, leaving Ratcliffe and Mareschal standing together in the court.

'And so,' said the former to the latter, 'the gentlemen of your political persuasion think the downfal of this government so certain, that they disdain even to throw a decent disguise over the machinations of their party?'

'Faith, Mr. Ratcliffe,' answered Mareschal, 'the actions and sentiments of *your* friends may require to be veiled, but I am better pleased that ours cango barefaced.'

'And is it possible,' continued Ratcliffe, 'that you, who, notwithstanding your thoughtlessness and heat of temper—I beg pardon, Mr. Mareschal, I am a plain man—that you, who, notwithstanding these constitutional defects, possess natural good sense and acquired information, should be infatuated enough to embroil yourself in such desperate proceedings? How

does your head feel when you are engaged in these dangerous conferences?'

'Not quite so secure on my shoulders,' answered Mareschal, 'as if I were talking of hunting and hawking. I am not of so indifferent a mould as my cousin Ellieslaw, who speaks treason as if it were child's nursery rhymes, and loses and recovers that sweet girl, his daughter, with a good deal less emotion on both occasions, than would have effected me had I lost and recovered a grey hound puppy. My temper is not quite so inflexible, nor my hate against government so inveterate, as to blind me to the full danger of the attempt.'

'Then why involve yourself in it?' said Ratcliffe.

'Why, I love this poor exiled king with all my heart; and my father was an old Gilliecrankie man, and I long to see some amends on the courtiers that have bought and sold old Scotland, whose crown has been so long independent.'

'And for the sake of these shadows,' said his monitor, 'you are going to involve your country in war, and yourself in trouble.

'*I* involve? No!—but, trouble for trouble, I had rather it came to-morrow than a month hence, Come, I know it will; and, as our country folks say, better soon than syne, it will never find me younger; and, as for hanging, as sir John Falstaff says, I can become a gallows as well as another. You know the end of the old ballad;

'Sae dauntonly, sae wantonly,
Sae rantingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danced a round,
Beneath the gallows tree.'

'*Mr. Mareschal*, I am sorry for you,' said his grave *adviser*.

'*I am* obliged to you, Mr. Ratcliffe; but I would

have you judge of our enterprise by my way of vindicating it; there are wiser heads than mine at the work.'

'Wiser heads than yours may lay as low,' said Ratcliffe, in a warning tone.

'Perhaps so; but no lighter heart shall; and, to prevent its being made heavier by your remonstrances, I will bid you adieu, Mr. Ratcliffe, till dinner time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoiled my appetite.'

CHAPTER XIV.

> To face the garment of rebellion
> With some fine colour, that may please the eye
> Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
> Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
> Of hurly-burly innovation.
>
> HENRY THE FOURTH, PART II.

THERE had been great preparations at Ellieslaw-Castle for the entertainment of this important day, when not only the gentlemen of note in the neighbourhood, attached to the jacobite interest, were expected to rendezvous, but also many subordinate malcontents, whom difficulty of circumstances, love of change, resentment against England, or any of the numerous causes which inflamed men's passions at the time, rendered apt to join in perilous enterprise. The men of rank and substance were not many in number, for almost all the large proprietors stood aloof, and most of the smaller gentry and yeomanry were of the Presbyterian persuasion, and, therefore, however displeased with the Union, unwilling to engage in a jacobite conspiracy. But there were some gentlemen of property, who, either from early principle, from religious motives, or sharing the ambitious

views of Ellieslaw, had given countenance to his scheme; and there were also, some fiery young men, like Mareschal, desirous of signalizing themselves, by engaging in a dangerous enterprise, by which they hoped to vindicate the independence of their country. The other members of the party were persons of inferior rank and desperate fortunes, who were now ready to rise in that part of the country, as they did afterwards in the year 1715, under Forster and Derwentwater, when a troop, commanded by a Border gentleman, named Douglas, consisted almost entirely of freebooters, among whom the notorious Luck-in-a bag, as he was called, held a distinguished command. We think it necessary to mention these particulars, applicable solely to the province in which our scene lies, because, unquestionably, the jacobite party, in the other parts of the kingdom, consisted of much more formidable, as well as much more respectable, materials.

One long table extended itself down the ample hall of Ellieslaw Castle, which was still left much in the state in which it had been one hundred years before, stretching, that is, in gloomy length, through the whole side of the castle, vaulted with ribbed arches of freestone, the groins of which sprung from projecting figures, which, carved into all the wild forms that the fantastic imagination of a Gothic architect could devise, grinned, frowned, and gnashed their tusks at the assembly below. Long, narrow windows lighted the banqueting-room on both sides, filled up with stained glass, through which the sun emitted a dusky and discoloured light. A banner, which tradition averred to have been taken from the English at the battle of Sark, waved over the chair in which Ellieslaw presi ded, as if to inflame the courage of the guests, by r minding them of ancient victories over their ne

bours. He himself, a portly figure, dressed upon this occasion with uncommon care, and with features, which, though of a stern and sinister expression, might well be termed handsome, looked the old feudal baron extremely well. Sir Frederick Langley was placed on his right hand, and Mr. Mareschal of Mareschal-Wells, upon his left. Some gentlemen of consideration, with their sons, brothers, and nephews, occupied the upper end of the table, and among these, Mr Ratcliffe had his place. Beneath the saltcellar (a massive piece of plate which occupied the midst of the table) sate the *sine nomine turba*, men whose vanity was gratified by occupying even this subordinate space at the social board, while the distinction observed in ranking them was a salvo to the pride of their superiors. That the lower-house was not very select must be admitted, since Willie of Westburnflat was one of the party. The unabashed audacity of this fellow, in daring to present himself in the house of a gentleman, to whom he had just offered so flagrant an insult, can only be accounted for by supposing him conscious that his share in carrying off miss Vere was a secret, safe in her possession and that of her father.

Before this numerous and miscellaneous party was placed at dinner, consisting, not indeed of the delicacies of the season, as the newspapers express it, but of viands, ample, solid, and sumptuous, under which the very board groaned But the mirth was not in proportion to the good cheer. The lower end of the table was, for some time, chilled by constraint and respect upon finding themselves members of so august an assembly, and those who were placed around it had those feelings of awe with which P. P., clerk of the parish, describes himself oppressed, when he first uplifted the psalm in presence of those persons of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the good lady Jones

and the great sir Thomas Truby. This ceremonious frost, however, soon gave way before the incentives to merriment, which were liberally supplied and as liberally consumed by the guests of the lower description. They became talkative, loud, and even clamorous in their mirth.

But it was not in the power of wine or brandy to elevate the spirits of those who held the higher places of the banquet. They experienced the chilling revulsion of spirits, which often takes place when men are called upon to take a desperate resolution, after having placed themselves in circumstances where it is alike difficult to advance or to recede. The precipice looked deeper and more dangerous as they approached to the brink, and each waited with an inward sensation of awe, expecting which of his confederates would set the example by plunging himself down. This inward sensation of fear and reluctance acted differently, according to the various habits and characters of the company. One looked grave, one looked silly, one gazed with apprehension on the empty seats of the higher end of the table, designed for members of the conspiracy, whose prudence had prevailed over their political zeal, and who had absented themselves from their consultations at this critical period. and some seemed to be reckoning up in their minds the comparative rank and prospects of those who were present and absent. Sir Frederick Langley was absent, moody, and discontented. Ellieslaw himself made such forced efforts to raise the spirits of the company as plainly marked the flagging of his own Ratcliffe watched the scene with the composure of a vigilant but uninterested spectator. *Mareschal alone*, true to the thoughtless vivacity of his *character*, ate and drank, laughed and jested, and *seemed even to find amusement in the embarrassment of the company.*

'What has damped our noble courage this morn-
g!' he exclaimed: 'we seem to be met at a funeral,
here the chief mourners must not speak above their
reath, while the mutes and the saulees (looking to
he lower end of the table) are carousing below. Ell-
eslaw, when will you *lift*? where sleeps your spirit,
nan? and what has quelled the high hope of the knight
of Langley-dale?'

'You speak like a madman,' said Ellieslaw; 'Do
you not see how many are absent?'

'And what of that? Did you not know before,
that one-half of the world are better talkers than doers?
For my part, I am much encouraged by seeing at least
two-thirds of our friends true to the rendezvous, though
I suspect one-half of these came to secure the dinner
in case of the worst.'

'There is no news from the coast which can amount
to certainty of the king's arrival,' said another of the
company, in that tone of subdued and tremulous whis-
per which implies a failure of resolution.

'Not a line from the earl of D——, nor a single
gentleman from the southern side of the Border.'

'What's he that wishes for more men from Eng-
land,' exclaimed Mareschal, in a theatrical tone of
affected heroism:

'My cousin Ellieslaw? No, my fair cousin,
If we are doomed to die'——

'For God's sake,' said Ellieslaw, 'spare us you
folly at present, Mareschal.'

'Well, then,' said his kinsman, 'I'll bestow m
wisdom upon you instead, such as it is. If we ha
gone forward like fools, do not let us go back l
cowards. We have done enough to draw upo
both the suspicion and vengeance of the govern
do not let us give up before we have done sor

to deserve it.—What, will no one speak? Then I' leap the ditch the first.' And, starting up, he filled beer-glass to the brim with claret, and, waving h hand, commanded all to follow his example, and t rise up from their seats. All obeyed—the more qua ified guests as if passively, the others with enthusiasm 'Then, my friends, I give you the pledge of the da —The independence of Scotland, and the health our lawful sovereign, king James the Eighth, no landed in Lothian, and, as I trust and believe, in fu possession of his ancient capital!'

He quaffed off the wine, and threw the glass over h head.

'It should never,' he said, 'be profaned by a mea er toast.'

All followed his example, and, amid the crash glasses and the shouts of the company, pledged the selves to stand or fall with the principles and politic interest which their toast expressed.

'You have leaped the ditch with a witness,' said I lieslaw, apart to Mareschal; 'but I believe it is all f the best; at all events, we cannot now retreat fro our undertaking. One man alone,' (looking at Ra cliffe) 'has refused the pledge; but of that by and by

Then, rising up, he addressed the company in style of inflammatory invective against the gover ment and its measures, especially the Union, a treat by means of which, he affirmed, Scotland had been once cheated of her independence, her commerce, a her honour, and laid, as a fettered slave, at the foot the rival, against whom, through such a length of ag through so many dangers, and by so much blood, *had honourably* defended her rights. This was to *ing a theme which* found a responsive chord in th *som of every* man present.

'Our commerce is destroyed,' hollowed old John Rewcastle, a Jedburgh smuggler, from the lower end of the table.

'Our agriculture is ruined,' said the laird of Brokengirth-flow, a territory, which, since the days of Adam, had borne nothing but ling and whortleberries.

'Our religion is cut up, root and branch,' said the pimple-nosed pastor of the episcopal meeting-house at Kirkwhistle.

'We shall shortly neither dare shoot a deer or kiss a wench, without a certificate from the presbytery and kirk treasurer,' said Mareschal Wells.

'Or make a brandy Jeroboam in a frosty morning, without license from a commissioner of excise,' said the smuggler.

'Or ride over the fell in a moonless night,' said Westburnflat, 'without asking leave of young Earnscliff, or some Englified justice of the peace; thae were gude days on the border when there was neither peace nor justice heard of.'

'Let us remember our wrongs at Darien and Glencoe,' continued Ellieslaw, 'and take arms for the protection of our rights, our fortunes, our lives, and our families.'

'Think upon genuine episcopal ordination, without which there can be no lawful clergy,' said the divine.

'Think of the piracies committed on our East Indian trade, by Green and the English thieves,' said William Wilieson, half-owner and sole skipper of a brig, that made four voyages annually between Cockpool and Whitehaven.

'Remember your liberties,' rejoined Mareschal, who seemed to take a mischievous delight in precipitating the movements of the enthusiasm which he had excited, *like a roguish boy*, that, having lifted the sluice of a *mill-dam, enjoys the* clatter of the wheels which he has

put into motion, without thinking of the mischief he may have occasioned. 'Remember your liberties,' he exclaimed, 'confound cess, press, and presbytery, and the memory of old Willie that first brought them upon us!'

'Damn the gauger,' echoed old John Rewcastle; 'I'll cleave him wi' my ain hand.'

'And confound the country keeper and the constable,' re-echoed Westburnflat; 'I'll weize a brace of balls through them before morning.'

'We are agreed then,' said Ellieslaw, when the shouts had something subsided, 'to bear this state of things no longer.'

'We are agreed to a man,' answered his guests.

'Not literally so,' said Mr. Ratcliffe; 'for though I cannot hope to assuage the violent symptoms which seem so suddenly to have seized upon the company, yet I beg to observe, that so far as the opinion of a single member goes, I do not entirely coincide in the list of grievances which has been announced, and that I do utterly protest against the frantic measures, which you seem disposed to adopt for removing them. I can easily suppose much of what has been spoken may have arisen out of the heat of the moment, or be said perhaps in jest. But there are some jests of a nature very apt to transpire; and you ought to remember, gentlemen, that stone walls have ears.'

'Stone walls may have ears,' returned Ellieslaw, eyeing him with a look of triumphant malignity, 'but domestic spies, Mr. Ratcliffe, will soon find themselves without any, if any such dares to continue his abode in a family where his coming was an unauthorized intrusion, where his conduct has been that of a presumptuous meddler, and from which his exit shall be that of a baffled knave, if he does not know how to take a hint.'

'Mr. Vere,' returned Ratcliffe, with calm contempt, 'I am fully aware that as soon as my presence becomes useless to you, which it must through the rash step you are about to adopt, it will immediately become unsafe to myself, as it has always been hateful to you. But I have one protection, and it is a strong one; for you would not willingly hear me detail before gentlemen, and men of honour, the singular circumstance in which our connexion took its rise. As to the rest, I rejoice at its conclusion; and, as I think that Mr. Mareschal and some other gentlemen will guarantee the safety of my ears and of my throat, (for which last I have more reason to be apprehensive) during the course of the night, I shall not leave your castle till to-morrow morning.'

'Be it so, sir,' replied Vere; 'you are entirely safe from my resentment, because you are beneath it; and not because I am afraid of your disclosing any family secrets, although, for your own sake, I warn you to beware how you do so. Your agency and intermediation can be of little consequence to one who will win or lose all, as lawful right or unjust usurpation shall succeed in the struggle that is about to ensue. Fare well, sir.'

Ratcliffe cast upon him a look, which Vere seemed to sustain with difficulty; and bowing to those around him, arose and left the room.

This conversation made an impression on many of the company, which Ellieslaw hastened to dispel, by entering upon the business of the day. Their first deliberations went to organize an immediate insurrection. Ellieslaw, Mareschal, and sir Frederick Lindsley, were chosen leaders, with powers to direct farther measures. A place of rendezvous was appointed, at which all agreed to meet early on the ensuing day, with such followers and friends to

as each could collect around him. Several of the guests retired to make the necessary preparations; and Ellieslaw made a formal apology to the others, who with Westburnflat and the old smuggler, continued to ply the bottle stanchly, for leaving the head of the table, as he must necessarily hold a separate and sober conference with the coadjutors whom they had associated with him in the command. The apology was the more readily accepted, as he prayed them, at the same time, to continue to amuse themselves with such refreshments as the cellars of the castle afforded. Shouts of applause followed their retreat; and the names of Vere, Langely, and above all, of Mareschal, were thundered forth in chorus, and bathed with copious bumpers repeatedly, during the remainder of the evening.

When the principal conspirators had retired into a separate apartment, they gazed on each other for a minute with a sort of embarrassment, which, in sir Frederick's dark features, amounted to an expression of discontented sullenness. Mareschal was the first to break the pause, saying with a loud burst of laughter,—'Well! we are fairly embarked now, gentlemen—*vogue la galere!*'

'We may thank you for the plunge,' said Ellieslaw.

'Yes; but I don't know how far you will thank me,' answered Mareschal, 'when I show you this letter, which I received just before we sat down. My servant told me it was delivered by a man he had never seen before, who went off at the gallop, after charging him to put it into my own hand.'

Ellieslaw impatiently opened the letter, and read aloud.

Hond. Sir, Edinburgh,

Having obligations to your family, which shall b
nameless, and learning that you are one of the compa

of adventurers doing business for the house of James and Company, late merchants in London, now at Dunkirk, I think it right to send you this early and private information, that the vessels you expected have been driven off the coast, without having been able to break bulk, or to land any part of their cargo; and that the west-country partners have resolved to withdraw their name from the firm, as it must prove a losing concern. Having good hope you will avail yourself of this early information, to do what is needful for your own security, I rest your humble servant.

NIHIL NAMELESS.

For RALPH MARESCHAL, *of Mareschal-Wells*
—These, with care and speed.

Sir Frederick's jaw dropped and his countenance blackened as the letter was read, and Ellieslaw exclaimed, 'Why, this affects the very main-spring of our enterprise. If the French fleet, with the king on board, has been chased off by the English, as this d—d scrawl seems to intimate, where are we?'

'Just where we were this morning, I think,' said Mareschal, still laughing.

'Pardon me, and a truce to your illtimed mirth, Mr. Mareschal; this morning we were not committed publicly, as we now stand committed, by your own mad act, when you had a letter in your pocket apprizing you that our undertaking was desperate.

'Aye, aye, I expected you would say so. But in the first place, my friend Nihil Nameless and his letter may be all a flam; and moreover, I would have you know I am tired of a party that does nothing but form bold resolutions over night, and sleep them away with their wine before morning. The government are now unprovided of men and ammunition; in a few weeks they will have enough of both; the country is now in

a flame against them; in a few weeks, betwixt the effects of self-interest, of fear, and of lukewarm indifference, which are already so visible, this first fervour will be as cold as Christmas. So, as I was determined to go the vole, I have taken care you shall dip as deep as I; it signifies nothing plunging. You are fairly in the bog, and must struggle through.'

'You are mistaken with respect to one of us, Mr. Mareschal,' said sir Frederick Langley, and applying himself to the bell, desired the attendant who entered to order his servants and horses instantly.

'You must not leave us, sir Frederick?' said Ellieslaw; 'we have our musters to go over.'

'I will go to-night, Mr. Vere,' said sir Frederick, 'and write you my intentions in this matter when I am at home.'

'Ay,' said Mareschal, 'and send them by a troop of horse from Carlisle to make us prisoners. Look ye, sir Frederick, I for one will neither be deserted nor betrayed; and if you leave Ellieslaw-Castle to-night, it shall be by passing over my dead body.'

'For shame! Mareschal,' said Mr. Vere, 'how can you so hastily misinterpret our friend's intentions? I am sure sir Frederick can only be jesting with us; for, were he not too honourable to dream of deserting the cause, he cannot but remember the full proofs we have of his accession to it, and his eager activity in advancing it. He cannot but be conscious, besides, that the first information will be readily received by government, and that if the question be, which can first lodge intelligence of the affair, we can easily save a few hours on him.'

'You should say you, and not we, when you talk of priorities in such a race of treachery; for my part, I won't enter my horse for such a plate,' said Mareschal and added, betwixt his teeth, 'a pretty pair of fellow to trust a man's neck with!'

'I am not to be intimidated from doing what I think proper,' said sir Frederick Langley; 'and my first step shall be to leave Ellieslaw. I have no reason to keep faith with one, looking at Vere, who has kept none with me.'

'In what respect?' said Ellieslaw, silencing, with a motion of his hand, his impetuous kinsman, 'how have I disappointed you, sir Frederick.'

'In the nearest and most tender point; you have trified with me concerning our proposed alliance, which you well knew was the gage of our political undertaking. This carrying off and this bringing back of miss Vere, the cold reception I have met with from her, and the excuses with which you cover it, I believe to be mere evasions, that you may yourself retain possession of the estates which are her's by right, and make me, in the meanwhile, a tool in your desperate enterprise, by holding out hopes and expectations which you are resolved never to realize.'

'Sir Frederick, I protest by all that is sacred——

'I will listen to no protestations; I have been cheated with them too long,' answered sir Frederick.

'If you leave us,' said Ellieslaw, 'you cannot but know both your ruin and ours is certain; all depends on our adhering together.'

'Leave me to take care of myself,' returned the knight; 'but were what you say true, I would rather perish than be fooled any farther.'

'Can nothing—no surety convince you of my sincerity?' said Ellieslaw, anxiously; 'this morning I should have repelled your unjust suspicions as an insult, but situated as we now are'——

'You feel yourself compelled to be sincere,' retorted sir Frederick. 'If you would have me think so, there is but one way to convince me of it, let your daughter bestow her hand on me this evening.'

'So soon?—impossible,' answered Vere, 'think of her late alarm—of our present undertaking.'

'I will listen to nothing but to her consent, plighted at the altar—You have a chapel in the castle—Doctor Hobbler is present among the company—this proof of your good faith to-night, and we are again joined in heart and hand. If you refuse me when it is so much for your advantage to consent, how shall I trust you to-morrow, when I shall stand committed in your undertaking, and unable to retract?

'And am I to understand, that, if you can be made my son-in-law to-night, our friendship is renewed?' said Ellieslaw.

'Most infallibly, and most inviolably,' replied sir Frederick.

'Then,' said Vere, 'though what you ask is premature, indelicate, and unjust towards my character, yet, sir Frederick, give me your hand—my daughter shall be your wife.'

'This night?'

'This very night,' replied Ellieslaw, 'before the clock strikes twelve.'

'With her own consent, I trust,' said Mareschal, 'for I promise you both, gentlemen, I will not stand tamely by, and see any violence put on the will of my pretty kinswoman.'

'Another pest in this hot headed fellow,' muttered Ellieslaw; and then aloud, 'With her own consent! For what do you take me, Mareschal, that you should suppose your interference necessary to protect my daughter against her father? Depend upon it, she has no repugnance to sir Frederick Langley.'

'Or rather to be called lady Langley? faith, like enough there are many women might be of her mind and I beg your pardon, but these sudden demar and concessions alarmed me a little on her accou

'It is only the suddenness of the proposal that embarrasses me,' said Ellie law; 'but perhaps if she is found intractable, sir Frederick will consider'——

'I will consider nothing, Mr Vere—your daughter's hand to-night, or I depart, were it at midnight; there is my ultimatum.'

'I embrace it,' said Ellieslaw; 'and I will leave you to take upon our military preparations, while I go to prepare my daughter for so sudden a change of condition.'

So saying, he left the company.

CHAPTER XV.

He brings Earl Osmond to receive my vows.
O dreadful charge! for Tancred, haughty Osmond.
TANCRED AND SIGISMUND.

MR. VERE, whom long practice of dissimulation had enabled to model his very gait and footsteps to aid the purpose of deception, walked along the stone passage, and up the first flight of steps towards miss Vere's apartment, with the alert, firm, and steady pace of one, who is bound, indeed upon important business, but who entertains no doubt he can terminate his affairs satisfactorily. But when out of hearing of the gentlemen whom he had left, his step became so slow and irresolute, as to correspond with his doubts and his fears. At length he paused in an antichamber to collect his ideas, and form his plan of argument before approaching his daughter.

'In what more hopeless and inextricable dilemma was ever an unfortunate man involved?' Such was the tenor of his reflections. 'If we now fall to pieces

by disunion, there can be little doubt that the government will take my life as the prime agitator of the insurrection. Or, grant I could stoop to save myself by a hasty submission, am I not, even in that case, utterly ruined? I have broken irreconcileably with Radcliffe, and can have nothing to expect from that quarter but insult and persecution. I must wander forth an impoverished and dishonoured man without even the means of sustaining life, far less wealth sufficient to counterbalance the infamy which my countrymen, both those whom I desert and those whom I join, will attach to the name of the political renegade. It is not to be thought of. And yet, what choice remains between this lot and the ignominious scaffold? Nothing can save me but reconciliation with these men; and, to accomplish this, I have promised to Langley that Isabella shall marry him ere midnight, and, to Mareschal that she shall do so without compulsion. I have but one remedy between me and ruin—her consent to take a suitor whom she dislikes, upon such short notice as would disgust her, even were he a favoured lover—But I must trust to the romantic generosity of her disposition; and let me paint the necessity of her obedience ever so strongly, I cannot overcharge its reality.

Having finished this sad chain of reflections upon his perilous condition, he entered his daughter's apartment, with every nerve bent up to the support of the argument which he was about to sustain. Though a deceitful and ambitious man, he was not so devoid of natural affection but that he was shocked at the part he was about to act, in practising on the feelings of a dutiful and affectionate child; but the recollection, that if he succeeded, his daughter would only be trepanned into an advantageous match, and that, if he failed, he himself was a lost man, were quite sufficient to drown all scruples.

He found miss Vere seated by the window of her dressing-room, her head reclining on her hand, and either sunk in slumber, or so deeply engaged in meditation, that she did not hear the noise he made at his entrance. He approached with his features composed to a deep expression of sorrow and sympathy, and, sitting down beside her, solicited her attention by quietly taking her hand, a motion which he did not fail to accompany with a deep sigh.

'My father!' said Isabella, with a sort of start, which expressed at least as much fear, as joy or affection.

'Yes, Isabella,' said Vere, 'your unhappy father, who comes now as a penitent to crave forgiveness of his daughter for an injury done to her in the excess of his affection, and then to take leave of her for ever.'

'Sir? Offence to me? Take leave for ever? What does all this mean?' said miss Vere.

'Yes, Isabella, I am serious. But first let me ask you, have you no suspicion that I may have been privy to the strange chance which befel you yesterday morning?'

'You, sir?' answered Isabella, stammering between a consciousness that he had guessed her thoughts justly, and the shame as well as fear which forbade her to acknowledge a suspicion so degrading and so unnatural.

'Yes!' he continued, 'your hesitation confesses that you entertained such an opinion, and I have now the painful task of confessing that your suspicions have done me no injustice. But listen to my motives. In an evil hour I countenanced the addresses of sir Frederick Langley, conceiving it impossible that you could have any permanent objections to a match where the advantages were, in most respects, on your side. In a worse, I entered with him into measures

calculated to restore our banished monarch, and the independence of my country. He has taken advantage of my unguarded confidence, and now has my life at his disposal.'

'Your life, sir?' said Isabella faintly.

'Yes, Isabella, the life of him who gave life to you. So soon as I foresaw the excesses into which his headlong passion (for, to do him justice, I believe his unreasonable conduct arises from excess of attachment to you) was like to hurry him, I endeavoured, by finding a plausible pretext for your absence for some weeks, to extricate myself from the dilemma in which I am placed. For this purpose I wished, in case your objections to the match continued insurmountable, to have sent you privately for a few months to the convent of your maternal aunt at Paris. By a series of mistakes you have been brought from the place of secrecy and security, which I had destined for your temporary abode. Fate has baffled my last chance of escape, and I have only to give you my blessing, and send you from the castle with Mr. Radcliffe, who now leaves it—my own fate will soon be decided.'

'Good Heaven, sir! can this be possible?' exclaimed Isabella. 'O, why was I freed from the restraint in which you placed me? or why did you not impart your pleasure to me?'

'Think an instant, Isabella. Would you have had me prejudice in your opinion the friend I was most desirous of serving, by communicating to you the injurious eagerness with which he pursued his object? Could I do so honourably, having promised to assist his suit?—But it is all over. I and Mareschal have made up our minds to die like men; it only remains to send you from hence under a safe escort.'

'Great powers! and is there no remedy?'

'None, my child,' answered Vere, gently, 'unle

one which you would not advise your father to adopt —to be the first to betray his friends.'

'O, no! no!' she answered abhorrently, yet hastily, as if to reject the temptation which the alternative presented to her.

'But is there no other hope—through flight—through meditation, through supplication? I will bend my knee to sir Frederick!'

'It would be fruitless degradation; he is determined on his course, and I am equally resolved to stand the hazard of my fate. On one condition only he will turn aside from his purpose, and that condition my lips shall never utter to you.'

'Name it, I conjure you, my dear father! What can he ask that we ought not to grant, to prevent the hedious catastrophe with which you are threatened?'

'That, Isabella,' said Vere, solemnly, 'you shall never know until your father's head has rolled on the bloody scaffold; then indeed you will learn there was one sacrifice by which he might have been saved.'

'And why not speak it now? Do you fear I would flinch from the sacrifice of fortune for your preservation? or would you bequeath me the bitter legacy of live-long remorse so oft as I shall think that you perished, while there remained one mode of preventing the dreadful misfortune that overhangs you?'

'Then, my child,' said Vere, 'since you press me to name what I would a thousand times rather leave in silence, I must inform you that he will accept for ransom nothing but your hand in marriage, and that conferred before midnight this very evening!'

'This evening, sir?—and to such a man!—a man?—a monster, who could wish to win the daughter by threatening the life of the father—it is impossible!'

'You say right, my child,' answered her father, 'it is indeed impossible; nor have I either the right or the

wish to exact such a sacrifice—It is the course of nature that the old should die and be forgot, and the young should live and be happy.'

'My father die, and his child can save him!—but no—no—my dear father, pardon me, it is impossible; you only wish to guide me to your wishes. I know your object is what you think my happiness, and this dreadful tale is only told to influence my conduct and subdue my scruples.'

'My daughter,' replied Ellieslaw, in a tone where offended authority seemed to struggle with parental affection, 'my child suspects me of inventing a false tale to work upon her feelings! Even this I must bear, and even from this unworthy suspicion I must descend to vindicate myself. You know the stainless honour of your cousin Mareschal—mark what I shall write to him, and judge from his answer, if the danger in which we stand is not real, and whether I have not used every means to avert it.'

He sate down, wrote a few lines hastily, and handed them to Isabella, who, after repeated and painful efforts, cleared her eyes and head sufficient to discern their purport.

'Dear cousin,' said the billet, 'I find my daughter, as I expected, in despair at the untimely and premature urgency of Sir Frederick Langley. She cannot even comprehend the peril in which we stand, or how much we are in his power—Use your influence with him, for heaven's sake, to modify proposals to the acceptance of which I cannot, and will not, urge my child against all her own feelings, as well as those of delicacy and propriety, and oblige your loving cousin,—R. V.'

In the agitation of the moment, when her swimming eyes and dizzy brain could hardly comprehend the sense of what she looked upon, it is not surprising that miss Vere should have omitted to remark that this lette

eemed to rest her scruples rather upon the form and ime of the proposed union, that on a rooted dislike to he suitor proposed to her. Mr. Vere rang the bell, nd gave the letter to a servant to be delivered to Mr. Mareschal, and, rising from his chair, continued to traverse the apartment in silence and in great agitation, until the answer was returned. He glanced it over, and wrung the hand of his daughter as he gave it to her. The tenor was as follows:—

'My dear kinsman, I have already urged the knight on the point you mention, and I find him as fixed as Cheviot. I am truly sorry my fair cousin should be pressed to give up any of her maidenly rights. Sir Frederick consents, however, to leave the castle with me, the instant the ceremony is performed, and we will raise our followers and begin the fray. Thus there is great hope the bridegroom may be knocked on the head before he and the bride can meet again, so Bell has a fair chance to be lady Langley *a tres bon marche*. For the rest, I can only say, that if she can make up her mind to the alliance at all—it is no time for mere maiden ceremony—my pretty cousin must needs consent to marry in haste, or we shall all repent at leisure, or rather have very little leisure to repent, which is all present from him who rests your affectionate kinsman R. M.'

'P. S. Tell Isabella that I would rather cut the knight's throat after all, and end the dilemma the way, than see her constrained to marry him against her will.'

When Isabella had read this letter, it dropped from her hand, and she would, at the same time, have fallen *from her chair*, had she not been supported by her *father*.

'*My God, my* child will die!' exclaimed Vere, *feelings of nature* overcoming, even in his bre

sentiments of selfish policy; 'look up, Isabella—loc
up, my child—come what will, you shall not be the s
crifice—I will fall myself with the consciousness I lea
you happy—My child may weep on my grave, but sl
shall not—not in this instance—reproach my memory
He called a servant.—'Go, bid Ratcliffe come hith
directly.'

During this interval, miss Vere became deadly pal
clenched her hands, pressing the palms strongly tog
ther, closed her eyes, and drew her lips with stro
compression, as if the severe constraint which she p
upon her external feelings extended even to her musc
lar organization.—Then raising her head, and drawi
in her breath strongly ere she spoke, she said, wi
firmness,—'Father, I consent to the marriage.'

'You shall not—you shall not, my child—my de
child—you shall not embrace certain misery to free n
from uncertain danger.'

So exclaimed Ellieslaw; and, strange and inconsis
ent beings that we are! he expressed the real thoug
momentary feelings of his heart.

'Father,' repeated Isabella, 'I will consent to th
marriage.'

'No, my child, no, not now at least; we will humb
ourselves to obtain delay from him; and yet, Isabell
could you overcome a dislike which has no real found
tion, think, in other respects, what a match, wealt
rank, importance.'

'Father!' reiterated Isabella, 'I have consented.

It seemed as if she had lost the power of saying ar
thing else, or even of varying the phrase which, wi
such effort, she had compelled herself to utter.

'Heaven bless thee, my child!—Heaven bless the
And it will bless thee with riches, with pleasures,
power.'

Miss Vere faintly entreated to be left by herself for the rest of the evening.

'But will you not receive sir Frederick?' said her father anxiously.

'I will meet him,' she replied, 'I will meet him, when I must, and where I must, but spare me now.'

'Be it so, my dearest; you shall know no restraint that I can save you from. Do not think too hardly of sir Frederick for this, it is an excess of passion.'

Isabella waved her hand impatiently.

'Forgive me, my child; I go, Heaven bless thee: At eleven, if ye call me not before, at eleven I come to seek you.'

When he left Isabella, she dropped upon her knees —'Heaven aid me to support the resolution I have taken; Heaven only can. O, poor Earnscliff! who shall comfort him? and with what contempt he will pronounce her name who listened to him to-day;-and gave herself to another at night. But let him despise me; better so than he should know the truth. Let him despise me; if it will but lessen his grief I should feel comfort in the loss of his esteem.

She wept bitterly; attempting in vain from time to time to commence the prayer for which she had sunk on her knees, but unable to calm her spirits sufficiently for the exercise of devotion. As she remained in this agony of mind, the door of her apartment was slowly opened.

CHAPTER XVI.

The darksome cave they enter, where they found
The woful man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.

FAERY QUEEN.

THE intruder on miss Vere's sorrows was Ratcliffe. Ellieslaw had, in the agitation of his mind, forgotten to countermand the order he had given to call him thither, so that he opened the door with the words, 'You sent for me, Mr. Vere.' Then looking around—'Miss Vere, alone! on the ground! and in tears!'

'Leave me—leave me, Mr. Ratcliffe,' said the unhappy young lady.

'I must not leave you,' said Ratcliffe; 'I have been repeatedly requesting admittance to take my leave of you, and have been refused, until your father himself sent for me. Blame me not, if I am bold and intrusive; I have a duty to discharge which makes me so.'

'I cannot listen to you, I cannot speak to you, Mr. Ratcliffe; take my best wishes, and, for God's sake, leave me.'

'Tell me only, is it true that this monstrous match is to go forward, and this very night? I heard the servants proclaim it as I was on the great stair-case; I heard the directions to clear out the chapel.'

'Spare me, Mr. Ratcliffe; and, from the state in which you see me, judge of the cruelty of these questions'

'Married? to sir Frederick Langley? and this night? it must not, cannot, shall not be'

'It *must be, Mr.* Ratcliffe, or my father is ruined.'

'*Ah! I understand,*' answered Ratcliffe; '*and you have sacrificed yourself* to save him who—but let the *virtue of the child* atone for his faults. What can

done? Time presses; I know but one remedy; ' four-and-twenty hours I might find many. Miss V you must implore the protection of the only human ing who has it in his power to control the cours events which threatens to hurry you before it.'

'And what human being,' answered miss V 'has such power?'

'Stare not when I name him,' said Ratcliffe, coı near her, and speaking in a low but distinct voice. is he who is called Elshender the Recluse of Muc stane-Moor.'

'You are mad, Mr. Ratcliffe, or you mean to ir my misery by an ill-timed jest!'

'I am as much in my senses, young lady, as you ; and I am no idle jester, far less with misery, leas all, with your misery. I swear to you that this b (who is other far than what he seems) actually sesses the means of redeeming you from this hal union.'

'And of insuring my father's safety?'

'Yes! even that,' said Ratcliffe, 'if you plead cause with him—yet how to obtain admittance?'

'Fear not that,' said miss Vere, suddenly recol ing the incident of the rose, 'I remember he des me to call upon him for aid in my extremity, and g me this flower as a token. Ere it faded away entir I would need, he said, his assistance; is it poss his words can have been aught but the ravings of sanity?'

'Doubt it not—fear it not—but above all,' said l cliffe, 'let us lose no time—Are you at liberty and watched?'

'*I believe so,*' said Isabella; '*but what would have me do?*'

'*Leave the castle* instantly, and throw yours *the feet of this extraordinary* man, who in circums

that seem to argue the extremity of the most contemptible poverty, possesses yet an almost absolute influence over your fate. Guests and servants are deep in their carouse—the leaders sitting in conclave on their treasonable scheme—my horse stands ready in the stable—I will saddle one for you, and meet you at the little garden gate—O, let no doubt of my prudence or fidelity prevent your taking the only step in your power to escape the dreadful fate which must attend the wife of sir Frederick Langley.'

'Mr. Ratcliffe,' said miss Vere, 'you have always been esteemed a man of honour and probity, and a drowning wretch will always catch at the feeblest twig—I will trust you—I will follow your advice—I will meet you at the garden gate.'

She bolted the outer door of her apartment as soon as Mr. Ratcliffe left her, and descended to the garden by a separate stair of communication, which opened to her dressing room. On the way she felt inclined to retract the consent she had so hastily given to a plan so hopeless and extravagant. But as she passed in her descent a private door, which entered into the chapel from the back-stair, she heard the voice of the female servants as they were employed in the task of cleaning it.

'Married! and to sae bad a man—Ewhow, sirs! ony thing rather than that.'

'They are right—they are right,' said miss Vere, 'any thing rather than that.'

She hurried to the garden. Mr. Ratcliffe was true to his appointment—the horses stood saddled at the garden gate, and in a few minutes they were advancing rapidly toward the hut of the Solitary.

While the ground was favourable, the speed of their journey was such as to prevent much communication but when a steep ascent compelled them to slack

their pace, a new cause of apprehension occurred to miss Vere's mind.

'Mr. Ratcliffe,' she said, pulling up her horse's bridle, 'let us prosecute no farther a journey, which nothing but the extreme agitation of my mind can vindicate my having undertaken—I am well aware that this man passes among the vulgar as being possessed of supernatural powers, and carrying on an intercourse with beings of another world; but I would have you aware I am neither to be imposed on by such follies, nor, were I to believe in their existence, durst I, with my feelings of religion, apply to this being in my distress.'

'I should have thought, miss Vere,' replied Ratcliffe, 'my character and habits of thinking were so well known to you, that you might have held me exculpated from crediting in such absurdity.'

'But in what other mode can a being so miserable himself in appearance possess the power of assisting me?'

'Miss Vere,' said Ratcliffe, after a momentary pause, 'I am bound by a solemn oath of secrecy—You must without farther explanation, be satisfied with my solemn assurance, that he does possess the power, if you can inspire him with the will; and that I doubt not.'

'Mr Ratcliffe,' said miss Vere, 'you may yourself be mistaken; you ask an unlimited degree of confidence from me.'

'Recollect, miss Vere,' he replied; 'that when, in your humanity, you asked me to interfere with your father in favour of Haswell and his ruined family—when you requested me to prevail on him to do a thing most abhorrent to his nature—to forgive an injury and remit a penalty—I stipulated that you should ask me no questions concerning the sources of my influence—You found no reason to distrust me then; do not distrust me now.'

'But the extraordinary mode of life of this man' said miss Vere; 'his seclusion—his figure—the deep ness of misanthropy, which he is said to express in his language—Mr Ratcliffe, what can I think of him if he really possesses the powers you ascribe to him?'

'This man, young lady, was bred a catholic, a sect which affords a thousand instances of those who have retired from power and affluence to voluntary privations, more strict even than his.'

'But he avows no religious motive.'

'No,' replied Ratcliffe; 'disgust with the world has operated his retreat from it without assuming the veil of superstition. Thus far I may tell you—He was born to great wealth, which his parents designed should become greater by his union with a kinswoman, whom for that purpose they bred up in their own house —You have seen his figure; judge what the young lady must have thought of the lot to which she was destined—Yet, habituated to his appearance, she showed no reluctance, and the friends of——of the person whom I speak of, doubted not that the excess of his attachment, the various acquisitions of his mind, his many and amiable qualities, had overcome the natural horror which his destined bride must have entertained at an exterior so dreadfully inauspicious.'

'And did they judge truly?'

'You shall hear. He at least was fully aware of his own deficiency; the sense of it haunted him like a phantom. 'I am,' was his own expression to me,—I mean to a man whom he trusted, 'I am, in spite of what you would say, a poor miserable outcast, fitter to have been smothered in the cradle, than to have been brought up to scare the world in which I crawl.' The person whom he addressed, in vain endeavoured to impress him with the indifference to external form is the natural result of philosophy, or intr

him to recal the superiority of mental talents to more attractive attributes that are merely perso
'I hear you,' he would reply; 'but you speak voice of cold blooded Stoicism, or. at least, of frien partiality. But look at every book which we h read, those excepted of that abstract philosophy wh feels no responsive voice in our natural feelings. not personal form, such as at least can be tolera without horror and disgust, always represented sential to our ideas of a friend, far more not such a mutilated monster as I am, excluded, the very fiat of nature, from her fairest enjo What but my wealth procures all—perhaps e Letitia, or you, from [illegible] me as something f eign to your nat[illegible] more odious, by bearing t distorted resemblance to humanity, which we obse in the animal tribes that are more hateful to man cause they seem his caricature?'

'You repeat the sentiments of a madman,' s miss Vere.

'No,' replied her conductor, 'unless a morbid excessive sensibility on such a subject can be tern insanity. Yet I will not deny that this governing f ing and apprehension carried the person who en tained it, to lengths which indicated a deranged im nation. He appeared to think that it was necessary him, by exuberant, and not always well chosen ins ces of liberality, and even profusion, to unite him to the human race, from which he conceived him naturally dissevered. The benefits which he best ed, from a disposition naturally philanthropical in uncommon degree, were exaggerated by the influe of the goading reflection, that more was necessary fr him than from others, as if it were to reconcile m kind to receive him into their class. It is scarcel essary to say that, the bounty which flowed f

source so capricious was often abused; and his confidence frequently betrayed. These disappointments which occur to all, more or less, and most to such as confer benefits without just discrimination, his diseased fancy set down to the hatred and contempt excited by his personal deformity. But I fatigue you, miss Vere.'

'No; by no means; I—I could not prevent my attention from wandering an instant; pray proceed.'

'He became at length,' continued Ratcliffe, 'the most ingenious self-tormentor of whom I have ever heard; the scoff of the rabble, and the sneer of the yet more brutal vulgar of his own rank, was to him agony and breaking on the wheel. He regarded the laugh of the common people whom he passed on the street, and the suppressed titter, or yet more offensive terror, of the girl to whom he was introduced in company, as proofs of the true sense which the world entertained of him, as a prodigy unfit to be received among them on the usual terms of society, and as vindicating the wisdom of his purpose in withdrawing himself from among them. On the faith and sincerity of two persons alone, he seemed to rely implicitly—on that of his betrothed bride, and of a friend eminently gifted in personal accomplishments, who seemed, and indeed was probably, sincerely attached to him. He ought to have been so, at least, for he was literally loaded with benefits by him whom you are now about to see. The parents of the subject of my story died within a short space of each other. Their death postponed the marriage, for which the day had been fixed. The lady did not seem greatly to mourn this delay; perhaps that was not to have been expected; but she intimated no change of intention, when, after a decent interval, a second day was named for their union. The friend of whom I spoke was then a constant resident at th hall. In an evil hour, at the earnest request and

treaty of this friend, they joined a general party, where men of different political opinions were mingled; and where they drank deep. A quarrel ensued; the friend drew his sword with others, and was thrown down and disarmed, by a more powerful antagonist. They fell in the struggle at the feet of the Recluse, who, maimed and truncated as his form appears, possesses, nevertheless, great strength, as well as strong passions. He caught up a sword, pierced the heart of his friend's antagonist, was tried, and his life, with difficulty, redeemed from justice, at the expense of a year's close imprisonment, the punishment of manslaughter. The incident affected him most deeply, the more that the deceased was a man of excellent character, and had sustained gross insult and injury ere he drew his sword. I think, from that moment, I observed—I beg pardon. The fits of morbid sensibility which had tormented this unfortunate gentleman, were rendered henceforth more acute by remorse, which he, of all men, was least capable of having incurred, or of restraining, when it became his unhappy lot. His paroxysms of agony could not be concealed from the lady to whom he was betrothed; and it must be confessed they were of an alarming and fearful nature. He comforted himself, that, at the expiry of his imprisonment, he could form with his wife and friend a society, encircled by which he might dispense with more extensive communication with the world. He was deceived; before that term elapsed, his friend and his betrothed bride were man and wife. The effects of a shock so dreadful on an ardent temperament, a disposition already soured by bitter remorse, and loosened by the indulgence of a gloomy imagination from the rest of mankind, I cannot describe to you; it was as if the last cable at which the vessel rode had suddenly parted, and left her abandoned to all the wild fury of the tem-

pest. He was placed under restraint. As a temporary measure this might have been justifiable; but his hard hearted friend, who, in consequence of his marriage, was now his nearest ally, prolonged his confinement, in order to enjoy the management of his immense estates. There was one who owed his all to the sufferer, an humble friend, but grateful and faithful. By unceasing exertion, and repeated invocation of justice, he at length succeeded in obtaining his patron's freedom, and re-instatement in the management of his own property, to which was soon added that of his intended bride, who having died without male issue, her estates reverted to him, as heir of entail. But freedom and wealth were unable to restore the equipoise of his mind; the first he despised, the last only served him as far as it afforded him the means of indulging his strange and wayward fancy. He had renounced the catholic religion, but perhaps some of its doctrines continued to influence his mind, over which remorse and misanthropy now assumed, in appearance, and unbounded authority. His life has since been that alternately of a pilgrim and a hermit, suffering the most severe privations, not indeed in ascetic devotion, but in abhorrence of mankind. Yet no man's words and actions have been at such a wide difference, nor has any hypocritical wretch ever been more ingenious in assigning good motives for his vile actions, than this unfortunate in reconciling to his abstract principles of misanthropy, a conduct which flows from his natural generosity and kindness of feeling.'

'Still, Mr. Ratcliffe—still you describe the inconsistencies of a madman.'

'By no means,' replied Ratcliffe; 'that the imagination of this gentleman is disordered, I will not pretend to dispute; I have already told you that it has sometimes broken out into paroxysms approaching to r

mental alienation. But it is of his common state of mind which I speak; it is irregular, but not deranged; the shades are as gradual as those that divide the light of noon-day from midnight. The courtier who ruins his fortune for the attainment of a title which can do him no good, or power of which he can make no suitable or creditable use; the miser who hoards his useless wealth, and the prodigal who squanders it; are all marked with a certain shade of insanity. To criminals who are guilty of enormities, when the temptation to a sober mind bears no proportion to the horror of the act, or the probability of detection and punishment, the same observation applies; and all violent passions, as well as anger, may be termed a short madness.'

'This may be all good philosophy, Mr. Ratcliffe,' answered miss Vere; 'but, excuse me, it by no means emboldens me to visit, at this late hour, a person whose extravagance of imagination you yourself can only palliate.'

'Rather then,' said Ratcliffe, 'receive my solemn assurances that you do not incur the slightest danger. But what I have been hitherto afraid to mention for fear of alarming you, is, that now when we are within sight of his retreat, for I can discover it through the twilight, I must go no farther with you; you must proceed alone.'

'Alone?—I dare not.'

'You must,' continued Ratcliffe; 'I will remai here and wait for you.'

'You will not then stir from this place,' said mi Vere; yet the distance is so great, you could n hear me were I to cry for assistance.'

'*Fear nothing*,' said her guide; 'or observe, at lea *the utmost caution* in stifling every expression of *idity*. *Remember* that his predominant and *harassing apprehension* arises from a conscio

of the hideousness of his appearance. Your path lies straight beside yon half fallen willow; keep the left side of it; the marsh lies on the right. Farewell for a time. Remember the evil you are threatened with, and let it overcome at once your fears and scruples.'

'Mr. Ratcliff,' said Isabella, 'farewell; if you have deceived one so unfortunate as myself, you have forfeited the fair character for probity and honour which I have trusted.'

'On my life—on my soul,' continued Ratcliffe, raising his voice as the distance between them increased, 'you are safe—perfectly safe.'

CHAPTER XVII.

———'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him—Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

The sounds of Ratcliffe's voice had died on Isabella's ear; but as she frequently looked back, it was some encouragement to her to discern his form now darkening in the gloom. Ere, however, she went much farther, she lost the object in the increasing shade. The last glimmer of the twilight placed her before the hut of the Solitary. She twice extended her hand to the door, and twice she withdrew; and when she did at length make the effort, the knock did not equal in violence the throb of her own bosom. Her next effort was louder; her third was reiterated, for the fear of not obtaining the protection from which Ratcliffe promised so much, began to overpower the terrors of his presence from whom she was to request it. At length, as she still received no answer, s

atedly called upon the Dwarf by his assumed e, and requested him to answer and open to her. What miserable being is reduced,' said the appal- r voice of the Solitary, 'to seek refuge here? Go nce; when the heath-fowl need shelter, they seek not in the nest of the night-raven.'

'I come to your father, said Isabella, 'in my hour of dversity, even as you yourself commanded, when you romised your heart and your door should be opened o my distress; but I fear'——

'Ha!' said the Solitary, then thou art Isabella Vere; give me a token that thou art she.'

'I have brought you back the rose which you gave me; it has not had time to fade ere the hard fate you foretold has come upon me!'

'And if thou hast thus redeemed thy pledge,' said the Dwarf, I will not forfeit mine. The heart and the door that are shut against every other earthly being *shall* be open to thee and to thy sorrows.'

She heard him move in his hut, and presently afterwards strike a light. One by one, bolt and bar were then withdrawn; the heart of Isabella throbbing higher as these obstacles to their meeting were successively removed. The door opened, and the Solitary stood before her; his uncouth form and features illuminated by the iron lamp which he held in his hand.

'Enter, daughter of affliction,' he said,—'enter the house of misery.'

She entered, and with a precaution which increased her trepidation. The Recluse's first act, after setting the lamp upon the table, was to replace the numerous bolts which secured the door of his hut. She shrunk as she heard the noise which accompanied this ominous operation, yet remembered Rate caution and endeavoured to suppress all appe of apprehension. The light of the lamp w

and uncertain; but the Recluse, without taking immediate notice of Isabella, otherwise than motioning her to sit down on a small settle beside the fireplace, made haste to kindle some dry furze which presently cast a blaze through the cottage. Wooden shelves, which bore a few books, some bundles of dried herbs, and one or two cups and platters, were on one side of the fire; on the other, were placed the ordinary tools of field labour, mixed with those used by mechanics. Where the bed should have been, there was a wooden frame, strewed with withered moss and rushes, the couch of the ascetic. The whole space of the cottage did not exceed ten feet by six within walls; and its only furniture, besides what we have mentioned, were a table and two stools formed of rough deal.

Within these narrow precincts Isabella now found herself enclosed with a being whose history had nothing to reassure her, and the fearful conformation of whose hideous countenance inspired an almost superstitious terror. He occupied the seat opposite to her, and dropping his huge and shaggy eye brows over his piercing black eyes, gazed at her in silence, as if agitated by a variety of contending feelings. On the other side, sate Isabella, pale as death, her long hair uncurled by the evening damps, and falling over her shoulders and breast, as the wet streamers droop from the mast when the storm has passed away, and left the vessel stranded on the beach. The Dwarf first broke the silence with the sudden, abrupt, and alarming question,—'Woman, what evil fate has brought thee hither?'

'My father's danger, and your own command,' she replied faintly, but firmly.

'And you hope for aid from me?'

'If you can bestow it,' she replied, still in the same tone of mild submission.

'And how should I possess that power?' continued the dwarf with a bitter sneer; 'Is mine the form of a redresser of wrongs? Is this the castle in which one powerful enough to be sued to by a fair suppliant is likely to hold his residence? I but mocked thee, girl, when I said I would relieve thee.'

'Then, must I depart, and face my fate as I best may?'

'No!' said the Dwarf, rising and interposing between her and the door, and motioning to her sternly to resume her seat—'No! you leave me not in this way; we must have farther conference. Why should one being desire aid of another? Why should not each be sufficient to itself? Look round you—I, the most despised and most decrepid on Nature's common, have required sympathy and help from no one. These stones are of my own piling; these utensils I framed with my own hands; and with this,——and he laid his hand with a fierce smile on the long dagger which he always wore beneath his garment, and unsheathed it so far that the blade glimmered clear in the fire-light—'With this,' he pursued, as he thrust the weapon back into the scabbard, 'I can, if necessary, defend the vital spark enclosed in this poor trunk, against the fairest and strongest that shall threaten me with injury.'

It was with difficulty, Isabella refrained from screaming out aloud; but she *did* refrain.

'This,' continued the Recluse, 'is the life of nature, solitary, self-sufficing, and independent. The wolf calls not the wolf to aid him in forming his den; and the vulture invites not another to assist her in striking down her prey.'

'And when they are unable to procure themselves support,' said Isabella, judiciously thinking that he would be most accessible to argument, couched in his own metaphorical style, 'what then, is to befal them?'

'Let them starve, die, and be forgotten; it is the common lot of humanity.'

'It is the lot of the wild tribes of nature,' said Isabella, 'but chiefly of those who are destined to support themselves by rapine, which brooks no partner; but it is not the law of nature in general; even the lower orders have confederacies for mutual defence. But mankind—the race would perish did they cease to aid each other.—From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have right to ask it of their fellow mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.'

'And in this simple hope, poor maiden,' said the Solitary, 'thou hast come into the desert, to seek one whose wish it were that the league thou hast spoken of were broken for ever, and that in very truth, the whole race should perish! Wert you not frightened?'

'Misery,' said Isabella, firmly, 'is superior to fear.'

'Hast thou not heard it said in thy mortal world, that I have leagued myself with other powers, deformed to the eye and malevolent to the human race as myself? Hast thou not heard this? And doest thou seek my cell at midnight?'

'The Being I worship supports me against such idle fears,' said Isabella; but the increasing agitation of her bosom belied the affected courage which her words expressed.

'Ho! ho!' said the Dwarf, 'thou vauntest thyself a philosopher? Yet shouldst thou not have thought of the danger of entrusting thyself, young and beautiful, in the power of one so spited against humanity, as to place his chief pleasure in defacing, destroying, and degrading her fairest works?'

Isabella much alarmed, continued to answer, with firmness, 'Whatever injuries you may have sustained in the world, you are incapable of revenging them on one who never wronged you, nor, wilfully, any other.'

'Ay, but maiden,' he continued, his dark eyes flashing with an expression of malignity which communicated itself to his wild and distorted features, 'revenge is the hungry wolf, which asks only to tear flesh and lap blood. Think you the lamb's plea of innocence would be listened to by him?'

'Man!' said Isabella, rising and expressing herself with much dignity, 'I fear not the horrible ideas with which you would impress me I cast them from me with disdain. Be you mortal or fiend you would not offer injury to one who sought you as a suppliant in her utmost need. You would not—you durst not.'

'Thou say'st truly, maiden,' rejoined the solitary; 'I dare not, I would not. Begone to thy dwelling. Fear nothing with which they threaten thee Thou hast asked my protection; thou shalt find it effectual.'

'But, father, this very night I have consented to wed the man that I abhor, or I must put the seal to my father's ruin.'

'This night? at what hour?'

'Ere midnight.'

'And twilight,' said the Dwarf, 'has already passed away. But fear nothing, there is ample time to protect thee.'

'And my father?' continued Isabella, in a suppliant tone.

'Thy father,' replied the Dwarf, 'has been, and is, my most bitter enemy. But fear not; thy virtue shall save him. And now, begone; were I to keep the longer by me, I might again fall into the stupid dreams concerning human worth from which I have been so fearfully awakened. But fear nothing, at the very

foot of the altar I will redeem thee. Adieu, time presses, and I must act!'

He led her to the door of the hut, which he opened for her departure. She remounted her horse, which had been feeding in the outer enclosure, and pressed him forward by the light of the moon, which was now rising, to the spot where she left Ratcliffe.

'Have you succeeded?' was his first eager question.

'I have obtained promises from him to whom you sent me; but how can he possibly accomplish them?'

'Thank God!' said Ratcliffe; 'doubt not his power to fulfil his promise.'

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard to resound along the heath.

'Hark!' said Ratcliffe, 'he calls me; miss Vere return home, and leave unbolted the postern-door of the garden; to that which opens on the back-stairs I have a private key.'

A second whistle was heard yet more shrill and prolonged than the first.

'I come, I come,' said Ratcliffe; and, setting spurs to his horse, rode over the heath in the direction of the Recluse's hut. Miss Vere returned to the castle; the mettle of the animal on which she rode, and her own anxiety of mind, combining to accelerate her journey.

She obeyed Ratcliffe's directions, though without well apprehending their purpose, and leaving her horse at large in a paddock near the garden, hurried to her own apartment, which she reached without observation. She now unbolted her door, and rang her bell for lights. Her father appeared along with the servant who answered her summons.

'He had been twice,' he said, 'listening at her door during the two hours that had elapsed since he left her and, not hearing her speak, had become apprehensive that she was taken ill.'

'And now, my dear father,' she said, 'permit me to claim the promise you so kindly gave; let the last moments of freedom which I am to enjoy be mine without interruption; and protract to the last moment the respite which is allowed me.'

'I will,' said her father; 'nor shall you be again interrupted. But this disordered dress—this dishevelled hair—do not let me find you thus when I call on you again; the sacrifice to be beneficial must be voluntary.'

'Must it be so?' she replied, 'then fear not, my father, the victim shall be adorned.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

This looks not like a nuptial.
Much ado about Nothing.

The chapel in the castle of Ellieslaw, destined to be the scene of this ill-omened union, was a building of much older date than the castle itself, though that claimed considerable antiquity. Before the wars between England and Scotland had become so common and of such long duration, that the buildings along both sides of the Border were chiefly dedicated to warlike purposes, there had been a small settlement of monks at Ellieslaw, a dependency, it is believed by antiquaries, upon the rich abbey of Jedburgh. Their possessions had long passed away under the changes introduced by war and mutual ravage. A feudal castle had arisen on the ruins of their cells, and their chapel was included in its precincts.

The edifice, in its round arches and massive pillars, the simplicity of which referred their date to what has been called the Saxon architecture, presented at all

times a dark and sombre appearance, and had been frequently used as the cementery of the family of the feudal lords, as well as formerly of the monastic brethren. But it looked doubly gloomy by the glare of the few and smoky torches which were used to enlighten it upon the present occasion, and which, spreading a glare of yellow light in their immediate vicinity, were surrounded beyond by a red and purple halo reflected from their own smoke, and beyond that again by a zone of darkness which magnified the extent of the chapel, while it rendered it impossible for the eye to ascertain its limits Some injudicious ornaments, adopted in haste for the occasion, rather added to the dreariness of the scene. Old fragments of tapestry, torn from the walls of other apartments, had been hastily and partially disposed around those of the chapel, and mingled inconsistently with scutcheons and funeral emblems of the dead, which they elsewhere exhibited. On each side of the stone altar was a monument, the appearance of which formed an equally strange contrast. On the one was the figure, in stone, of some grim hermit, or monk, who had died in the odour of sanctity; he was represented as recumbent, in his cowl and scapulaire, with his face turned upward as in the act of devotion, and his hands folded, from which his string of beads were dependent. On the other side was a tomb, in the Italian taste composed of the most beautiful statuary marble, and accounted a model of modern art. It was erected to the memory of Isabella's mother, the late Mrs. Vere of Ellieslaw, who was represented as in a dying posture, while a weeping cherub, with eyes averted, seemed in the act of extinguishing a dying lamp as emblematic of her speedy dissolution. It was, indeed, a master piece of art, but misplaced in the rude vault to which it had been consigned. Many were surprised, and even scandalize

that Ellieslaw, not remarkable for attention to his lady while alive, should erect after her death such a costly mausoleum in affected sorrow; others cleared him from the imputation of hypocrisy, and averred that the monument was constructed under the direction and at the sole expense of Mr. Ratcliffe.

Before these monuments the wedding guests were assembled. They were few in number; for many had left the castle to prepare for the ensuing political explosion, and Ellieslaw was, in the circumstances of the case, far from being desirous to extend invitations farther than to those near relations whose presence the custom of the country rendered indispensable. Next to the altar stood sir Frederick Langley, dark, moody, and thoughtful, even beyond his wont, and near him, Mareschal, who was to play the part of bridesman, as it was called. The thoughtless humour of this young gentleman, on which he never deigned to place the least restraint, added to the cloud which overhung the brow of the bridegroom.

'The bride is not yet come out of her chamber,' he whispered to sir Frederick; 'I trust that we must not have recourse to the violent expedients of the Romans which I read of at college. It would be hard upon my pretty cousin to be run away with twice in two days, though I know none better worth such a violent compliment.'

Sir Frederick attempted to turn a deaf ear to this discourse, humming a tune and looking another way, but Mareschal proceeded in the same wild manner.

'This delay is hard upon Dr. Hobbler, who was disturbed to accelerate preparations for this joyful event, when he had successfully extracted the cork of his third bottle. I hope you will keep him free of the censure of his superiors, for I take it this is beyond canonical hours.—But here come Ellieslaw and my pretty

cousin—prettier than ever, I think, were it not she seems so faint and so deadly pale—Hark ye, sir knight, if she says not YES with right good will, it shall be no wedding for all that has come and gone yet.'

'No wedding, sir?' returned sir Frederick, in a loud whisper, the tone of which indicated that his angry feelings were suppressed with difficulty.

'No—no marriage,' replied Mareschal, 'there's my hand and glove on't.'

Sir Frederick Langley took his hand, and as he wrung it hard, said in a lower whisper, 'Mareschal, you shall answer this,' and then flung his hand from him.'

'That I will readily do,' said Mareschal, 'for never word escaped my lips that my hand was not ready to guarantee—So, speak up, my pretty cousin, and tell me if it be your free will and unbiased resolution to accept of this gallant knight for your lord and husband; for if you have the tenth part of a scruple upon the subject, fall back, fall edge, he shall not have you.'

'Are you mad, Mr. Mareschal?' said Ellieslaw, who, having been this young man's guardian during his minority, often employed a tone of authority to him. 'Do you suppose I would drag my daughter to the foot of the altar, were it not her own choice?'

'Tut, Ellieslaw,' retorted the young gentleman, 'never tell me of the contrary; her eyes are full of tears, and her cheeks are whiter than her white dress. I must insist, in the name of common humanity, that the ceremony be adjourned till to-morrow.'

'She shall tell you herself, thou incorrigible intermeddler in what concerns thee not, that it is her wish the ceremony should go on.—Is it not, Isabella, my dear?'

'*It is,' said* Isabella, half fainting—'since there *no help either in* God or man.'

The first word alone was distinctly audible. Mareschal shrugged up his shoulders and stepped back. Elliislaw led, or rather supported, his daughter to the altar. Sir Frederick moved forward and placed himself by her side. The clergyman opened his prayer-book, and looked to Mr. Vere for the signal to commence the service.

'Proceed,' said the latter.

But a voice, as if proceeding from the tomb of his deceased wife, called, in such loud and harsh accents as awakened every echo in the vaulted chapel, 'Forbear!'

All were mute and motionless, till a distant rustle, and the clash of swords, or something resembling it, was heard from the distant apartments. It ceased almost instantly.

'What new device is this?' said sir Frederick, fiercely, eyeing Ellieslaw and Mareschal with a glance of malignant suspicion.

'It can be but the frolic of some intemperate guest,' said Ellieslaw, though greatly confounded; 'we must make large allowances for the excess of this evening's festivity. Proceed with the service.'

Before the clergyman could obey, the same prohibition which they had before heard, was repeated from the same spot. The female attendants screamed, and fled from the chapel; the gentlemen laid their hands on their swords. Ere the first moment of surprise had passed by, the Dwarf stepped from behind the moment, and placed himself full in front of Mr. Vere. The effect of so strange and hideous an apparition in such place and circumstances, appalled all present, seemed to annihilate the laird of Ellieslaw, who, dropping his daughter's arm, staggered against the nearest pillar, and clasping it with his hands as if for support, 'd his brow against the column.

'Who is this fellow?' said sir Frederick; 'and what does he mean by this intrusion?'

'It is one who comes to tell you,' said the Dwarf, with the peculiar acrimony which usually marked his manner, 'that in marrying that young lady, you wed neither the heiress of Ellieslaw, or of Mauley-Hall; nor of Polverton, nor of one furrow of land, unless she marries with MY consent; and to thee that consent shall never be given. Down—down on thy knees, and thank Heaven that thou art prevented from wedding qualities with which thou hast no concern, portionless truth, virtue and innocence.—And thou, base ingrate,' he continued, addressing himself to Ellieslaw, 'what is thy wretched subterfuge now? Thou who wouldst sell thy daughter to relieve thee from danger, as in famine thou wouldst have slain and devoured her to preserve thy own vile life! Ay, hide thy face with thy hands; well mayst thou blush to look on him whose body thou didst consign to chains, his hands to guilt, and his soul to misery. Saved once more by the virtue of her who calls thee father, go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire, till thy brain is seared and scorched like mine.'

Ellieslaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair.

'Follow him, Hubert Ratcliffe,' said the Dwarf, 'and inform him of his destiny. He will rejoice; for to breathe air and to handle gold is to him happiness.'

'I understand nothing of all this,' said Sir Frederick Langley; 'but we are here a body of gentlemen in arms and authority for king James: and whether you really, sir, be that sir Edward Mauly, who has been so long supposed dead in confinement, or whether you be an impostor assuming his name and title, we will assume the freedom of detaining you till your appearance here, at this moment, is better accounted for;

ye will have so spies among us—Seize on him, my friends.'

But the domestics shrunk back in doubt and alarm. Sir Frederick himself stepped forward toward the Recluse, as if to lay hands on his person, when his progress was suddenly stopped by the glittering point of a partisan, which the sturdy hand of Hobbie Elliot presented against his bosom.

'I'll gar daylight shine through ye, if ye offer to steer him. Naebody shall lay a finger on Elshie; he's a canny neighbourly man, aye ready to make a friend help; and, though ye may think him a lamiter, yet, grippie for grippie, friend, I'll wad a wether he'll make the blude spin frae under your nails. He's a tough carle, Elshie! he grips like a smith's vice.'

'What has brought you here, Elliot?' said Mareschal, 'who called on you for interference?'

'Troth, Mareschal-Wells,' answered Hobbie, 'I am just come here, wi' twenty or thretty mair o' us, in my ain name and the king's—or queen's, ca' they her? and cannie Elshie's into the bargain, to keep the peace, and pay back some ill usage Ellieslaw has gi'en me. A bonnie breakfast the loons gae me the ither morning, and him at the bottom o't; and trow ye I was na ready to supper him up? Ye needna lay your hands on your swords, gentlemen, the house is ours wi' little din; for the doors were open, and there had been ower muckle punch amang your folk; we took their swords and pistols as easily as ye wad shiel peacods.'

Mareschal rushed out, and immediately re-entered the chapel.

'*By heaven!* it is true, sir Frederick; the house *filled with armed* men, and our drunken beasts are *disarmed.* Draw, and let us fight our way.'

'*Binna rash*—binna rash,' exclaimed Hobbie,

me a bit, hear me a bit. We mean ye nae harm; but, as ye are in arms for king James, as ye ca' him, and the prelates, we thought it right to keep up the auld neighbour war, and stand up for the t'other ane and the kirk; but we'll no hurt a hair o' your heads, if ye like to gang hame quietly. And it will be your best way, for there's sure news come frae Loudoun, that him they ca' Bang, or Byng, or what is't, has bang'd the French ships and the new king aff the coast however; sae, ye had best bide content wi' auld Nanse for want of a better queen.'

Ratcliffe, who at this moment entered, confirmed these accounts, so unfavourable to the Jacobite interest. Sir Frederick, almost instantly, and without taking leave of any one, left the castle, with such of his attendants as were able to follow him.

'And what will you do, Mr. Mareschal?' said Ratcliffe.

'Why, faith,' answered he, smiling, 'I hardly know; my spirit is too great, and my fortune too small, for me to follow the example of the doughty bridegroom. It is not in my nature, and it is hardly worth my while.'

'Well, then, disperse your men, and remain quiet, and this will be overlooked, as there has been no overt act.'

'Hout, aye,' said Elliot, 'just let byganes be byganes, and a' friends again; de'il ane I bear malice a but Westburnflat, and I hae gi'en him baith a het skin and a cauld ane. I hadna changed three blows of the broadsword wi' him before he lap the window into the castle-moat, and swattered through it like a wild duck. He's a clever fallow, indeed! maun kilt awa wi' ae bonnie lass in the morning, and another at night, less *wadna serve him!* but if he doesna kilt himsel out o' *the country*, I'se kilt him wi' a tow, for the Castleton *meeting's clean* blawn ower; his friends will no countenance *him.*'

During the general confusion, Isabella had thrown herself at the feet of her kinsman, sir Edward Mauley, for so we must now call the Solitary, to express at once her gratitude, and to beseech forgiveness for her father. The eyes of all began to be fixed on them, as soon as their own agitation and the bustle of the attendants had somewhat abated. Miss Vere kneeled beside the tomb of her mother, to whose statue her features exhibited a marked resemblance. She held the hand of the Dwarf, which she kissed repeatedly and bathed with tears. He stood fixed and motionless, excepting that his eyes glanced alternately on the marble figure, and the living suppliant. At length, the large drops, which gathered on his eyelashes, compelled him to draw his hands across them.

'I thought,' he said, 'that tears and I had done; but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we are in our graves. But no melting of the heart shall dissolve my resolution. I part here, at once, and for ever, with all of which the memory,' looking to the tomb, 'or the presence,' he pressed Isabella's hand, 'is dear to me. Speak not to me! attempt not to thwart my determination! it will avail nothing; you will hear of and see this lump of deformity no more. To you I will be dead ere I am actually in my grave, and you will think of me as of a friend disencumbered from the toils and crimes of existence.'

He kissed Isabella on the forehead, impressed another kiss on the brow of the statue by which he knelt, and left the chapel followed by Ratcliffe. Isabella, almost exhausted with th emotions of the day, was carried to her apartment by her women. Most of the other guests dispersed, after having separately endeavoured to impress on all who would listen to them their disapprobation of the plots, formed against the

government, or their regret for having engaged in them. Hobbie Elliot assumed the command of the castle for the night, and mounted a regular guard. He boasted not a little of the alacrity with which his friends and he had obeyed a hasty summons received from Elshie, through the faithful Ratcliffe. And it was a lucky chance, he said, that on that very day they had got notice that Westburnflat did not intend to keep his tryste at Castleton, but to hold them at defiance; so that a considerable party had assembled at the Heughfoot with the intention of paying a visit to the robber's tower on the ensuing morning, and their course was easily directed to Ellieslaw Castle.

CHAPTER XIX.

——————Last scene of all,
To close this strange eventful history.
As you like it.

On the next morning, Mr. Ratcliffe presented miss Vere with a letter from her father, of which the following is the tenor:—

'My dearest child,

'The malice of a persecuting government will compel me, for my own safety, to retreat abroad, and to remain for some time in foreign parts. I do not ask you to accompany, or follow me; you will attend to my interest and your own more effectually by remaining where you are. It is unnecessary to enter into a minute detail concerning the causes of the strange events which yesterday took place. I think I have reason to complain of the usage I have received from sir Edward Mauley, who is your nearest kinsman by the mother's side; but, as he has declared you

heiress, and is to put you in immediate possession of a large part of his fortune, I account it a full atonement. I am aware he has never forgiven the preference which your mother gave to my addresses, instead of complying with the terms of a sort of family compact, which absurdly and tyrannically destined her to wed her deformed relative. The shock was even sufficient to unsettle his wits, which indeed were never over-well arranged; and I had, as the husband of his nearest kinswoman and heiress, the delicate task of taking care of his personal property, until he was reinstated in the management of the latter by those who, no doubt, thought they were doing him justice; although, if some parts of his subsequent conduct be examined, it will appear that he ought, for his own sake, to have been left under the influence of a mild and salutary restraint.

'In one particular, however, he showed a sense of the ties of blood, as well as of his own frailty; for while he sequestered himself closely from the world, under various names and disguises, and insisted on spreading a report of his own death, (in which, to gratify him, I willingly acquiesced,) he left to my disposal the rents of a great proportion of his estates, and especially all those which, having belonged to your mother, reverted to him as a male fief. In this he may have thought that he was acting with extreme generosity, while, in the opinion of all impartial men, he will only be considered as having fulfilled a natural obligation, seeing that, in justice, if not in strict law, you must be considered as the heiress of your mother, and I as your legal administrator. Instead, therefore, of considering myself as loaded with obligations to sir Edward on this account, I think I had reason to complain that these remittances were only doled out to me at the pleasure or Mr. Ratcliffe, who, moreover,

exacted from me mortgages over my paternal estate of Ellieslaw for any sums which I required as an extra advance; and thus may be said to have insinuated himself into the absolute management and control of my property. Or, if all this seeming friendship was employed by sir Edward for the purpose of obtaining a complete command of my affairs, and acquiring the power of ruining me at his pleasure, I feel myself, I must repeat, still less bound by the alleged obligation.

'About the autumn of last year, as I understand, either his own crazed imagination, or the accomplishment of some such scheme as I have hinted, brought him down to this country. His alleged motive, it seems, was a desire of seeing a monument which he had directed to be raised in the chapel over the tomb of your mother. Mr. Ratcliffe, who at this time had done me the honour to make my house his own, had the complaisance to introduce him secretly into the chapel. The consequence, as he informs me, was a frenzy of several hours, during which he fled into the neighbouring moors, in one of the wildest spots of which he chose, when he was somewhat recovered, to fix his mansion, and set up for a sort of country empiric, a character which, even in his best days, he was fond of assuming. It is remarkable that, instead of informing me of these circumstances, that I might have had the relative of my late wife taken such care of as his calamitous condition required, Mr. Ratcliffe seems to have had such culpable indulgence for his irregular plans as to promise, and even swear secrecy concerning them. He visited sir Edward often, and assisted in the fantastic task he had taken upon him of constructing a hermitage. Nothing they appear to have dreaded more than a discovery of their intercourse.

'The ground was open in every direction around, and a small soutterain, probably sepulchral, which their researches had detected near the great granite pillar, served to conceal Ratcliffe when any one approached his master. I think you will be of opinion, my love, that this secrecy must have had some strong motive. It is also remarkable, that while I thought my unhappy friend was residing among the monks at La Trappe, he should have been actually living for many months, in this bizarre disguise, within five miles of my house, and obtaining regular information of my most private movements, either by Ratcliffe, or through Westburnflat and others, whom he had the means to bribe to any extent. He makes it a crime against me that I endeavoured to establish your marriage with sir Frederick. I acted for the best; but if he thought otherwise, why did he not step manfully forward, express his own purpose of becoming a party to the settlements, and take that interest which he is entitled to claim in you as heiress to his great property?

'Even now, though he is somewhat tardy in announcing his purpose, I am far from opposing my authority against his wishes, although the person he desires you to regard as your future husband be young Earnscliff, the very last whom I should have thought likely to be acceptable to him. But I give my free and hearty consent, providing the settlements are drawn in such an irrevocable form as may secure my child from suffering by that state of dependence, and that sudden and causeless revocation of allowances, of which I have so much reason to complain. Of Sir Frederick Langley, I augur, you will hear no more. He is not likely to claim the hand of a dowerless maiden. I therefore commit you, my dear Isabella, to the wisdom of Providence and to your own prudence, begging you to lea

no time in securing those advantages which the fickleness of your kinsman has withdrawn from me to shower upon you.

'Mr. Ratcliffe mentioned sir Edward's intention to settle a considerable sum upon me yearly, for my maintenance in foreign parts; but this my heart is too proud to accept from him. I told him I had a dear child, who, while in affluence herself, would never suffer me to be in poverty. I thought it right to intimate this to him pretty roundly, that whatever increase be settled upon you, it may be calculated so as to cover this necessary and natural encumbrance. I will willingly settle upon you the castle and manor of Ellieslaw, to show my parental affection and disinterested zeal for promoting your settlement in life. The annual interest of debts charged on the estate somewhat exceeds the income, even after a reasonable rent has been put upon the mansion and mains. But as all the debts are in the person of Mr. Ratcliffe, as your kinsman's trustee, he will not be a troublesome creditor. And here I must make you aware, that though I have to complain of Mr. Ratcliffe's conduct to me personally, I nevertheless, believe him a just and upright man, with whom you may safely consult on your affairs, not to mention that to cherish his good opinion will be the best way to retain that of your kinsman. Remember me to Marchie—I hope he will not be troubled on account of late matters. I will write more fully from the Continent. Meanwhile, I rest your loving father,

RICHARD VERE.'

The above letter throws the only additional light which we have been able to procure upon the earlier part of our story. It was Hobbie's opinion, and may be that of most of our readers, that the recluse of *Mucklestane-Moor* had but a kind of a gloaming, or

twilight understanding; and that he had neither very clear views as to what he himself wanted, nor was apt to pursue his ends by the clearest and most direct means: so that to seek the clew of his conduct, was likened, by Hobbie, to looking for a strait path through a common, in which are a hundred devious tracts, but not one distinct line of road.

When Isabella had perused the letter, her first inquiry was after her father. He had left the castle early in the morning, after a long interview with Mr. Ratcliffe, and was already far on his way to the next port, where he might expect to find shipping for the continent.

'Where was sir Edward Mauley?'

No one had seen the Dwarf since the eventful scene of the preceding evening.

'Odd, if ony thing has befa'en puir Elshie,' said Hobbie Elliot, 'I wad rather I were harried ower again.'

He immediately rode to his dwelling, and the remaining she goat came bleating to meet him, for her milking time was long past. The Solitary was no where to be seen; his door, contrary to wont, was open, his fire extinguished, and the whole hut was left in the state which it exhibited on Isabella's visit to him. It was pretty clear that the means of conveyance which had brought the Dwarf to Ellieslaw on the preceding evening, had removed him from it to some other place of abode. Hobbie returned disconsolate to the castle.

'I am doubting we ha'e lost canny Elshie for gude an' a'.'

'You have, indeed,' said Ratcliffe, producing a paper, which he put into Hobbie's hands; 'but read that, and you will perceive you have been no loser by having known him.'

It was a short deed of gift, by which 'sir Edward *Mauley who otherwise* called Elshender the Recluse,

endowed Halbert, or Hobbie Elliot, and grace Armstrong, in full property, with a considerable sum borrowed by Elliot from him.

Hobbie's joy was mingled with feelings which brought tears down his rough cheeks.

'It's a queer thing,' he said; 'but I canna joy in the gear unless I kenn'd the puir body was happy that gave it me.'

'Next to enjoying happiness ourselves,' said Ratcliffe, 'is the consciousness of having bestowed it on others. Had all my master's benefit's been conferred like the present, what a different return would they have produced! But the indiscriminate profusion that would glut avarice, or supply prodigality, neither does good, nor is rewarded by gratitude. It is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

'And that wad be a light har'st,' said Hobbie; 'but, wi' my young leddy's leave, I wad fain take down Elshie's skeps o' bees, and set them in Grace's bit flower yard at the Heughfoot—they shall ne'er be smeekit by ony o' huz. And the puir goat, she would be negleckit about a great town like this; and she could feed bonnily on our lily lea by the burn side, and the hounds wad ken her in a day's time, and never fash her, and Grace wad milk her ilka morning wi' her ain hand, for Elshie's sake; for houghhe was thrawn and cankered in his converse, he liket dumb creatures weel.'

Hobbie's requests were readily granted, not without some wonder at the natural delicacy of feeling which pointed out to him this mode of displaying his gratitude. He was delighted when Ratcliffe informed him that his benefactor should not remain ignorant of the care which he took of his favourite.

'And mind be sure and tell him that grannie and the tities, and, abune a', Grace and mysel, are weel

and thriving, and that it's a' his doing—that canna but please him, ane wad think.'

And Elliot and the family at Heughfoot were and continued to be, as fortunate and happy as his undaunted honesty, tenderness, and gallantry, so well merited.

All bar between the marriage of Earnscliff and Isabella was now removed, and the settlements which Ratcliffe produced on the part of sir Edward Mauley, might have satisfied the cupidity of Elliesław himself. But miss Vere and Ratcliffe thought it unnecessary to mention to Earnscliff that one great motive of sir Edward in thus loading the young pair with benefits, was to expiate his having, many years before, shed the blood of his father in a hasty brawl. If it be true, as Ratcliffe asserted, that the Dwarf's extreme misanthropy seemed to relax somewhat, under the consciousness of having diffused happiness among so many, the recollection of this circumstance might probably be one of his chief motives for refusing obstinately ever to witness their state of contentment.

Marschal hunted, shot, and drank claret—tired of the country, went abroad, served three campaigns, came home, and married Lucy Ilderton.

Years fled over the heads of Earnscliff and his wife, and found and left them contented and happy. The scheming ambition of sir Frederick Langley engaged him in the unfortunate insurrection of 1715. He was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire, with the earl of Derwentwater, and others. His defence, and the dying speech which he made on the occasion, may be found in the state trials. Mr. Vere, supplied by his daughter with an ample income, continued to reside abroad, engaged deeply in the affair of Law's bank during the regency of the duke of Orleans; and was at one time supposed to be immensely rich. But on the bursting of that famous bubble he was so much

chagrined at being again reduced to a moderate annuity, (although he saw thousands of his companions in misfortune absolutely starving) that vexation of mind brought on a paralytic stroke, of which he died, after lingering under its effects a few weeks.

Willie of Westburnflat fled from the wrath of Hobbie Elliot, as his betters did from the pursuit of the law. His patriotism urged him to serve his country abroad, while his reluctance to leave his native soil pressed him rather to remain in the beloved island, and collect purses, watches and rings on the high roads at home. Fortunately for him, the first impulse prevailed, and he joined the army under Marlborough; obtained a commission, to which he was recommended by his services in collecting cattle for the commissariat; returned home after many years, with some money, (how come by Heaven only knows)—demolished the peel house at Westburnflat, and built in its stead, a high narrow *onstead*, of three stories, with a chimney at each end—drank brandy with the neighbours, whom, in his young days, he had plundered—died in his bed, and is recorded upon his tombstone at Kirk-whistle, (still extant) as having played all the parts of a brave soldier, a discreet neighbour, and a sincere christian.

Mr. Ratcliffe resided usually with the family at Ellieslaw; but regularly every spring and autumn he absented himself for about a month. On the direction and purpose of his periodical journey he remained steadily silent; but it was well understood that he was then in attendance on his unfortunate patron. At length, on his return from one of these visits, his grave countenance, and deep mourning dress, announced to the Ellieslaw family that their benefactor was no more. Sir Edward's death made no addition to their fortune, for he had devested himself of his property during his lifetime, and chiefly in their favour. Ratcliffe, his sole

confidant, died at a good old age, but without ever naming the place to which his master had finally retired, or the manner of his death, or the place of his burial. It was supposed that on all these particulars his patron had enjoined him strict secrecy.

The sudden disappearance of Elshie from his extraordinary hermitage corroborated the reports which the common people had spread concerning him. Many believed that, having ventured to enter a consecrated building, contrary to his paction with the Evil One, he had been bodily carried off, while on his return to his cottage; but most are of opinion that he only disappeared for a season, and continues to be seen from time to time among the hills. And retaining, according to custom, a more vivid recollection of his wild and desperate language, than of the benevolent tendency of most of his actions, he is usually identified with the malignant dæmon, called the Man of the Moors, whose feats were quoted by Mrs. Elliot to her grandsons; and, accordingly, is generally represented as bewitching the sheep, causing the ewes to *keb*, that is, to cast their lambs, or seen loosening the impending wreath of snow to precipitate its weight on such as take shelter, during the storm beneath the bank of a torrent, or under the shelter of a steep glen. In short, the evils most dreaded and deprecated by the inhabitants of that pastoral country, are ascribed to the agency of the black Dwarf.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TALE II.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Why seeks he with unwearied toil
  Through death's dim walks to urge his way;
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
  And lead oblivion into day?

LANGHORNE.

'MOST readers,' says the Manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, 'must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity

and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose v
powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing
same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote,
only varied by the various blunders of the recit
Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his s
tary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered
graded, in his imagination, by their connexion v
tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that
Eclogues of Virgil and Odes of Horace are each i
parably allied in association with the sullen figure
monotonous recitation of some blubbering school-l
If to these mental distresses are added a delicate fr
of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher dist
tion than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the r
er may have some slight conception of the relief wl
a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer even
affords to the head which has ached, and the ne
which have been shattered, for so many hours, in
ing the irksome task of public instruction.

'To me these evening strolls have been the hap
hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader
hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrati
I am not unwilling he should know, that the pla
them has been usually traced in those moments, w
relief from toil and clamour, combined with the
scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the
of composition.

'My chief haunt in these hours of golden leisur
the banks of the small stream, which, winding thro
a 'lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of
village school house of Gandercleugh. For the
quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed fron
meditations, in order to return the scrape, or d
bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fis
trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes
wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the spa

have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.*

'It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hare-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those

* Note by Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham.—That I kept my plight in this melancholy matter with my deceased and lamented friend, appeareth from a handsome headstone, erected at my proper charges in this spot, bearing the name and calling of Peter Pattieson, with the date of his nativity and sepulture, with a testimony of his merits, attested by myself, as his respective *and patron.—J. C.*

who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their reliques are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

'Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverend remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decypherer, *Dns. Johan - - - de Hamel, - - -* or *Johan - - - de Lamel - - -* And it is also true, that of another tomb richly sculptured with an ornamented cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition only can aver, that a certain nameless Bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who lie beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.* In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continue to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and,

* *James, Seventh* King of Scotland of that name, and Second according *to the numeration of* the Kings of England.—J. C.

when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

'Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering zeal of an hooper or Latimer. On the other hand it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed, when called upon themselves to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

'One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct

from those which usually sooth its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of the gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, upon this occasion, distinctly heard, and I entertained some alarm that a marchdike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.* As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of the coarse cloth called *hoddingrey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches*, or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves, a po-

*I deem it fitting that the reader should be apprised, that this limitary boundary between the conterminous heritable property of his honour the Laird of Gandercleugh, and his honour the Laird of Gusedub, was to have been in fashion an *agger*, or rather *murus* of uncemented granite, called, by the vulgar, *a dry-stane dike*, surmounted. or coped, *cespite viridi*, i. e. with a sod-turf. Truly their honours fell into discord concerning two roods of marshy ground, near the cove called the Bedral's Beild; and the controversy, having some years by-gone been removed from *before the judges* of the land, (with whom it abode long,) even *unto the Great City* of London and the assembly of the Nob[illegible] *therein*, is, as I may say, *adhuc in pendente*.—J. C.

ney, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, and hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

'Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn, nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

'During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most

numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

'In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true his wants were very few, for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country church-yard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing

plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white poney grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

'The character of such a man could have in it little connexion even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which schoolboys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child. But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

'In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers upon whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of

all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye witness.

'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation, 'are the only true whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill side to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shame na to tak upon themsels the persecuting name of blude-thirsty tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Peden, (that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground) that the French monzies* sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr, and the Kenns of Galloway, as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken covenant.'

'Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should

*Probably monsieurs. It would seem this was spoken during the apprehensions of invasion from France.—Publishers.

find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the prophet's chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.*

'The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white poney, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man. My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame

* He might have added, and for the *rich* also, since, I laud my stars, the great of the earth have also taken harbourage in my poor domicile. And, during the service of my hand-maiden, Dorothy, who was buxom and comely of aspect, his honour the Laird of Smackawa, in his peregrinations to and from the metropolis, was wont to prefer my prophet's chamber even to the sanded chamber of dais in the Wallace Inn, and to bestow a *mutchkin*, as he would jocosely say, to obtain the freedom of the house, *but in reality* to assure himself of my company during the evening.—J. C.

to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

'I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing, that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white poney, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptered on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, *into ruin or decay.*

'*My readers* will of course understand, that, in embodying *into one* compressed narrative many of the an-

ecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavoured to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition, afforded by the representatives of either party.

'On the part of the presbyterians, I have consulted such moorland farmers from the western districts, as, by the kindness of their landlords, or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the grazings on which their grandsires fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that, of late days, I have found this a limited source of information. I have, therefore, called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants, whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors denominated travelling merchants, and whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbours, we have learned to call packmen, or pedlars. To country weavers travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter web, but more especially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity, in our country, of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narratives of Old Mortality, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

'I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded these stars of traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and, at the same time, to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have

been enabled to qualify the narratives of Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends, by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honourable families, who, themselves decayed into the humble vale of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart. I may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one non-juring bishop, whose authority and income was upon as apostolical a scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There is also here and there a laird or two, who, though they shrug their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

'Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that, at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God's house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured, at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope, that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility wh

this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire,

> 'O, rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
> Implacable resentment was their crime,
> And grievous has the expiation been.'

CHAPTER II.

> Summon an hundred horse by break of day
> To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.
>
> DOUGLAS.

UNDER the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege-lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual upon such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous, became confirmed in their opinion instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were, at the same time, resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority has rarely succeeded, even on

board of slave-ships, were it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs, and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A Judaical observance of the Sabbath—a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party, (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately)—distinguished those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient *wappen-schaws*, as they were called, when the feudal array of the country was called out, and each crown vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statuary penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of these assemblies, as the lord-lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young

men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance upon these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappen-schaw. The landlords were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears, at which they were rated; and it frequently happened, that, notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-schaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a haugh, or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, upon the morning of the 5th of May, 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popin-

jay, an ancient game formerly practised with archery, and then with fire-arms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay, or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices.

It will, of course, be supposed that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The insides were their graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain, stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called from its appearance, the boot, and an equery to his Grace ensconsed in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman, and three postillions, who wore short swords, and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the footboard, behind this moving mansion-house, stood,

or rather hung, in tripple file, six lacquies, in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were upon horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative, like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribband from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather *inferior to* their birth and fashion in these times, *as it consisted* only of two servants on horseback. *The truth* was, that the good old lady had been old

ged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horse, and harness on these occasions. At last, their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling in the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare. La Fontaine's Fable

'For,' said Harrison to himself, 'the carles have little eneugh gear at ony rate, and if I call in the redcoats to take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring around in the best of times?'

So he armed the fowler, and falconer, the footman, and the ploughman, at the home farm, with an old drunken cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsyth and Tippermoor, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black fishers, Mr. Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady

Margaret Bellenden, as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe doree* before the iron grate of the tower, the mother of Cuddie the ploughman appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward; demurely assuring him, that whether it were the cholic, or a qualm of conscience, she could na take upon her to decide, but sure it was, Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven, she said, was in it, and her bairns should gang on nae sic errands. Pains, penalties, and threats of dismission were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an experiment.

'He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Goose Gibbie, fight brawly under Montrose. What for no take Goose Gibbie?'

This was a half witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old henwife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This urchin being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather to than with the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seem

from its size, as if they were going to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the tamest horse of the party; and prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler, as his front file, he passed muster tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two lacqueys, with which diminished train she would, upon any other occasion, have been much ashamed to appear in public. But, for the cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, upon his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted in the Tower of Tillietudlem, an incident which formed, from that moment, an important æra in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two buxom serving wenches who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having

given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honours enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stuarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's zeal had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same severities of fortune should their scale once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full extent, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stifled, as well as she could, the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon his haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect bitting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demand; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-winded romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first rate, such as the romances of Cyrus, Cleopatra, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time as the little cock-boat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden

should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III.

Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with heavy clang.
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

WHEN the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticised the appearance of each competitor as, in succession, they advanced, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark-green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his laced ruff and feathered cap, indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

'Ewhow, sirs, to see his father's son at the like o' these fearless follies!' was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the play-ground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his grey cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with those two lads who had been successful. In half a minute, young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion and approached more near to

scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half uncloaked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, 'Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were ony other day, I could hae wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best.'

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly, that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and, with a downcast look, he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized. The green chasseur next advanced, and his ball, a second time, struck the popinjay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of 'The good old cause for ever!'

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and motioning with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned side-ways upon his saddle

discharged his carabine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice, which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

'I would prefer horseback if I had a horse as well bitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise as yours,' said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

'Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?' said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added, 'that although he renounced all pretensions to the honour of the day,' (which he said somewhat scornfully,) 'yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him for the purpose of trying a shot for love.'

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young tirailleur travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party,

returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Having made this speech in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Evandale, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

'Who is he? what is his name?' ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her grand daughter. The Captain of the popinjay and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made even to the saddle-bow in passing her.

'*So you know that* young person?' said Lady Margaret.

'*I—I—have seen* him, Madam, at my uncle's, and *—elsewhere occasionally,*' stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

'I hear them say around me,' said Lady Margaret, 'that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood.'

'The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing,' said a gentleman who sate on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

'Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston-Moor and Philiphaugh,' said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

'Your ladyship's memory is just,' said the gentleman, smiling, 'but it were well all that were forgot now.'

'He ought to remember it, Gilbertscleugh,' returned Lady Margaret, 'and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasing recollections.'

'You forget, my dear lady,' said her nomenclator, 'that the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow.'

'His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a roundhead, I presume,' said Lady Margaret.

'He is an old miser,' said Gilbertscleugh, 'with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and, therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the musters to save pecuniary pains and penalties, and for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old place at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favourite housekeeper.'

'Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?' said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

'Two horsemen with complete harness,' answered Gilbertscleugh.

'Our land,' said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, 'has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertscleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in inquiring'——

'I see the Duke's carriage in motion,' said Gilbertscleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family-mansion,—'I see the duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convey your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home?—Parties of the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers.'

'We thank you, cousin Gilbertscleugh,' said Lady Margaret; 'but, as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession.'

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health and confusion to the Covenant

during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned, partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the Gallant Græmes, which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a unic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by

the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homewards, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gens d'armerie of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient cu

tom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV.

At fairs he play'd before the spearmen,
And gaily graithed in their gear then,
Steel bonnets, pikes, and swords shone clear then
As ony bead;
Now wha sall play before sic wier-men,
Since Habbie's dead?
ELEGY ON HABBIE SIMSON.

THE cavalcade of horsemen on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broad-sword, and bearing a chanter streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well-timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of —— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof; namely, the Piper's Croft, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent, five merks and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost was able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments, won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict presbyterian of such note that

usually went among his sect by the name of Gaius the publican, many of the more rigid were scandalized by the profession of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second help-mate. As the *browst* (or brewing) of the Howff retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirk yard.

'Jenny,' said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, 'this is the first day that you are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a gude name wi' whig and tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this, but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. —Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for be sure he maun hae't, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing *himsel*, as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, *I'll find* a way to shame it out o' his uncle.—The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Graham. Be eident *and civil* to them baith—clergy and captains can gi'e

an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will.—The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they winna want it, and mauna want it—they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some gate or other. I gat the humble-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Serjeant Bothwell, for ten pund Scots, and they drank out the price at ae downsitting.'

'But father,' interrupted Jenny, 'they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's-moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon.'

'Whisht! ye silly taupie,' said her father, 'we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell—be that atween them and their consciences.—Aweel—Take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start awee when he saw the red coats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden bye, but his horse (its a gude gelding) was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsel, they wad say we were hiding him.—For yoursel, Jenny, ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye. Folk in the hostler line maun pit up wi' muckle. Your mother, rest her saul, could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women—but aff hands is fair play; and if ony body be uncivil ye may gi'e me a cry.—Aweel,—when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel—let them be doing—anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi'

pint of the sma browst, it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference.'

'But, father,' said Jenny, 'if they come to lounder ilk ither as they did last time, suld na I cry on you?'

'At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard. If the countra folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the baillie and town-officers. But in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence. —And, now I think on't, the Laird of Lickitup (that's him that was the laird) was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring—gi'e him a pu' be the sleeve, and round into his lug I wad be blyth o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer anes in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane agane —he likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony poor body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye need na stick to gi'e them a waught o' drink and a bannock—we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but first bring me my dinner and twa chappins o' yill and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy.'

Having thus devolved his whole cares on Jenny as prime minister, Niel Blane and the *ci-devant* laird, once his patron, but now glad to be his trencher-companion, sate down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jenny's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who though he spared the cup himself, took care it should go round with due celerity among the rest, who might not have

otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragoons whom Niel Blane had mentioned, a serjeant and a private in Claverhouse's regiment of lifeguards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mousquetairs, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stuart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last Earl of that name; not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this earl had sued to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unclenched. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the life-guards, although lineally descende

from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James VI. Great personal strength, and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the licentiousness and oppressive disposition, which the habit of acting as agents for government in levying fines, exacting free quarters, and otherwise oppressing the presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to these missions, that they conceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of license with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet, but for respect to the presence of their cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

'Is it not a strange thing, Halliday,' he said to his comrade, 'to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening without having drunk the king's health?'

'They have drank the king's health,' said Halliday. 'I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his majesty's health.'

'Did he?' said Bothwell. 'Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too.'

'So we will, by G—,' said Halliday, 'and he that

refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady.'

'Right, Tom,' continued Bothwell; 'and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue bonnet in the inglenook.'

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by Niel Blane, in his admonitions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill folk, or refractory presbyterians.

'I make so bold as to request of your precision, beloved,' said the trooper in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the snuffle of a country preacher, 'that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and having bent your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over, this measure (called by the profane a gill) of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate brandy, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland.'

All waited for the stranger's answer.—His features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

'And what is the consequence,' said he, 'if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?'

'The consequence thereof, beloved,' said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, that I will tweak thy proboscis, or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will apply my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude,

beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant.'

'Is it even so?' said the stranger, 'then give me the cup;' and, taking it in his hand, said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, 'The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe!'

'He has taken the test,' said Halliday exultingly.

'But with a qualification,' said Bothwell; 'I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared whig means.'

'Come, gentlemen,' said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, 'we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion.'

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters, agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, 'Well, Mr. Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Halliday,' he continued, addressing his companion, 'that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit with a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try about, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for gold a noble, the first drawn blood, there would be some soul in it—or, zounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe,) they carry things about, *them that they* are afraid to draw.'

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Bothwell's insolent observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

'This is my quarrel,' he said, 'and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend,' (to Bothwell,) 'wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?'

'With my whole spirit, beloved,' answered Bothwell; 'yea I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both.'

'Then, as my trust is in Him that can help,' retorted his antagonist, 'I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshekahs.'

With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword; 'You have killed my serjeant,' he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler, 'and by all that is sacred you shall answer it.'

'Stand back!' cried Morton and his companions, '*it was all* fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and *he has got it.*'

'That is true enough,' said Bothwell as he slowly rose; 'put up your bilbo, Tom, I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change house.—Hark ye, friend, give me your hand.' The stranger held out his hand. 'I promise you,' said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, 'that the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner.'

'And I'll promise you,' said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, 'that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again.'

'Well, beloved,' answered Bothwell, 'if thou be'st a whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes the round, for, I promise thee, he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons.'

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and, going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, 'I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?'

'Certainly,' said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Houffe, as Blane's public-house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The troopers got under arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, wit

faces of anxiety and earnestness, Cornet Grahame, and the Provost of the borough, followed by half a dozen soldiers, and town officers with halberts, entered the apartment of Niel Blane.

'Guard the doors,' were the first words which the cornet spoke; 'let no man leave the house.—So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did you not hear them sound boot and saddle?'

'He was just going to quarters, sir,' said his comrade; 'he has had a bad fall.'

'In a fray, I suppose?' said Grahame. 'If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you.'

'How have I neglected duty?' said Bothwell, sulkily.

'You should have been at quarters, Serjeant Bothwell; you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been strangely and foully assassinated by a body of the rebel whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriage on Magus-Muir, near the town of St. Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers.'

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

'Here are their descriptions,' continued the cornet, pulling out a proclamation, 'the reward of a thousand merks is on each of their heads.'

'The test, the test, and the qualification!' saith Bothwell to Halliday; 'I know the meaning now—Zounds that we should not have stopt him! Go saddle our horses, Halliday.—Was there one of the men, cornet, very stout and square made, double-chested, thin in the flanks, hawk nosed?'

'Stay, stay,' said Cornet Grahame, 'let me look at the paper.—Haxtoun of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired.'

'That is not my man,' said Bothwell.

'John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height'—

'It is he—it is the very man,' said Bothwell, 'skellies fearfully with one eye?'

'Right,' continued Grahame; 'rode a strong black horse taken from the primate at the time of the murder.'

'The very man,' exclaimed Bothwell, 'and the very horse! he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since.'

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion, that the reserved and stern stranger was Balfour of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate, whom they accidentally met, as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity. In their excited imagination the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hand.

'Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads,' exclaimed Cornet Grahame; 'the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold.'

CHAPTER V.

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no human call—
God's church is leaguered—haste to man the wall;
Haste where the Redcross banners wave on high,
Signal of honoured death, or victory.

JAMES DUFF.

Morton and his companion had attained some dis-
nce from the town before either of them addressed

the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, 'What has your father's son to do with such profane mummeries as I find you engaged in?'

'I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure,' replied Morton, somewhat offended.

'Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine bibbing in public houses and market towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his fan in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?'

'I suppose, from your style of conversation,' said Morton, 'that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that times do not render it safe for me to listen to it.'

'Thou can'st not help it, Henry Morton,' said his companion; 'thy master has his uses for thee, and when he calls thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become.'

'We are of the presbyterian persuasion,' said Morton, 'like yourself.'

For his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach *without interruption* from the government. This in-

dulgence, as it was called, made a great schism among the presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms. The stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith.

'That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the sabbath to a cold, worldly, time serving discourse, from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the false prelates, and ye call that hearing the word! Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light.'

'My uncle,' said Morton, 'is of opinion, that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergyman, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family.'

'Your uncle,' said the horseman, 'is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Milnwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp.'

'My father,' replied Morton, 'was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was *this day* carrying arms.'

'*Ay;* and had he lived to see these days, he would

have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there.'

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path, which led from the high road in that direction, an old woman, wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross way, arose, and approaching him, said in a mysterious tone of voice, 'If ye be of our ain folk, gang na up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path, that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers hae beset the pass, to hae the lives of ony of our puir wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall.'

'Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves?' demanded the stranger.

'About sixty or seventy horse and foot,' said the old dame; 'but, ewhow! they are puirly armed, and warse fended wi' victual.'

'God will help his own,' said the horseman. 'Which way shall I take to join them?'

'It's a mere impossibility this night,' said the woman, 'the troopers keep sae strict a guard; and they say there's strange news come frae the east, that makes them rage in their cruelty mair fierce than ever—Ye maun take shelter somegate for the night before ye get to the muirs, and keep yoursel in hiding till the grey o' the morning, and then ye may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' threatenings o' the oppressors, I e'en took my cloak about me, and sate down by the way-side, to warn ony of our poor scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers.'

'Have you a house near this?' said the stranger; 'and can you give me hiding there?'

'I have,' said the old woman, 'a hut by the wayside, it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the thowless, thriftless, fissenless ministry of that carnal man, John Halftext, the curate.'

'Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel,' said the stranger, as he rode away.

'The blessings of the promise upon you,' returned the old dame; 'may He keep you that can keep you.'

'Amen!' said the traveller; 'for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me.'

'I am very sorry for your distress,' said Morton; 'and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigour of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with inter-communed persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them.'

'It is no less than I expected,' said the stranger; 'Nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge;—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed,—any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar.'

'I assure you,' said Morton, much embarrassed, 'that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger which, *most of* all others, he fears and deprecates.'

'*Well,' said* the traveller, 'I have but one word to

y. Did you ever hear your father mention John
alfour of Burley ?'
'His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his
e, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of
ngmarston-Moor ?—Often, very often.'
'I am that Balfour. Yonder stands thy uncle's
use; I see the light among the trees. The aven-
r of blood is behind me, and my death certain un-
ss I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice,
ung man, to shrink from the side of thy father's
end, like a thief in the night, and to leave him ex-
sed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy
her, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to
ch peril as, in this perverse generation, attends those
o give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water
a Christian man, when perishing for lack of re-
shment!'
A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of
orton at once. His father, whose memory he idol-
ed, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this
an, and regretted, that, after having been long com-
les, they had parted in some unkindness at the time
en the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Re-
lutioners and Protesters; the former of whom ad-
red to Charles II. after his father's death upon the
affold, while the protesters inclined rather to an
ion with the triumphant republicans. The stern
aticism of Burley had attached him to this latter
rty, and the comrades had parted in displeasure,
ver, as it happened, to meet again. These circum-
nces the deceased Colonel Morton had often men-
ned to his son, and always with an expression of
ep regret, that he had never, in any manner, been
bled to repay the assistance, which, on more than
occasion, he had received from Burley.
o hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as

swept along, brought from a distance, the sullen sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

'It must be Claverhouse, with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands—if you turn back towards the borough-town, you are in no less danger from Cornet Grahame's party.—The path to the hill is beset. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death;—but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle.—Follow me.'

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but, since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

'I must leave you here for a little while,' he whispered, 'until I can provide a bed for you in the house.'

'I care little for such delicacy,' said Burley; 'for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the next grey stone, than upon either wool or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table.'

It occurred to Morton at the same moment, that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house, would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Burley, for his place of repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied until di

missed by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humour in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidante, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the sordid parsimony which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door, by which he was accustomed to seek admittance, when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Milnwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, paced across the stone passage, and repeated a careful 'Whae's there at this time o'night?" more than once before she undid the bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door.

'This is a fine time o' night, Mr. Henry,' said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoiled and favourite domestic;—'a braw time o' night and bonnie, to disturb a peaceful house in, and to

quiet folks out o' their beds waiting for you. Your uncle's been in his amaist three hours syne, and Robin's ill o' the rheumatize, and he's to his bed too, and sae I had to sit up for ye mysel, for as sair a hoast as I hae.'

Here she coughed once or twice, in further evidence of the inconvenience which she had sustained.

'Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks.'

'Hegh, sirs, sae fair-fashioned as we are! Mony folk ca' me Mistress Wilson. and Milnwood himsel is the only ane about the town thinks o' ca'ing me Alison, and indeed he as aften says Mistress Alison as ony other thing.'

'Well, then, Mistress Alison,' said Morton, 'I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in.'

'And now, that ye are come in, Mr. Henry, what for do ye no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang alang the wainscot parlour, and haud a' the house scouring to get out the grease again.'

'But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed.'

'Eat?—and ale, Mr. Henry?—My certie, ye're ill to serve! Do ye think we have na heard o' your grand popinjay wark yonder, and how ye bleezed away as muckle pouther as wad hae shot a' the wild-fowl that we'll want atween and Candlemas—and then ganging majoring to the piper's Howff wi' a' the idle loons in the country, and sitting there birling, at your poor uncle's cost nae doubt, wi' a' the scaff and raff o' the water-side, till sun-down, and then coming hame and crying for ale, as if ye were maister and mair?'

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton sup-

pressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs. Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; 'and as for the shooting at the popinjay, I have heard you say you have been there yourself, Mrs. Wilson—I wish you had come to look at us.'

'Ah, Maister Henry,' said the old dame, I wish ye binna beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's lug, wi' a' your whilly-wha's—a weel, sae ye dinna practise them but on auld wives like me, the less matter. But tak heed o' the young queans, lad.—Popinjay—ye think yoursel a bra' fellow enow; and troth!' (surveying him with the candle) 'there's nae fault to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I mind, when I was a gilpey of a lassock, seeing the Duke, that was him that lost his head at London—folk said it was na a very gude ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman—Aweel, he wan the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head—Weel, he had a comely presence, and when a' the gentles mounted to show their capers, his Grace was as near to me as I am to you; and he said to me, 'Take tent o' yoursel, my bonnie lassie, (these were his very words) for my horse is not very chancy.'—And now, as ye say ye had sae little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I have nae been sae unmindfu' o' you, for I dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stamach.'

To do Mrs. Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this sage apothegm, which always prefaced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her *maundering* being to display her consequence and love of power, Mrs. Wilson was not, at the bottom, an ill-tempered woman, and certainly lov her old and young master (both of whom she torm

ed extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency as he partook of her good cheer.

'Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye didna get sic a skirl-in-the-pan as that at Niel Blane's. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very weel for ane in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing—an unco cockernony she had busked on her head at the kirk last Sunday. I am doubting that there will be news o' a' thae braws. But my auld een's drawing thegither—dinna hurry yoursel, my bonny man, take mind about the putting out the candle, and there's a horn of ale, and a glass of clowgillieflower water; I dinna gi'e ilka body that; I keep it for a pain I hae whiles in my ain stamach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. Sae, gudenight to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye take gude care o' the candle.'

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the noddling head of the old house-keeper was again thrust in at the door, with an admonition, to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness. Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics, once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manor houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismission to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to

every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
For tells the nature of a tragic volume.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshhold ere a heavy trampling of horses announced, that the body of cavalry, whose kettle-drums they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding officer distinctly give the word *halt*. A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

'Whose house is this?' said a voice in a tone of authority and command.

'Milnwood, if it like your honour,' was the reply.

'*Is the owner* well affected?' said the inquirer.

'*He complies* with the orders of government, and *frequents* an indulged minister,' was the response.

'Hum! ay! Indulged? a mere mask for treason, very impolitically allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced. Had we not better send up a party and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, 'I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than any thing else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappinschaw to-day, and gained the popinjay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night kill the poor old man."

'Well,' rejoined the leader, 'if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life Guards, forward—March.'

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle drum, to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and showed indistinctly the glittering of the steelcaps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and sweep over the top of it in such long succession, as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket-bible open in his hand,

which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'er-mastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

'I perceive,' said Morton, looking at his sword, 'that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes.'

'I scarcely heeded them,' said Balfour; 'my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly.'

'Eat and refresh yourself,' said Morton; 'tomorrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses.'

'Young man,' returned Balfour, 'you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not

it is a sore trial for flesh and blood to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and retain that blinded-sense and sympathy for carnal suffering which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another? And think you, that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves? Must they not sometimes question even the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under? Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?'

'These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you,' answered Morton; 'but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity, which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct.'

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself, and answered coolly, 'It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malcaiah the son of Hamelmelech, were there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous, who resisted to blood where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is requi-

red at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our conquests must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No; we are called upon when we have girded up our loins to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the ungodly, though he be our neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty, though he were of our own kindred and the friend of our bosom.'

'These are the sentiments,' said Morton, 'that your enemies impute to you, and which palliate, if they do not exculpate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you.'

'They do us wrong,' answered the Covenanter; 'it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the solemn league and covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them have sworn in former days, save a few popish malignants, and which they now burn in the market-places and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stuart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand, but they failed, I trow. Could James Grahame of Montrose and his Highland catterans have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work—the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the *prophet*, '*We* looked for peace, but no good came;

and for a time of health, and behold trouble—The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'

'Mr. Balfour,' answered Morton, 'I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse my engaging myself either in your cause, or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable.'

'But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart?—I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief, that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled.'

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance which he had it not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse, and a heart which fore-

boded disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

'I have slept too long,' he exclaimed to himself, 'and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive.'

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanter. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and showed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow, 'like bubbles in a late disturbed stream,' and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals—'Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken—Cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees—hew him down—a priest? Ay, a priest of Baal to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon—Fire-arms will not prevail against him—Strike—thrust with the cold iron—put him out of pain—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his gray hairs.'

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with

the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to wake him. The first words he uttered were, 'Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed.'

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance—speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors, was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer, to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect, began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood, and put him upon the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half a mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

At length Burley suddenly asked Morton, 'Whether the words he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in *his mind*?'

Morton answered, 'That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject.'

'In other words,' replied Burley, 'you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things? Think ye,' he continued, 'to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papa-prelatists, latitudinarians, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, which are like the meals offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood, and yet to remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not—taste not—handle not! And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole generation of mankind.'

He then mounted his horse, and, turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, 'An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb till the day that they return to the mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen, wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigour, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest.'

Having uttered these words he set his horse into

motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

'Farewell, stern enthusiast,' said Morton, looking after him; 'in some moods of my mind, how dangerous would be the society of such a companion!' If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship, (such was the purport of his reflections, can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought, and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppressive government, if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected?—And yet who shall warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree of moderation, or of mercy, can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings of remorse, which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal—I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these woods—of that river—of that house—of all but Edith, and she can never be mine. Why should I haunt her walks?—Why encourage my own delusion and perhaps hers?—she never can be mine. Her mother's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant—all

circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

'But I am no slave,' he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—'no slave, in one respect, surely. I can change my abode—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Lesleys, our Munroes, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, or, if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave.'

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

'Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, and then see her for the last time.'

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlour in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of butter-milk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture betwixt freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a considerable brook, a facetious neighbour proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alleging that he would sell any thing that belonged to him. Splay feet of unusual size, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom felt the

steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bargain-making gray eyes, that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr. Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it, that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and, as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent, down his throat and into his stomach, inflamed the ill humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman.

'The de'il take them that made them,' was his first ejaculation, apostrophizing his mess of porridge.

'They're gude parritch eneugh,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'if ye wad but take time to them. I made them mysel; but if folk winna hae patience, they should get their thrapples causewayed.'

'Haud your peace, Alison, I was speaking to my nevoy.—How is this, sir? And what sort o' scampering gates are these o' going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight.'

'Thereabouts, sir? I believe,' answered Morton, in an indifferent tone.

'Thereabouts, sir?—What sort of an answer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other other folk left the grund?'

'I suppose you know the reason very well, sir,' said Morton; 'I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day, and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men.'

'The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? You pretend to gi'e entertainments, that canna come by a dinner except by sorning on a carefu' man like me? But if ye put me to charges, I'se work it out o' ye. I see na why ye shouldna haud the pleugh, now that the pleughman has left us; it wad set ye better than wearing thae green duds, and wasting your siller on powther and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being uphauden to ony ane.'

'I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough.'

'And what for no? It's easier than your gunning and archery that ye like sae weel. Auld Davie is ca'ing it e'en now, and ye may be goadsman for the first twa or three days, and tak tent ye dinna o'erdrive the owsen, and then ye will be fit to gang between the stilts. Ye'll ne'er learn younger, I'll be your caution—Haggie-Holm is heavy land, and Davie is ower auld to keep the coulter down now.'

'I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company.'

'Ay? Indeed? a scheme o' yours? that must be a dennty ane!' said the uncle, with a very peculiar sneer; 'let's hear about it, lad.'

'It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier.'

'Gude be gracious to us!' exclaimed the housekeeper, 'our young Mr. Harry gang abroad?—na, na! *eh, na! that maun never be.*'

Milnwood entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

'And wha do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure. I can hardly support you at hame. And ye wad be marrying, I'se warrant, as your father did afore ye, too, and sending your uncle hame a pack o' weans to be fighting and skirling through the house in my auld days, and to take wing and flee off like yoursel, whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town.'

'I have no thoughts of ever marrying,' answered Henry.

'Hear till him now!' said the housekeeper. It's a shame to hear a douce young lad speak in that way, since a' the warld kens that they maun either marry or do waur.'

'Haud your peace, Alison,' said her master; 'and you, Harry, put this nonsense out o' your head—this comes o' letting ye gang a sodgering for a day—mind ye hae nae siller, lad, for ony sic nonsense plans.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain which the Margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen'——

'Mercy on us! the gowd chain?' exclaimed his uncle.

'The chain of gowd!' re-echoed the housekeeper, both aghast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

'I will keep a few links to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won

it,' continued Morton; 'the rest shall furnish me the means of following the same career in which my father obtained that mark of distinction.'

'Mercifu' powers!' said the governante,' my master wears it every sunday.'

'Sunday and Saturday,' added old Milnwood, 'whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wyllie Mactrickit is partly of opinion it's a kind of heirloom, that rather belangs to the head of the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling.'

'That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and five links of the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to.'

'The laddie's in a creel!' exclaimed his uncle, 'O, sir's, what will come o' the rigs o' Milnwood when I am dead and gane! He would fling the crown of Scotland awa, if he had it.'

'Hout, sir,' said the old housekeeper, 'I maun e'en say it's partly your ain faut. Ye mauna curb his head ower sair in neither; and, to be sure, since he *has* gane doun to the Howff, ye maun just e'en pay the lawing.'

'If it be not abune twa dollars, Alison,' said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

'I'll settle it mysel wi' Niel Blane, the first time I gang down to the clachan,' said Alison, 'cheaper than your honour or Mr. Harry can do;' and then whispered to Harry, 'dinna vex him ony mair, I'll pay the lave out o' the butter siller, and nae mair words about it.' Then proceeding aloud, 'And ye mauna speak o' the young gentleman haudling the *plough; there's puir* distressed whigs enow about the

country will be glad to do that for a bite and a soup —it sets them far better than the like o' him.'

'And then we'll hae the dragoons on us,' said Milnwood, 'for comforting and entertaining intercommuned rebels, a bonny strait ye wad put us in!—But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat, and put on your Raploch gray; it's a mair mensefu' and thrifty dress, and a mair seemly sight, than thae dangling slops and ribbands.'

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and, perhaps, not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighbourhood of Tillietudlem. The houskeeper followed him into the next room, patting him on the back, and bidding him be a gude bairn, and pit by his braw things.

'And I'll loop doun your hat, and lay by the band and ribband,' said the officious dame; 'and ye maun never, at no hand, speak o' leaving the land, or of selling the gowd chain, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chainzie; and ye ken auld folk canna last for ever; sae the chain, and the lands, and a,' will be your ain ae day; and ye may marry ony leddy in the country side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood, for there's enow of means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?'

There was something in the latter part of the prognostic, which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton, that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged by her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII.

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

WE must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillietudlem, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phrase, malcontent and full of heaviness, at the unexpected, and as she deemed it, indelible affront, which had been brought upon her dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady, by appearing in her presence while the sense of the affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harrison and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the recusancy of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the comfort and abetment which he had received from his mother, these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillietudlem. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprits in person, and, if she found them impenitent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say any thing in behalf of the accused, but her countenance did not profit them as it might have done on any other occasion. For so soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not

suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritated, as usual, by restraint, had broke out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed risibility, upbraided her in very bitter terms with being insensible to the honour of her family. Miss Bellenden's intercession, therefore, had on this occasion, little chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret, upon this solemn occasion, exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked, for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of upon occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Margaret Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause, as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, not with the cordial alertness of visage which used, on other occasions, to express the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primmed into an expression of respect, mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best curtsey to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair, which, on former occasions, Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the county

and of the borough. But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such condescension. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the culprit.

'Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you ha'e ta'en it upon you, contrary to the faith ye owe to God and the king, and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappen-schaw, held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armour and abuilyiements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonour as hasna befa'en the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?'

Mause's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme; she hesitated, and one or two short coughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself.

'I am sure—my leddy—hem, hem!—I am sure I am sorry—very sorry that ony cause of displeasure should hae occurred—but my son's illness'—

'Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would ha'e been at the tower wi' day-light to get something that wad do him gude; there are few ailments that I have na medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel.'

'O ay, my leddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderfu' cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm.'

'Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was ony need?—But there was none, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are!'

'*Your leddyship* never ca'd me sic a word as that

year sixteen hundred and forty-twa is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuck will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church.'

'If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And, since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddy suld work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine* for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy'——

'The woman would drive ony reasonable being daft!' said Lady Margaret; then, resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, 'Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I suld hae began—ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say, either Cuddy must attend musters when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner him and you flit and quit my bounds the better; there's nae scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but, if there were, I had rather that the rigs of Tillietudlem bare naething but windle-straes and sandy-lavrocks than they were ploughed by rebels to the king.'

'Aweel, my leddy,' said Mause, 'I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for ye, and for Miss Edith,

* *Probably something similar to the bard-fanners now used for winnowing corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1750. They were objected to by the more rigid sectaries on their first introduction, upon such reasoning as that of honest Mause, in the text.*

that ye may be brought to see the error of your
s. But still'——
The error of my ways,' interrupted Lady Marga-
—' The error of *my* ways, ye uncivil woman ?'
Ou ay, my leddy, we are blinded that live in this
ey of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony
rs, grit folks as weel as sma—but, as I said, my puir
nison will rest wi' you and yours wherever I am.
ill be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blythe to
r o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I
na prefer the commands of an earthly mistress to
e of a heavenly master, and sae I am e'en ready to
er for righteousness sake.'
It is very well,' said Lady Margaret, turning her
k in great displeasure; ' ye ken my will, Mause, in
matter. I'll hae nae whiggery in the barony of
lietudlem—the next thing wad be to set up a con-
ticle in my very withdrawing room.'
Having said this, she departed with an air of great
nity; and Mause, giving way to feelings which she
l suppressed during the interview,—for she, like her
tress, had her own feeling of pride,—now lifted up
voice and wept aloud.
Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still de-
ied him in bed, lay perdue during all this conference,
gly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and
rified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in
editary reverence, should have detected his presence,
l bestowed on him personally some of those bitter
roaches with which she loaded his mother. As soon
he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he
nced up in his nest.
' The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae,' he cried out
his mother, ' for a lang-tongued wife, as my father,
nest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy
ne wi' your whiggery? and I was e'en as great

gomerial to let you persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon, instead o' gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk. Odd, but I pat a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa o't. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I'm clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got fra Mr. Gudyill when ye garr'd me refuse to eat the plumb-parridge on Yule-eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a ploughman lad supped on minched pies or sour sowens.'

'O, whisht, my bairn, whisht,' replied Mause; 'thou kens nae about thae things—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of protestant Christians.'

'And now,' continued her son, 'ye hae brought the leddy hersel on our hands!—An' I could but hae gotten some decent claes on, I wad hae spanged out o' bed, and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night and day, an' she wad but leave us the free house and the yaird that grew the best early kale in the hail county and the cow's grass.'

'O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie,' continued the old dame, 'murmur not at the dispensation; neither gruge suffering in the gude cause.'

'But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mother' rejoined Cuddie, 'for a' ye bleeze out sae muckle elo-quence about it? It's clean beyond my comprehension thegither. I see nae muckle difference atween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; but they be right words, what for no? A gude tale is the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a book

aye the better chance to understand it. Every body's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursel, mither.'

'O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a'—O, how aften hae I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine and ane that's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my gray hairs'——

'Weel, mither,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, 'what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the sundays, and fended weel for ye on the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for you now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can plough ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other ground, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors daur tak us after being turned aff thae bounds for non-enormity.'

'Non-conformity, hinnie,' sighed Mause, 'is the name that thae warldly men gi'e us.'

'Weel, aweel—we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twal or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your gray hairs.' (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme.) 'Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides ye're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage-waggon wi' Eppie Dumblane the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o' us I canna weel see—I doubt I'll hae to tak the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dykeside, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's stippet about my hause.'

'O, my bonnie Cuddie, forbear sic carna self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence —*I have not seen* the son of the righteous begging his *read, sae says* the text; and your father was a douce

honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things e'en like yoursel, my jo !'

"Aweel," said Cuddie after a little consideration, 'I see but ae gate for't, and that's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsomever, mither ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's atween Miss Edith and young Mr. Harry Morton, that suld be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book or may be a bit letter quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it came frae, though I kenn'd brawly. There's whiles convenience in looking a wee stupid—and I hae aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood-burn; but naebody ever kenn'd a word about it frae Cuddie; I ken I'm gay thick in the head, but I'm an honest as our auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr. Harry our distress. They want a ploughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain—I am sure Mr. Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman.—I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the de'il himself. But we'll aye get a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fire-side, and theeking ower our heads, and that's a' we'll want for a season—Sae get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away, for, since sae it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn.'

CHAPTER VIII.

The devil a puritan, or any thing else, he is, but a time-server.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

It was evening when Mr. Harry Morton perceived an old woman, wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow, in hoddin-gray, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her courtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed he had previously stipulated with his mother that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, 'For getting a service or getting forward in the warld, he could somegategar the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than hers, though she could crack like ony minister o' them a'.'

Accordingly he thus opened the conversation with young Morton,—

'A braw night this for the rye, your honour; the west park will be bearing bravely this e'en.'

'I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?' (Cuddie nodded.) 'What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?'

'Troth, stir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neshessity, stir—I'm seeking for service, stir.'

'For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year? how comes that?'

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, 'It has pleased Heaven, an' it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation.'—

'*De'il's in the* wife and nae gude!' whispered Cud-

die to his mother; 'and ye come out wi' pour whiggery they'll no daur open a door to us through the haill country!' Then aloud and addressing Morton, 'My mother's auld, stir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradicted, (as I ken naebody likes it if they could help themsels,) especially by her ain folk,—and Mr. Harison the steward, and Gudyill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope, sae I thought it best to flit before ill came to waur—and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it.'

Morton took the billet, and crimsoning up to the ears, between joy and surprise, read these words, 'If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B.'

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, 'And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?'

'Wark, stir, wark, and a service is my object—a bit bield for my mother and mysel—we hae gude plenishing o' our ain, if we had the cast-o' a cart to bring it down—and milk and meal, and greens enow, for I'm gay gleg at meal time, and sae is my mother, lang may it be sae—And, for the pennyfee an a' that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged, if ye can help it.'

Morton shook his head. 'For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something, but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt.'

'I'll take my chance o't, stir, rather than gang down about Hamilton, or ony sic far country.'

'Well; step into the kitchen, Cuddie, and I'll do what I can for you.'

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the

pleasure of being besought and entreated; but, when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant, whose wages were to be in his own option. An outhouse was, therefore, assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal provisions provided for the family until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddie such a present, under the name of *arles*, as might show his sense of the valour of the recommendation delivered to him.

'And now we're settled ance mair,' said Cuddie to his mother, 'and if we're no sae bien and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mother; there will be nae quarrelling about that.'

'Of my persuasion, hinnie! waes me for thy blindness and theirs. O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the prelatists themsels. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor, that has, for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strick path and gone astray after the Black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen o' Bengonnar from the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth, wha suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket, afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say that Erastianism was as bad as prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?'

'Heard ever ony body the like o' this,' interrupted Cuddie, 'we'll be driven out o' house and ha'

again afore we ken where to turn oursels. Weel, mother, I hae just ae word mair—An' I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysel, they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Pound-texts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysel, or maybe a serjeant or a captain if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the de'il thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a gude fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat mosshags for four hours at a yoking, and the leddy cured me wi' some hickery pickery, mair by token, an' she had kenn'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to cure it.'

Although groaning in spirit over the obdurate and impenitent state, as she thought it, of her son Cuddie, Mause durst neither urge him farther on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered, that although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be seized with fits of obstinacy which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Cuddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue, and even when Poundtext was commended in her presence, as an able and fructifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow, from a vivid recollection of the more pathetic parts of his homilies. How long she could have repressed her

feelings it is difficult to say. An unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a-week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock, (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite house-keeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a house-maid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exercitations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson; a barnman, a white-headed cow-herd boy, and Caddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, gray eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed, as closely as if their gances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the hug feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephe whose repugnance to rustic labour was the princip cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had be the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

'Pay the wages, quotha?' said Milnwood to himse 'Thou wilt eat in a week the value of mair than th canst work for in a month.'

These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted a loud knocking at the outer-gate. It was a unive custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at ner, the outer-gate of the court-yard, if there was and, if not, the door of the house itself, was al

shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time. The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and, having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish door-ways were furnished with the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, 'The red coats! the red-coats!'

'Robin—Ploughman—What ca' they ye—Barnsman—Nevoy Harry—open the door, open the door,' exclaimed Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, these beneath the salt being of goodly horn. 'Speak them fair, sirs—Lord love ye, speak them fair—they winna bide thrawing—we're a' harried—we're a' harried!'

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, 'Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yoursel deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mother.'

'O, hinny, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill,' was the corresponding whisper of Mause; 'but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny.'

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life Guard's-men, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon

the stone-floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled from well-grounded apprehension of the system of exactation and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a masque for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

'What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?' said Milnwood humbling himself before the satellites of power.

'We come in behalf of the king,' answered Bothwell? 'Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?'

'We were at dinner,' answered Milnwood, 'and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?' making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loth to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

'*Claret* for me,' said one fellow.

'I like ale better,' said another, 'provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn.'

'Better never was malted,' said Milnwood; 'I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen.'

'Brandy will cure that,' said a third fellow; 'a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach.'

'Brandy, ale, wine, sack, and claret,—we'll try them all,' said Bothwell, 'and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the damn'dest whig in Scotland had said it."

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the governante.

'The housekeeper,' said Bothwell, taking a seat and throwing himself upon it, 'is neither so young nor so bonny as to tempt a man to follow her to the gaun-trees, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place.—What's this?—meat?' (searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton)—'I think I could eat a bit—it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it.'

'If there is any thing better in the house, sir,' said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation——

'No, no,' said Bothwell, 'it's not worth while, I must proceed to business.—You attend Poundtext, the presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr. Morton?'

Mr. Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology.

'By the indulgence of his gracious majesty and the government, for I wad do nothing out of law—I hae nae objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country-bred man, and the ministers are a hamelier kind of folk, an

I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a mair frugal establishment for the country.'

'Well, I care nothing about that,' said Bothwell; 'they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a crop-eared cur of the whole pack should bark in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am to obey commands—there comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady.'

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

'You did your good wine injustice, my friend;—it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the king's health?'

'With pleasure,' said Milnwood, 'in ale,—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honoured friends.'

'Like me, I suppose,' said Bothwell; and then, pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, 'Here, young man, pledge you the king's health.'

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

'Well,' said Bothwell, 'have ye all drank the toast?—What is that old wife about?—Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by'——

'If your honour pleases,' said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, 'this is my mother, stir; and she's as deaf as Corralinn; we canna make her hear day nor door; but, if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think necessary.'

'*I dare* swear you are,' answered Bothwell, 'you *pk like* a fellow that would stick to brandy—help hay-

self, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse!—What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a whig as ever sate on a hill side.—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?'

'Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?' said Cuddie, interposing.

'Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched,' answered the trooper.

'Mither,' cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, 'the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works.'

'With a' my heart, Cuddie,' said Mause, 'and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof.'

'Come,' said Bothwell, 'the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?'

All started and looked at each other; at length Milnwood himself answered, 'They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true.'

'There is the relation published by government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?

'Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it,' stammered Milnwood.

'I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend,' said the dragoon authoritatively.

Milnwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in gleaning which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.

'I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devised by hellish and implacable cruelty—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land.'

'Well said, old gentleman,' said the querist—'Here's to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack—sour ale sits ill upon a loyal stomach.—Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?'

'I should have little objection to answer you, said Henry, 'if I knew what right you had to put the question.'

'The Lord preserve us!' said the old house keeper, 'to ask the like o' that at a trooper, when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the hail country wi' man and woman, beast and body.'

The old gentleman exclaimed in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, 'Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the king's authority in the person of a serjeant of the life-guards?'

Silence, all of you,' exclaimed Bothwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table—'Silence, every one of you, and hear me!—You ask me for my right to examine you, sir; (to Henry) my cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Nol gave to his round-heads; and if you want to know more about it, you may look at the act of council empowering his majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and, therefore, once more I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharpe—its a new touchstone we have got for trying people's metal.'

Henry had, by this time, reflected upon the useless *risk to which* he would expose the family by resisting

the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, 'I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and as far from approving it as myself.'

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bothwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features.

'Aha! my friend Captain Popinjay, I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company.'

'I saw you once,' answered Henry, 'in the public-house at the town of——.'

'And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster?—Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?'

'I did leave the house with the person you have named,' answered Henry, 'I scorn to deny it; but, so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed.'

'Lord have mercy on me, I am ruined!—utterly ruined and undone!' exclaimed Milnwood. 'That callant's tongue will rin the head aff his ain shoulders, and waste my gudes to the very gray cloak on my back.'

'But you knew Burley,' continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, 'to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You knew, that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to reset, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, *writ, or message*, or to supply him with meat, drink

house, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains—You knew all this, and yet you broke the law.' (Henry was silent.) 'Where did you part from him? continued Bothwell; 'was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?

'In this house!' said his uncle, 'he dared not for his neck bring ony traitor into a house of mine.'

'Dare he deny that he did so? said Bothwell.

'As you charge it to me as a crime,' said Henry, 'you will excuse my saying any thing that will criminate myself.'

'O, the lands of Milnwood!—the bonny lands of Milnwood, that have been in the name of Morton twa hundred years!' exclaimed his uncle; 'they are barking and fleeing, outfield and infield, haugh and holme!'

'No, sir,' said Henry, you shall not suffer on my account—I own,' he continued, addressing Bothwell, 'I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence.'

'Come, young man,' said the soldier, in a somewhat milder tone, 'you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan, kinder, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own thin ale—tell me all you know about this Burley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand merks on the murdering whiggamore's head, an' I could but light on it—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?'

'You will excuse my answering that question, sir,' said Morton; 'the same cogent reasons which indu-

ced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would command me to respect his secret, if indeed he had trusted me with any.'

'So you refuse to give me an answer? said Bothwell.

'I have none to give,' returned Henry.

'Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match betwixt your fingers,' answered Bothwell.

'O, for pity's sake, sir,' said old Alison apart to her master, 'gi'e them siller—it's siller they're seeking—they'll murder Mr. Henry, and yoursel next.'

Milnwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, 'if twenty p—p—punds would make up this unhappy matter.'——

'My master,' insinuated Alison to the serjeant, 'would gi'e twenty punds sterling.'

'Punds Scotch you b—h,' interrupted Milnwood, for the agony of his avarice overcame alike his puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

'Punds sterling,' insisted the housekeeper, 'if ye wad hae the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct; he's that dour ye might tear him to pieces and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little gude to burn his bonny finger ends.'

'Why,' said Bothwell hesitating. 'I don't know—most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but'—

'O ay, ay, sir,' cried Mrs. Wilson, 'ony test, ony oaths you please!' And then aside to her master, '*Haste ye away*, sir, and get the money or they will *burn the house* about our lugs.'

Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Serjeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his majesty's custom-house.

'You—what's your name, woman?'

'Alison Wilson, sir.'

'You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of reformation; or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants'——

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

'O, whisht, mother, whisht! they're upon a' communing—Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel e'enow.'

'I will not whisht, Cuddie,' replied his mother, 'I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the fowler.'

'She has her leg ower the harrows now,' said Cuddie, stop her wha can—I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly—Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot.'

'And div ye think to come here,' said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated, by the very mention of the test, from the *restraints* of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition—'div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths,

and tests, and bands—your snares, and your traps, and your gins?—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in sight any bird.'

'Eh! what, good dame?' said the soldier.—Here's a whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.—Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot.'

'Whae do I talk to? Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens to the earth.'

'Upon my soul,' said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, 'this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?'

'Gie ye some mair o't?' said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough,' I will take up my testimony against you ance and again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye, and foxes—evening-wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon, Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses.'

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

'Curse the old hag,' said one of the dragoons, 'gag her, and take her to head-quarters.'

'For shame, Andrews,' said Bothwell; 'remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privileges of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman, every Bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the mean time, I must necessarily carry off this young

man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism.'

'See now, mither, what ye hae dune,' whispered Cuddie; 'there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr. Harry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, de'il be on't!'

'Haud ye're tongue, ye cowardly loon,' said the mother, 'and lay na the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity.'

While this dialogue passed, the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milnwood returned at this instant, and alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said, 'There's many a merry night in this nest of yellow boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoke too loud, and before all the men too.—Hark ye, old gentlemen,' to Milnwood, 'I must take your nephew to head-quarters, so I cannot, in conscience, keep more than is my due as civility-money;' then opening the purse, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. 'Now,' said he, 'you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used, and the rest of the money I return to you.'

Milnwood eagerly extended his hand.

'Only you know,' said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, 'that every landholder, is answerable for

the conformity and loyalty of his house-hold, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old puritan in the tartan plaid there; and, I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council.'

'God serjeant,—worthy captain!' exclaimed the terrified miser, 'I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence.'

'Nay,' answered Bothwell, 'you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself.—You fellow,' (to Cuddie) 'stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge.'

'Lord! noble sir,' said Cuddie, 'an auld wife's tongue's but a feckless matter to mak sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said.'

'Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well,' said Bothwell; 'I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed.—Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony.'

Mause's zeal did not require this spur to set her again on full career.

'Woe to the compliers and carnal self-seekers,' she said, 'that daubs over and drowns their conscience by complying with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the enemy. It is the evil that Menahan did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Peel, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him, Second Kings, feifteen chapter, aughteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, *when he* sent money to Tigleth Peleeser, see *the saame* Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if

it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah, that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money and offering to bear that which was put upon him, (see the saame Second Kings, aughteon chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses) even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates, (dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber) and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They all are like the casters of a lot with them—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number.'

'There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr. Morton! How like you that?' said Bothwell; 'or how do you think the Council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a kylevine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. She denies paying cess, I think, Andrews?'

'Yes, by G—,' said Andrews; 'and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down at a table.'

'You hear,' said Bothwell, addressing Milnwood, 'but it's your own affair,' and he proffered back the purse with its diminished contents, with an air of indifference.

Milnwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the purse.

'Are ye mad?' said his housekeeper, in a whisper; 'tell them to keep it;—they *will* do it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet.'

'I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it,' said Milnwood, *in the bitterness* of his heart. 'I canna part wi' the *siller I hae* counted sae oftenower, to thae blackguards'

'Then I maun do it mysel, Milnwood,' said the housekeeper, 'or see a' gang wrang thegither.—My master, sir,' she said, addressing Bothwell, 'canna think o' taking back ony thing at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the siller, and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud,' (here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers,) 'a daft auld whig randie, that ne'er was in the house (foul fa' her) till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the door-stane again an' anes I had her out o't.'

'Ay, ay,' said Cuddie, 'e'en sae. I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again when'er you suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither.'

'Whisht, my bairn,' said she, 'and dinna murmur at the cross—cross their door-stane? weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back cast o' his hand yet, that think sae muckle o' the creature, and sae little o' the Creator—sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken covenant—sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck, and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, for bye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, *moss-flows, and* peat-hags, there to hear the word like *bread eaten in secret.*'

'She's at the Covenant now, serjeant, she have her away?' said one of the soldiers.

'You be d—d,' said Bothwell, aside to him; you see she's better where she is, so long as t respectable, sponsible, money-broking heritor Morton of Milnwood, who has the means o her trespasses? Let the old mother fly to raise brood, she's too tough to be made any thing o —Here,' he cried, 'one other round to Milnw his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting w —which I think will not be far distant, if such a fanatical family.'

He then ordered the party to take their ho pressed the best in Milnwood's stable into th service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wil weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of ne for Henry's compelled journey, and, as sh about, took an opportunity, unseen by the slip into his hand a small sum of money. and his troopers, in other respects, kept their and were civil. They did not bind their but contented themselves with leading his tween a file of men. They then mounted, an ed off with much mirth and laughter among the leaving the Milnwood family in great confusio old laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his and the unavailing outlaw of twenty pounds did nothing the whole evening but rock hims wards and forwards in his great leathern ea repeating the same lamentation, of 'Ruined o body and gudes, body and gudes!'

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indu partly relieved by the torrent of invectives wi she accompanied Mause and Cuddie's expul *Milnwood*.

'*Ill* luck be in the graning corse o' thee!

tiest lad in Clydesdale this day maun be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft whiggery.'

'Gae wa',' replied Mause; 'I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae—I promise I hae dune as muckle for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for, if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket'——

'And there's gude hope o't,' said Alison, 'unless you and he change your courses.'

'And if,' continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, 'the bloody Doegs and the flattering Ziphites were to seek to insnare me with a proffer of his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, natheless, in lifting my testimony against popery, prelacy, antinomianism, erastianism, lapsarianism, sublapsarianism, and the sins and snares of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black indulgence, that has been a stumblingblock to professors—I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher.'

'Hout tout, mither,' cried Cuddie, interfering, and dragging her off forcibly, 'dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony; ye hae preached enough for sax days; ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city of refuge afore our hinder-end was weel hafted in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty punds out o' the laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow; sae cum awa', cum awa'; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while.'

So saying, he dragged off Mause, the words, 'Testimony——Covenant——malignants——indulgence,' still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparation

instantly renewing their travels in quest of an lum.

Ill-fa'ard, crazy, crack-brained gowk, that she is!' claimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, o set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the ld besom, and to bring sae muckle distress on a ounce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair an half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried y ten nails in the wizen'd hide o' her.'

CHAPTER VIII.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

BURNS.

'DON'T be too much cast down,' said Serjeant Both well to his prisoner as they journeyed on towards the head-quarters; 'you are a smart pretty lad, and wel connected; the worst that will happen will be strappin up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I te you fairly your life's within the compass of the la unless you make submission, and get off by a rou fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford

'That vexes me more than the rest,' said He 'He parts with his money with regret; and, as had no concern whatever with my having given person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I es a capital punishment, that the penalty may be kind I could bear in my own person.'

'Why, perhaps,' said Bothwell, 'they will pr to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments th serving abroad. It's no bad line of service;

friends are active, and there are any knocks going, you may soon get a commission.'

'I am by no means sure,' answered Morton, 'that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me.'

'Why, then, you are no real whig after all,' said the serjeant.

'I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state,' said Henry, 'but have remained quietly at home, and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments.'

'Have you?' replied Bothwell; 'why, I honour you for it—I have served in the Scotch French guards myself many a long day—it's the place for learning discipline, d—n me. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but miss the roll-call, and see how they will arrange you.—D—n me, if old Captain Montgomery did'nt make me mount guard upon the arsenal in my steel-back and breast, plate-sleeves and head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun, that gad I was beeked like a turtle in Port Royale. I swore never to miss answering to Francis Stuart again, though I should leave my hand of cards upon the drum-head—Ah! discipline is a capital thing.'

'In other respects you liked the service?' said Henry.

'*Par excellence*,' said Bothwell; 'women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, gad he'll help you to these comforts himself just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a crop-eared whig parson will be so civil?'

'Why, nowhere, I agree with you,' said Henry; 'but what was your chief duty?'

'*To guard* the king's person?' said Bothwell, 'to

look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots (protestants that is.) And there we had fine scope; it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a *buon camerada*, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in cash with some of your old uncle's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves.'

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to acquaint the serjeant, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he would have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

'Well,' said Bothwell, 'in that case these yellow rascals must serve to ballast my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern (unless ordered on duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post. When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing. —But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods that surround it on every side?'

'It is the tower of Tillietudlem,' said one of soldiers. 'Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there, is one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d whig dogs that shot at me from behind a fauld dyke, I *lay a month* there, and would stand such another wound *to be in as* good quarters again.'

'*If that* be the case,' said Bothwell, 'I will pay my *respects to her* as we pass, and request some refresh-

ment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drank nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times,' he continued, addressing himself to Henry, 'that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tilhie—what d'ye call it, you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics you help yourself by force; and among the moderate presbyterians and other suspicious persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other.'

'And you propose,' said Henry anxiously, 'to go upon that errand up to the tower yonder?'

'To be sure I do,' answered Bothwell. 'How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce—that I take for granted; it is the favourite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country laird.'

'Then, for Heaven's sake,' said Harry, 'if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be muffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge.'

'With all my heart,' said Bothwell; 'I promised to use you civilly, and I scorn to break my word.—Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood.'

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant, whose family inhabited the turret which remained entire. The gate had been

broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing now hiding a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength as induced Bothwell to exclaim, 'It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old whigamore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragoons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milnwood. Upon my life,' he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and flankers, 'it is superb place, founded, says the worn inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Bellenden in 1350—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company.'

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitred the soldiers from an arrowslit in the wall, announced to his lady, that a commanded party of dragoons waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

'I am certain,' said Gudyill, 'and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner, for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carabines out of their budgets and rested upon their thighs. It was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marquis.'

'*King's* soldiers?' said the lady; 'probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyill, make them welcome, and

let them be accommodated with what provisions and forage the Tower can afford.—And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and manteau. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show them too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear Gudyill, let Jenny Dennison slip on her pearlings to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly.'

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the courtyard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Serjeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, 'That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' answered Lady Margaret, 'and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment.'

'We are well aware, madam,' continued Bothwell, 'that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillietudlem, of those who served *the King.*'

'We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir,' answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, 'both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred majesty, now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Serjeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall show you; we still call it the King's room.'

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one file, and the prisoner to that of another, so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

'Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate.'

'Indeed, sir? Probably,' said Lady Margaret, 'you have belonged to his household?'

'Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his *house*, a connexion through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillietudlem.'

'Sir?' said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an impertinent jest, 'I do not understand you.'

'It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam,' answered the trooper, 'but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather. Francis Stuart, to whom James I., his cousin german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nick-name. It was not in the long run more advantageous to him than it is to me.'

'Indeed?' said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise; 'I have always understood that the grandson of the last Earl was in necessitous circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connexions what ill fortune could have reduced you'——

'Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. 'I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—have drank my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry main with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions—Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware,' he continued with some bitterness, 'how much the descendant of the Scottish Stuarts was honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers.'

'But your Scottish friends, Mr. Stuart, your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?'

'Why, ay, my lady, I believe some of them might have made me their game-keeper, for I am a tolerable shot—some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine.——But I don't know how it is—between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, though the pay is but poor and the livery far from splendid.'

'It is a shame, it is a burning scandal,' said Lady Margaret. 'Why do you not apply to his most sacred majesty? he cannot but be surprised to hear that scion of his august family'——

'I beg your pardon, madam,' interrupted the

jeant, 'I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred majesty is more busy in grafting scions of his own than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather.'

'Well, Mr. Stuart,' said Lady Margaret, 'one thing you must promise me—remain at Tillietudlem to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding officer, the gallant Claverhouse, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion, and I am certain he feels too much, both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received.'

'I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Graham, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark.'

'Who is your prisoner, pray you?' said Lady Margaret.

'A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so incautious as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the primate, and to facilitate the dog's escape.'

'O, fie upon him!' said Lady Margaret, 'I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr. Stuart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trou

ble to your people, I will cause Harrison, or Gudyill, look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been opened since the week after the victory of Kilsythe, when my poor sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty whigs into it; but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air.'

'I beg your pardon, madam,' answered the serjeant; 'I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one, but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the thumbkins.'

'Well, Mr. Stuart,' rejoined the lady, 'you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep us company, but a—a—a—'

'O madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V.'

'Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stuart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall need no anomalies to be reconciled.'

'I believe, madam,' said Bothwell, 'your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison.'

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a serjeant of the life-guards, again assuring Mr. Stuart, that whatever was in

Tower of Tillietudlem was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Serjeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous carousal, during which Mr. Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry by that seducing example, which, in matters of conviviality, goes farther than precept. Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth mingles in the revels of his matter, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck, to ransack some private catacomb, known, as he boasted, only to himself and which never either had, or should, during his superintendance, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

'When the Duke dined here,' said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet hitching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of his speech, 'my leddy was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy,' (here he advanced his seat a little)—'but I dinna ken how it was, Mr. Stuart, I misdoubted him. I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to government he pretends; the family are not to lippen to. That auld Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wersh parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor sup cauld.' (With this witty observation he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.) 'Sae, sir, the faster my *leddy* cried 'Burgundy to his Grace—the auld Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that

cam ower in the thirty-nine'—the mair did I say to mysel' de'il a drap gangs down his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles; sack and claret may serve him. Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I hae the trust o' butler in this house o' Tillietudlem, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtfu' person is the better o' our binns. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy; when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by church and crown as I did mysel in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there is naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him.'

By this time he had completed a lodgment in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

'And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your gude health, and a commission t'ye, and much luck may ye have in raking this country clear o' whigs and round-heads, fanatics and Covenanters.'

Bothwell, who it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr. Gudyill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempest roar?

PRIOR.

WHILE Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended serjeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her granddaughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were descended of the blood royal, did not honour Serjeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gayety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

'I wish,' she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person, 'I wish we knew who that poor fellow is.'

'I was just thinking sae mysel, Miss Edith; but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and nae so stout.'

'Yet,' continued Miss Bellenden, 'it may be some poor neighbour for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves.'

'I can sune learn wha he is, if the soldiers were anes settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them.'

'I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country,' answered her mistress.

'Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that. To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by head-mark that they see aye glowring and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steinsons, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheils, and lang Tam Gilry, and'—

'Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier,' said Miss Bellenden.

'Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside-Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him ony thing, and Tam will not refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him.'

'Try then,' said Miss Edith, 'if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says.'

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

'What is the matter?' said Edith, anxiously; 'does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?'

'Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na, na! it's nae Cuddie,' blubbered out the faithful fille-de-chambre, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. 'O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himsel!'

'Young Milnwood!' exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; 'it is impossible—totally impossible!—His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connexion whatever with the refractory people and he himself has never interfered in this unhap

dissention; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right.'

'O, my dear Miss Edith,' said her attendant, 'these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrang; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld carl of an Archbishop.'

'His life!' exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up and speaking with a hasty and tremulous accent,—'they cannot—they shall not—I will speak with him—they shall not hurt him!'

'O, my dear young lady, think on your grandmother; think on the danger and the difficulty,' added Jenny; 'for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he does nae gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief wark wi' him—Kneel down—mak ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar, that never heard a question they pat till him, and lost his life for lack o' hearing.'

'Jenny,' said the young lady, 'if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty—I will put on a plaid, and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him—I will throw myself at the feet of the centinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved'—

'Eh guide us!' interrupted the maid, 'our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the poor chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it—that he will never do; but what maun be maun be, and I'll never desert a truelove cause—An' sae, if ye maun see young Milnwood though I ken nae gude it will do, but to make bair your hearts the sairer, I'll e'n tak the risk o't, and

to manage Tam Halliday; but ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak ae word—he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the tower.'

'Go, go, fetch me a plaid,' said Edith. 'Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger—Haste ye, Jenny, as ever you hope to have good at my hands.'

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so completely as to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil. Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study, or closet, in one of the turrets, opening from a gallery in which the centinel was pacing to and fro; for Serjeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanour, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon a table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the *lively Scottish air*,

'*Between* Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me'—

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

'I can manage the trooper weel eneugh,' she said, 'for as rough as he is—I ken their nature weel; but ye maunna say a single word.'

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the centinel had turned his back from it, and, taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery,

'If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad;
A laird, or a lord, they were fitter for me,
See I'll never be fain to follow thee.'———

'A fair challenge, by Jove,' cried the centinel, turning round, 'and from two at once, but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandeliers;' then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt,

'To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.' ——

'Come, my pretty nurse, and kiss me for my song.'

'I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday,' answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal; 'and, I'se assure ye, ye'll hae but little o' my company unless ye show gentler havings—It was na to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, 'at should ye.'

'Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here then, Mrs. Dennison?'

'My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I am come wi' her to speak till him.'

'The devil you are,' answered the centinel; 'and pray Mrs. Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of.'

'It's no a thing to be spoken o' but a thing to be dune,' replied the persevering damsel.

'We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny,' and the soldier resumed his march, humming as he walked to and fro along the gallery.

'Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet,
Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
My joe Janet.'

'So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel—gude e'en to you—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny dye too,' said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a silver dollar.

'Give him gold, give him gold,' whispered the agitated young lady.

'Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him, that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's e'e—and what's waur, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kinswoman o' mine. My sarty! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd.' Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said, 'My cousin winna stay ony langer, Mr. Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye.'

'Halt a bit, halt a bit,' said the trooper; 'rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll be all well pleased you know.'

'The fiend be in my feet then,' said Jenny; 'd'y' think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose c

gude name wi' cracking clavers wi' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Hegh, hegh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folk's promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight poor Cuddie; but an' I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it.'

'D—n Cuddie,' retorted the dragoon, 'he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail—we had law enough to bear us out.'

'Very weel, very weel—See if Cuddie winnna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gaur him tak the muir wi' sae mony honest folk. He can hit a mark brawly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of e'e and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours—But it's a' ane to me—Come, cousin, we'll awa'.'

'Stay, Jenny; d—n me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing,' said the soldier in a hesitating tone. 'Where is the serjeant?'

'Drinking and driving ower,' quoth Jenny, 'wi' the steward and John Gudyill.'

'So, so—he's safe enough—and where are my comrades?' said the centinel.

'Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer, and some o' the serving folk.'

'Have they plenty of ale?'

'Sax gallons, as gude as e'er was masked,' said the maid.

'Well, then, my pretty Jenny,' said the relenting centinel, 'they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time'——

'Maybe I will, and maybe I winna,' said Jenny; 'but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel.'

'I'll be d—n'd if I do,' said Halliday, taking the money however; 'but it's always something for my risk; for, if Claverhouse hears what I have done, he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of Tillietudlem. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bothwell and his blood-royal shows us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow,' looking at the piece, 'will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start as if they were sounding, 'Horse and away.''

So speaking, Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a centinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and, perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door without having either the power to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had proposed to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chaos of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of her lover by a step which might appear prec[illegible] and

most powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to reassure and inspire her with courage, by whispering, 'We are in now, madam, and we maun mak the best o' our time; for doubtless, the corporal or the serjeant will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Halliday punished for his civility.'

Morton, in the mean time, was timidly advancing, suspecting the truth; for what other female in the house, excepting Edith herself, was likely to take an interest in his misfortunes? and yet afraid, owing to the doubtful twilight and the muffled dress, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affections. Jenny, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice.

'Mr. Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and'—

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unresisting hands, and loading her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the mere broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impassioned and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood as motionless as the statute of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp, she could at first only faintly articulate, 'I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step,' she continued with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, 'that may perhaps expose me to censure in your eyes.—But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the wor

seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? what can be done? can my uncle who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Milnwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?'

'Be what it will,' answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his clasp, 'be what it will it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence, and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering.'

'But is it even thus, Mr. Morton? Have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy feuds, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of'—

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

'Nothing short of my life you would say?' replied Morton, in a calm but melancholy tone; 'I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought that I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more galling than death.'

'And is it then true,' said Edith, 'that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?'

'I knew not even that such a crime had been co
mitted? [illegible] unhappi

night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash men, the ancient friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Bellenden, save you, will believe it? And, what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive.'

'And by whom,' said Edith, anxiously, 'or under what authority will the investigation of your conduct take place?'

'Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand,' said Morton; 'one of the military commission, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives.'

'To Claverhouse?' said Edith, faintly; 'merciful Heaven, you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my mother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate men are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors in the primate's murder. His expressions made me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that—a friend'——

'Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith,' said Henry, as he supported her in his arms; 'Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unvarnished defence than a tricking and time-serving judge might do. And, indeed, in a time when justice is, in all its branches, so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence than b

conjured out of it by the hocus-pocus of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction.'

'You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!' sighed Edith; 'root and branch-work was the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuse, no subterfuge,' said his letter, 'shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder, as the old man had gray hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither ruth nor favour to be found with him.'

Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress, which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

'Wi' your leddyship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr. Milnwood's, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner, if he'll promise no to look about, and he may walk past Tam Halliday, who is half blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quietly to your ain room, and I'll row mysel in his gray cloak, and pit on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday and gar him let me out.'

'Let you out?' said Morton; 'they'll make your life answer it.'

'*Ne'er a bit*,' replied Jenny; 'Tam daurna tell he *let ony body in*, for his ain sake; and I'll gar him find *ome other gate* to account for the escape.'

'Will you, by G—?' said the centinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; 'if I am half blind, I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs. Janet—march, troop—quick time—trot, d—n me!—And you, madam kinswoman,—I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me so rascally a trick,—but I must make a clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard.'

'I hope,' said Morton, very anxiously, 'you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl.'

'Oh, devilish good-natured, to be sure,' said Halliday. 'As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice, or tell tales, as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good for little chit face.'

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept, or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

'And now continued the soldier, somewhat mollified, 'if you have any thing to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for if Bothwell take it *into his* drunken head to make the rounds half an hour *too soon*, it will be a black business to us all.'

'Farewell Edith,' whispered Morton, assuming a *firmness* he was far from possessing; 'do not remai

eave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endur-
nce you are interested in it.—Good night, good
—Do not remain here till you are discovered.'—
; saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by
he was partly led and partly supported out of
rtment.

ry one has his taste, to be sure,' said Halliday;
—n me if I would have vexed so sweet a girl
is for all the whigs that ever swore the Cove-

n Edith had regained her apartment, she gave
a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison,
astened to administer such scraps of conso-
as occurred to her.

na vex yoursel sae muckle, Miss Edith,' said that
attendant; 'wha kens what may happen to
ung Milnwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny,
entleman of a good fortune, and they winna string
o' him up as they do the puir whig bodies that
itch in the muirs, like straps o' onions; maybe
le will bring him aff, or maybe your ain grand-
ill speak a gude word for him—he's weel ac-
wi' a' the red-coat gentlemen.'

a are right, Jenny! you are right,' said Edith,
ing herself from the stupor into which she had
'this is no time for despair, but for exertion.
ust find some one to ride this very night to my
with a letter.'

Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's
es an' a bittock doun the water; I doubt if we
d man an' horse the night, mair especially as
e mounted a centinel before the gate. Puir
! he's gane, puir fallow, that wad hae dune aught
varld I bade him, and ne'er asked a reason—an'
! nae time to draw up wi' the new pleugh-lad

yet; forby that, they say he's gaun to be married to Meg Murdieson, ill-fa'ard cuttie as she is.'

'You *must* find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it.'

'I wad gang mysel, my leddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speel down by the auld yew tree weel eneugh—I hae played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony red-coats about, forby the whigs, that are no muckle better, (the young lads o' them) if they meet a fraim body their lane in the muirs. I wadna stand for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moolight weel eneugh.'

'Is there no one you can think of, that, for money or favour, would serve me so far?" said Edith, in great anxiety.

'I dinna ken,' said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, 'unless it be Guse Gibbie; and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Capper-cleuch, and dinna drown himsel in Whomlekirn-pule, or fa' ower the scaur at the De'il's Loaning, or miss ony o' the kittle staps at the Pass o' Walkwary, or be carried to the hills by the whigs, or be ta'en to the tolbooth by the red-coats.'

'All ventures must be run,' said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage; 'all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger—Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets any one, let him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any names.'

'I understand, madam,' said Jenny Dennison; 'I warrant the callant will do weel eneugh, and Tib the hen-wife will take care o' the geese for a word o' my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your leddyship will mak

his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and will gie him a dollar.'

'Two, if he does his errand well,' said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Goose Gibbie out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sundown, or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed, For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These:

'My dear uncle—this will serve to inform you, I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappin-schaw, which made both my mother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we will be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Carfort, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed paduasoy with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the Grand Cyrus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which as your pacing nag is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

EDITH BELLENDEN

'*Postscriptum.* A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and, therefore, let you know this in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family.'

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidante hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the garrison through the pantry window into the branchy yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cuddie, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap, rather than his good management, which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough, between Tillietudlem and Charnwood, placed him about day-break before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the bittock, as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER XI.

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court, where the captain cries Stand.

SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN's ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bed-side, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillietudlem.

'From Tillietudlem?' said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed, and sitting bolt upright. 'Open the shutters, Pike! hope my sister-in-law is well—furl up the bed-curtain.—What have we all here?' (glancing at Edith's note.) 'The gout?—why, she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas.—The wappinschaw? I told her a month since I was not to be there.—Paduasoy and hanging sleeves? why, hang the gipsey herself!—Grand Cyrus and Philipdastus—Philip Devil—is the wench gone crazy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash?—But what says her postscriptum? Mercy on us!' he exclaimed on perusing it,—'Pike, saddle old Kilsythe instantly, and another horse for yourself.'

'I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir?' said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

'Yes—no—yes—that is, I must meet Claver-house there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can.—O, Lord! what times are these!—the poor lad—my old cronie's son!—and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!'

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and, having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady, (whose dislike to presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate,) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

'Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a cavalier as I am,' thought the veteran to himself, 'and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better entrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough paved court of Tillietudlem.

'Why, John,' said the veteran, 'what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print this morning already.'

'I have been reading the Litany,' said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the major's address to *him*; 'life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, *sir*,—*hiccup*—and lilies of the valley.'

'*Flowers* and lilies? why, man, such carles as thou *and I* can hardly be called old hemlocks, decayed net

tles, or withered rag-weed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering.'

'I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heavèn'—hiccup—

'An old skinker you mean, John. But, come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad.'

John Gudyill led the way to the stone-hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgetting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a blood-thirsty oppressor.

'Did I not tell you,' said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—'did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have every thing in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem?'

'Doubtless, such were your leddyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance'—was Mysie answering, when her ladyship broke in with, 'Then wherefore is the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?'

'I mind that weel, madam,' said Mysie; 'and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin' syne; but I thought every thing was to be placed just as it was when his majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man, if he hadna been sae *black-a-vised.*'

'*Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie; for in wh ever way his most sacred majesty ordered the pos*

of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in great matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem.'

'Weel, madam,' said Mysie, making the alteration required, 'it's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty.'

At this moment the door opened.

'Who is that, John Gudyill?' exclaimed the old lady. 'I can speak to no one just now.—Is it you, my dear brother?' she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; 'this is a right early visit.'

'Not more early than welcome, I hope,' replied Major Bellenden, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; 'but I heard by a note which Edith sent me to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books, that you were to have Claver'se here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsythe, and here we both are.'

'And most kindly welcome you are,' said the old lady; 'it is just what I should have prayed, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when'——

'The king breakfasted at Tillietudlem,' said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short. 'I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his majesty.'

'You were, brother,' said Lady Margaret; 'and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of entertainment.'

'Nay, good sooth,' said the Major, 'the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards, drove all your good cheer out of my m

mory.—But how's this?—you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state.'

'The throne, brother, if you please,' said Lady Margaret, gravely.

'Well, the throne be it, then,' continued the Major. 'Is that to be Claver'se's post in the attack upon the pasty?'

'No, brother,' said the lady; 'as these cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my life-time, be pressed by any less dignified weight.'

'You should not put them in the way, then, of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?'

'On the battlements of the warder's turret,' answered the old lady, 'looking out for the approach of our guests.'

'Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march.'

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a curtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood-house, before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both curtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast,

evincing, by her countenance, that sleep had not, in the preceding night, been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

'What is come over you, you silly girl?' he said; 'why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason—you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances, day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what do you call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew any body that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I dare say you would think very little of Raddlebanes, if he were alongside of Artamines.—I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making.'

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

'Monsieur Scuderi,' she said, 'is a soldier, brother, and, as I have heard, a complete one, and so is the Sieur D'Urfe.'

'More shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years, except my Bible, The Whole Duty of Man, and, of late days, Turner's Pallas Armata, or Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise, and I don't like his discipline much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsythe,

stead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders.—But I hear the kettle drums.'

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular form, interspersed with hedge-row trees and copses, the inclosures seeming as it were to have been cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorum pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places, planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, ar

uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the Tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of these chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

'It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger,' said the old cavalier, 'and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was in service on the continent, and we were

hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish language. It's a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *misericordé*.—So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capitally mounted—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes.'

At the bridge beneath the Tower the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook, and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guests, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body, a circumstance, which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them, that the steed had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologized for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think any thing an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, 'What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a maravedie about into the postscript.'

'I did not know,' said Edith, hesitating very much, 'whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to'——

'I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a presbyterian. But I knew this lad's father well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother—you may rely I shall not—I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver'se. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast—Let us follow them.'

CHAPTER XII.

Their breakfast so warm, be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern dejeuné, than the great stone-hall of Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands—the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation—no piddling—no boys' play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by the early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard, *without reply*, many courtly speeches addressed to

her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise amid the din of battle, 'loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.' The sense that she was in the presence of the dreaded chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must depend—the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gayety of expression which reign-

ed in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

'Edith Bellenden,' said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Grahame, that unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?'

'Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us,' answered the leader, 'but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters.'

'Indeed!' said the old lady; 'that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappen-schaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?'

'I think I could find one,' said Claverhouse, with great composure, 'if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit.'

'His name,' said Lady Margaret, 'is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no ill; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy, although,' continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the hall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh, 'I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of land and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may mount to well-nigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward *that they* would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant?

'I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's permission,' answered Claverhouse; 'it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as that of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley.'

'The house of Tillietudlem,' answered the lady, 'hath ever been open to the servants of his majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that any thing would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity.'

'Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stuart, whom we call Bothwell?' said Claverhouse, smiling. 'The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden is to lay down the law to me—Bothwell,' he continued, addressing the sergeant who just then appeared at the door, 'go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy.'

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance, and, when he had done so, said aloud, 'To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the king's, to be made a general.'

'You hear him,' said Claverhouse, smiling, 'there's the rock he splits upon; he cannot forget his pedigree.'

'I know, my noble colonel,' said Bothwell in the same tone, 'that *you* will not forget your promise;—and then, perhaps, you may permit *Cornet* Stuart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *sergeant* must forget him.'

'Enough of this, sir,' said Claverhouse, in the tone of command which was familiar to him, 'and let me know what you came to report to me just now.'

'My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the right road with some prisoners,' said Bothwell.

'My Lord Evandale?' said Lady Margaret. 'Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor disjune here, especially considering, that even his most sacred majesty did not pass the tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment.'

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the farther progress of the narrative, by saying, 'We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer (looking towards Edith) if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality.—Bothwell, let Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company.'

And let Harrison take care,' added Lady Margaret, at the people and their horses are suitably seen to.' Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversa-n, for it instantly occurred to her, that, through her uence over Lord Evandale, she might find some ans of releasing Morton from his present state of nger, in case her uncle's intercession with Claver-use should prove ineffectual At any other time, would have been much averse to exert this influ-e; for, however inexperienced in the world, her ive delicacy taught her the advantage which a beau-l young woman gives to a young man when she mits him to lay her under an obligation. And she uld have been the farther disinclined to request any our of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the sips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be de known, assigned him to her as a suiter, and cause she could not disguise from herself that very le encouragement was necessary to realize conjec-es which had hitherto no foundation. This was the re to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Evan-le making a formal declaration, he had every chance being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret l her other friends, and that she would have nothing opposite to their solicitations and authority, except a dilection, to avow which she knew would be equal-dangerous and unavailing. She determined, there-e, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and ould it fail, which she conjectured she should soon rn, either from the looks or language of the open-rted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Evan-le. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on subject of her uncle's application.

Major Belleuden, who had done the honours of the le, laughing and chatting with the military guest

who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard, and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to

break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, 'It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in any thing else I am so heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Evandale with news, as I think. What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?' he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered as if by riding hard.

'Unpleasant news, sir,' was his reply. 'A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation.'

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and unpleasant surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

'Unpleasant news call you them?' replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire, 'they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the scoundrels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight,' he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, 'I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or morass.—Where are these knaves?' he continued, addressing Evandale.

'About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called Loudon-hill,' was the young nobleman's reply. 'I dispersed the conventicle against which yo

sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter
lion, who was in the act of exhorting his l
rise and be doing in the good cause, as well
two of his hearers who seemed to be particul
lent; and from some country people and
learned what I now tell you.'

'What may be their strength?' asked
mander.

'Probably a thousand men, but accou
widely.'

'Then,' said Claverhouse, 'it is time for
up and be doing also—Bothwell, bid them
horse.'

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse in
snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give
six negroes, in white dresses richly laced, a
massive silver collars and armlets. Th
functionaries acted as trumpeters, and spee
the castle and the woods around it ring with
mons.

'Must you then leave us?' said Lady Ma
heart sinking under recollection of former
times; 'had ye no better send to learn th
the rebels?—O how many a fair face hae I h
fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of
lem that my auld e'en were ne'er to see ret

'It is impossible for me to stop,' said Cla
'there are rogues enough in this country to
rebels five times their strength, if they are r
ed at once.'

'Many,' said Evandale, 'are flocking to
ready, and they give out that they expec
body of indulged presbyterians, headed by y
wood, as they call him, the son of the fa
round-head, Colonel Silas Morton.'

This speech produced a very different
the hearers. Edith almost sunk from h

terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply; —'You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for.'

'It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics,' said the Major, hastily. 'I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church principles as any gentleman in the life-guards. I mean no offence to any man. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read in the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself.'

'There can be no harm in that,' said Claverhouse, 'whether he be innocent or guilty.—Major Allan,' he said, turning to the officer next in command, 'take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon-hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners.'

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, except Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to sooth the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

'We are to leave you,' he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—'to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden;—let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith. We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one, whom I have known so long, and whom I—respect so highly.'

The manner differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

'I hope—I sincerely trust,' she said, 'there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial—that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle.'

'Of *all?*' he repeated with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. 'But be it so—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against *them* rather prematurely. But there are few that have *less* reason to shun danger than I have?

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence which the lover, whose heart was as open before her as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay himself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

'I will but dispose of this young fellow,' said Claverhouse, from the other side of the hall, 'and then, Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt agreeable conversation—but then we must mount.—Bothwell, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines.'

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

'My Lord Evandale,' she said, 'this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's—your interest must be great with your colonel—let me request your intercession in his favour—it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation.'

'You overrate my interest, Miss Bellenden,' said Lord Evandale, 'I have been often unsuccessful in such applications when I have made them on the mere score of humanity.'

'Yet try once again for my uncle's sake.'

'*And why* not for your own?' said Lord Evandale. '*Will you not* allow me to think I am obliging you?'

sonally in this matter?—Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?'

'Surely—surely,' replied Edith; 'you will oblige me infinitely—I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account—Lose no time, for God's sake!'

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

'By heaven! then,' said Evandale, 'he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will you not,' he said, resuming the hand, which, in the hurry of her spirits, she had not courage to withdraw, 'will you not grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?'

'Any thing you can ask, my lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give.'

'And is this all,' he continued, 'all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?'

'Do not speak thus, my lord,' said Edith, 'you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—But'

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and, as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her

blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment, some singular and uncommon connexion. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

'This,' he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, 'is, I believe, the young gentlemen who gained the prize at the shooting match.'

'I am not sure,' hesitated Edith—'yet—I rather think not,' scarce knowing what she replied.

'It *is* he,' said Evandale, decidedly; 'I know him well. A victor,' he continued, somewhat haughtily, 'ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply.'

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, my lord, beware of jealousy.

OTHELLO.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed, made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous *state of mind*, and of the origin of his connexion *with Edith*.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of the talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatical zeal, and unleavened by the sourness of the puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructers as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the firmness of character, which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by

ir narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their
omy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of
elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the en-
homed rancour of their political hatred. But his
hd was still more revolted by the tyranical and op-
essive conduct of the government, the misrule, li-
ise, and brutality of the soldiery, the executions on
scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free
arters and exactions imposed by military law, which
iced the lives and fortunes of a free people on a le-
l with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each
rty as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with
sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating,
d hearing alternate complaints and exultations with
ich he could not sympathize, he would long ere
s have left Scotland had it not been for his attach-
ent to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meeting of these young people had been
Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free
m suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby him-
f, had encouraged their keeping each other constant
mpany without entertaining any apprehension of the
tural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases,
rrowed the name of friendship, used her language,
d claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden
s recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing
what singular and recurring accidents she often met
ung Morton in her sequestered walks, especially con-
lering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it
mehow happened that she never expressed the sur-
ise which the frequency of these rencontres ought na-
rally to have excited, and that their intercourse assu-
ed gradually a more delicate character, and their
eetings began to wear the air of appointments.
oks, drawings, letters, were exchanged between ther
d every trifling commission, given or executed, g

rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for them both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suiter more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connexions, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance on Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party, interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which, in fact, arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-

nsel was, in her own person, a complete country co-
tte, and when she had no opportunity of teazing her
1 lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity
torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill
to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's ac-
nt and his own handsome form and countenance,
d high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale
also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what
rton's means could afford, and he was a lord, more-
r; and, if Miss. Edith Bellenden should accept his
d, she would become a baron's lady, and what was
re, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful house-
per at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure,
ld be then Mrs. Dennison, Lady Evandale's own
nan, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting.
e impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not,
that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the
dsome suiters could wed her young lady; for it must
owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in
our of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour
k many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton;
ng now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an
icle of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but
ays tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later,
romantic intercourse with her young mistress must
e a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite
summer walks beneath the greenwood-tree, exchange
verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming
dy Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point
his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not
g of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt
o has truly loved, but to which those are most liable
ose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or
ne other envious impediment of fortune. Edith he
unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own fr

nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton upon this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

'And to what do I owe it,' he said, 'that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it?—to what, but to the accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections! And is it to one of the pensioned cutthroats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden?—I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being dead

to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne.'

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

'You must follow me, young man,' said he, 'but first we must put you in trim.'

'In trim!' said Morton, 'What do you mean?'

'Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I durst not—nay, d—n it, I *durst* do any thing—but I *would* not for three hours plunder of a stormed town bring a whig before my colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, never look sulky about it.'

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

'I should manage you in a moment, my youngster,' said Bothwell, 'but I had rather you would strike sail quietly.'

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

'You had better be prudent,' he continued, in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, 'and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and

kind upon him that on my soul—but what the devil's the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?'

'Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale?' said the prisoner, faintly.

'Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women—their interest carries all in court and camp.—Come, you are reasonable now—Ay, I thought you would come round.'

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against which, Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

'My life begged of him, and by her!—ay—ay—put on the irons—my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul—My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!'

'Ay, and he has power to grant it too,' said Bothwell—'He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment.'

And as he spoke he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared to stand, the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but, at the same time, awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the

abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

'By what right is it, sir,' said he, firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned—'By what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

'By my commands,' answered Claverhouse; 'and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions.'

'I will not,' replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. 'I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person.'

'A pretty springald this, upon my honour!' said Claverhouse.

'Are you mad?' said Major Bellenden to his young friend. 'For God's sake, Henry Morton,' he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, 'remember you are speaking to one of his majesty's officers high in the service.'

'It is for that very reason, sir,' returned Henry, firmly, 'that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission.'

'Your friend, here,' said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, 'is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr. Justice Overdo; he

I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary. So, waving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley.'

'As I know no right you have to ask such a question, I decline replying to it.'

'You confessed to my sergeant,' said Claverhouse, 'that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an inter-communed traitor; why are you not so frank with me?'

'Because,' replied the prisoner 'I presume you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample, and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland.'

'And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?' said Colonel Grahame.

'Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you would not ask me the question twice.'

'It is quite enough,' answered Claverhouse, calmly; 'your language corresponds with all I have heard of you;—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity.'

'Die in what manner I may,' replied Morton, 'I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood.'

'Make your peace, then, with Heaven in five minutes space.—Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard and draw up your party.'

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of *its results*, struck the silence of horror into all but the *speakers*. But now those who stood round broke

forth into clamour and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

'O, Colonel Grahame,' she exclaimed, 'spare his young blood! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!'

'Colonel Grahame,' said Major Bellenden, 'you must answer for this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it.'

'Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, 'I will answer it,' replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved; 'and you, madam, might spare me the pains of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is.'

'Colonel Grahame,' answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, 'I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like mysel, by a deed done at my very door-stane?'

'This is stark madness,' said Claverhouse; 'I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be—remove him, Bothwell.'

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had

and her tongue to utter them. She now sprun
and attempted to rush forward, but her stre
gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon
pavement had she not been caught by her attend

'Help,' cried Jenny,—'Help for God's sake!
young lady is dying.'

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during
preceding part of the scene, had stood motion
leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward,
said to his commanding officer, 'Colonel Grah
before proceeding in this matter, will you spe
word with me in private.'

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly
and withdrew with the young nobleman into a re
where the following brief dialogue passed betw
them:

'I think I need not remind you, colonel, that v
our family interest was of service to you last ye
that affair in the privy council, you considered y
self as laid under some obligation to us?'

'Certainly, my dear Evandale,' answered Cl
house, 'I am not a man who forgets such debts;
will delight me by showing how I can evince my
itude.'

'I will hold the debt cancelled if you will s
this young man's life.'

'Evandale,' replied Grahame, in great surp
'you are mad—absolutely mad—what interest ca
have in this young spawn of an old roundhead?-
father was positively the most dangerous man i
Scotland, cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexibl
his cursed principles. His son seems his very mo
you cannot conceive the mischief he may do—I k
mankind, Evandale—were he an insignificant,
tical, country booby, do you think I would hav
fused such a trifle as his life to Lady Marga

this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education—and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardiness. I mention this not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences—I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation—If you ask his life, he shall have it.'

'Keep him close prisoner,' answered Evandale, 'but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask.'

'Be it so then,' replied Grahame;—'but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of graybeards or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now yield this point in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature.'

He then stepped forwards to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the by-standers with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

'You see him,' said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, 'he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblenched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that

keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not qui vering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer fo on account of this morning's work.' He then sai aloud, 'Young man, your life is for the present safe through the intercession of your friends.—Remove him Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded and brough along with the other prisoners.'

'If my life,' said Morton, stung with the idea tha he owed his respite to the intercession of a favourit rival, 'if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's re quest'——

'Take the prisoner away, Bothwell,' said Colone Grahame, interrupting him; 'I have neither time to make nor to hear sentimental speeches.'

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the court-yard, 'Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way, for egad you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the nex ditch will be the word. So, come along to your com panions in bondage.'

So saying the sergeant, who, in his rude manner did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant youn man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, wher three other prisoners (two men and a woman) who ha been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escor of dragoons.

Mean time, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Mar garet. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgiv his neglect of her intercession.

'I have thought till now,' she said, 'that the Towe of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succour t those that are ready to perish, even if they were na sa

deserving as they should have been—but I see auld fruit has little savour—our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date.'

'They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship,' said Claverhouse. 'Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to-night, I will bring a drove of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake.'

'I shall be happy to hear of your success, colonel,' said Major Bellenden; 'but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over—and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton.'

'We will settle that when I return,' said Claverhouse. 'Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe.'

During this conversation, Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the court-yard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in not more than two hours.

END OF VOLUME. II.

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